

THE



SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

GWYNN	Lord Halifax
O'GORMAN	The Jewish Mystery
YELANTS	Mistaken Identity
VANCE	New Deal at Supu
HIRSCHFELD	The Part of Gold
PULSFORD	A Pagan's Confession
FEELY	Moochien! Moochien!
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ROGERS	Water in the Faucet
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RYPINS	Fact versus Guess
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BLUNT	The Tenth Station
SISTERS	Our Medicine Hall
MIRIAM	Dies Irae
KAISER	Naturalism in Education

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The Passionist Missionaries (Care of The Sign) Union City, New Jersey

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UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

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Bergenline Avenue at 39th Street

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Summit Avenue at 7th Street
Transfer Station

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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THE SIGN is published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Missions, Inc. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance, without

reference to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new address should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Little Office of the Passion

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we enter the holy season of Lent it is only fitting that this page should contain some consideration of the blessed Passion and Death of Our Divine Redeemer. In place, however, of any word, poor at its best, which we could write, we are printing the following "Little Office of the

Sacred Passion" by the Venerable Leonard Lessius, S.J. If only one out of every hundred of our readers will recite this Office daily or frequently during Lent we shall have done something towards keeping our Passionist vow of promoting in some faithful hearts true devotion to Jesus Christ Crucified.

AT MATINS

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast prostrate in prayer; Resigned to the will of Thy Father; Weighed down by the immense weight of our sins; Sorrowed with unutterable grief, even to death; Already enduring in spirit the torments Thou hadst to undergo; In Thy agony, drenched with a bloody sweat; Receiving comfort from an angel; Going forth to meet Thine enemies; Betrayed with a kiss by Judas; Bound by the soldiers; Forsaken by Thy disciples; Brought before Annas and Caiaphas; Struck with a blow by a servant; Accused by false witnesses; Held to be guilty of death; Thine eyes blindfolded; Beaten and struck on Thy sacred face; Thy body given to the strikers, and Thy cheeks to them that plucked them; Dishonored by many foul reproaches and blasphemies; Thrice denied by Peter.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT PRIME

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast condemned by the Council; Bound and delivered over to Pilate; Accused by the Jews; Answering all their accusations by a wonderful silence; Led bound to Herod; By Herod interrogated with many impertinent questions; Scoffed at and mocked by Herod and his soldiers; Clad in a white garment; Sent back to Pilate.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT TIERCE

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast condemned to the scourges; Stripped of Thy garments; Bound naked to the pillar; Most cruelly scourged with stripes; Bruised for our sins;

Tormented with most bitter pains; Thy whole body covered with blood; Treated as a vile slave; Allowed to put on Thy garments; Again stripped of them; Clad with a scarlet cloak; Crowned with thorns; Mocked with a reed for a sceptre; Hailed, in bitter mockery, as King of the Jews. Thy face spat upon; And hit with blows; Thy head struck with a reed; Filled with sorrows and reproaches; In this guise led forth; Shown to be gazed at by the rabble; Reputed as a leper and as one struck by God; With loud cries, demanded for the Cross; Esteemed inferior to Barabbas; Condemned to a most cruel and shameful death; Delivered to the will of the Jews; Weighed down by the weight of the Cross; Led as an innocent lamb to the slaughter.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT SEXT

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, A third time wast stripped of Thy garments; Stretched naked upon the Cross; Fastened to the Cross with nails through Thy hands and feet; Wounded for our iniquities; Thy whole body violently stretched; Tortured with most sharp pains; Raised on high on the Cross; Made a spectacle wondrous to angels and to men; Thy blood flowing in four copious streams; Thine arms extended to welcome sinners.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT NONE

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast crucified between two thieves; Reputed with the wicked; Made the reproach of men;

Blasphemed by those that passed by; Derided by the Jews; Mocked on the Cross by the soldiers; By one of the thieves contumeliously insulted; Filled with reproaches; In the midst of such pains and reproaches entreating Thy Father for Thine enemies; Promising Paradise to the repentant thief; Thou didst give to Thine own mother St. John for a son; And didst make known Thy abandonment by Thy Father; Who wast given vinegar and gall to drink; And didst declare that all things written of Thee had been fulfilled; Who didst commend Thy spirit into Thy Father's hands; And wast heard for Thy reverence by Thy Father; Made obedient even unto the death of the Cross; Pierced with the lance; From Thy side issuing blood and water; By those bruises we are healed; Made our propitiation.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT VESPERS

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast taken down from the Cross; Received into the arms of Thy mother; Bewailed with many tears; O Mary, thou wast in bitter sorrow with thy friends.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

AT COMPLINE

HAIL, holy hour, in which Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, Wast wrapped up in clean linen cloth; Borne to the sepulchre; Buried; O Mary, thou didst weep with Thy friends; Awaiting the resurrection.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to Thee do I offer all these sorrows; for these do I thank Thee, I praise Thee, and bless Thee; through them all, I pray Thee, have mercy on me.

OWNED, EDITED AND
PUBLISHED BY THE
PASSIONIST FATHERS

LEGAL TITLE:
PASSIONIST MISSIONS,
INC.

MONASTERY PLACE,
UNION CITY, N. J.

Telephone:
Union 7-6893

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year.....\$2.00
Three Years.....\$5.00
Life.....\$50.00
CANADA: 25c Extra
FOREIGN: 50c Extra

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

A PROMINENT characteristic of Protestantism has been its dependence on the aid and sanction of the State to get a foothold and make progress. This has been particularly true of Lutheranism in Germany.

Catholic Help for German Protestants

Without the initial and continued patronage of the princes it would have died in its very infancy. In consequence, it has ever been regarded as the servant of the State—a branch of its social and police force. And now the Nazi Government would make the Protestant churches even more subservient by subjecting them to a "German Christian" system which would eliminate the Old Testament and evolve a new Christ according to Nordic specifications. The Government's religious plan has been accepted without question by a large majority of the Protestants themselves, under the leadership of a political bishop, Dr. Ludwig Mueller; but a strong minority has won well-deserved admiration by courageously revolting against the imposition of the Nazi religious doctrine. If their revolt succeeds, and we think it will, they will be indebted in no small measure to the assistance given them by their Catholic brethren.

This assistance came chiefly from the Bishops of Austria and Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich. The Bishops condemned the National Socialism of the Nazi under four heads: Racial Hatred, Anti-Semitism, Extreme Nationalism and the attempted institution of a State Church. That their words had a potent effect in Germany is evident from the fact that the Vice-Chancellor, von Papen, in his recent speech at a Catholic demonstration in Gleiwitz, Silesia, went out of his way to launch a violent attack on the Bishops. The Cardinal, backed by the approval of his episcopal confreres, has been a consistent opponent of the Nazi in their endeavors to set up a religious dictatorship.

In his New Year's sermon he made it plain that "the mission of Christ's disciples was to baptize all peoples and to join them in one single kingdom of God, and this kingdom cannot contain any pampered favorites or neglected step-children. On the contrary, every people in it is entitled to its own racial individuality. The Church is under no obligation to become coördinated with any single nation, for the identification of religion with nationality is a back-sliding to the conditions of ancient Asia."

He charged that, although much false scientific praise was lavished on them today, the ancient Teutons, when judged by impartial historical standards, were a people with many shortcomings, and that they had been civilized by Christianity. In conclusion he scotched the Nazi principle of "racial hygiene," which, he stated, had value only when it was remembered that "we are redeemed, not by German blood, but by the blood of Jesus Christ."

In one of his Advent sermons the Cardinal said: "Ethnological researches should be a neutral field, and I, as your

Bishop, cannot remain silent when they lead to an attack on religion and when anti-Jewish prejudice strikes at the foundation of Christianity and throws stones at Jesus Christ." Insisting on the Divine inspiration of the Old Testament, he quoted Cardinal Manning's words from an address to Jews that his "own religion would be incomprehensible if he did not respect theirs." Then addressing the German Protestant churches, he said: "My brethren, we shall coöperate with you in order to insure that the Old Testament is not eliminated from the cultural treasure store of the German people."

In noting the valuable help being given by Catholics to conscientious Protestants in their distress under the Hitler régime, it may not be amiss to recall the eloquent silence of German Protestants when Bismarck was carrying on his *Kulturkampf* against Catholics. Their silence finds a parallel in that of the American Protestant leadership during the persecution of the Church in Mexico, Russia and Spain.



UP to the present twenty States have ratified the Child-Labor Amendment. Of those that remain to pass upon it we hope there will be a sufficient number to kill it. We say this,

Not Needed: The Child-Labor Amendment

not because we are out of sympathy with the ideals behind the measure, nor because we are strangers to the appalling conditions prevailing in some States where very young children are working in field and factory, but because we are opposed to giving the Federal Government the right to dictate to the parents of the country the exact age at which their children may be employed in gainful occupation.

If the Amendment is finally adopted the probability is that no boy will be allowed to work until he is at least sixteen. Such a law would undoubtedly work a severe hardship on many needy parents, especially widowed mothers, and do an injustice to the boys themselves, many of whom would only waste their time in school because of their temperamental unfitness for book study, though they might be capable of learning a useful trade or entering business. A check list of our outstanding citizens would disclose that many of them had no formal education beyond the seventh or eighth grade in grammar school. America, it seems, has gone almost insane on this regimentation in educational matters. Interested or uninterested, talented or stupid, every boy must be put through the process of being educated, whether or not the process turns out to be a benefit or a detriment.

There is no need for Federal interference in this matter of child labor. The ease with which the evil can be eradicated is illustrated by the NRA's rapid elimination of it. If it is argued that the NRA is only a temporary measure, the fact still remains that every State has ample power to deal with

all labor conditions within its boundaries. Our progressive States have already made salutary laws for the proper protection and education of their children. Let the other States follow the good example that has been set them.

In the hectic fever of an emergent condition it is comparatively easy to put another amendment into the Constitution; but, once in, it is almost an impossibility to get it out. We put in one prohibitory amendment that the people overwhelmingly voted out. Why put in another? The more authority lodged in the Federal Government, the less authority can be exercised by the States. Many statesmen and publicists contend, with a good show of argument, that we are gradually coming to the point when the Constitution itself will be scrapped. The ratification of the Child-Labor Amendment would be a long step in that direction.



IN our January issue we carried an article, "The Call of Israel," in which the zealous and energetic convert, David Goldstein, urged our readers to pray and work for the conversion of the Jews to Catholicism. In this issue appears another article dealing with the same subject. It was written by the distinguished physician,

"A Tragic Jewish Paradox"

Dr. P. W. O'Gorman, editor of *The Catholic Medical Guardian*, published in London. In his study of the Jewish mystery the author attempts to diagnose the originating and perpetuating causes that prevent the Jews from becoming Christians. The article is supplemented by a lengthy excerpt from "A Tragic Jewish Paradox," by William Zukerman, in the December issue of *Opinion, A Journal of Jewish Life and Letters*. The paradox which he discusses is "the predilection of the Jews for their own sufferings and persecution." He finds that the "Jewish tendency to discover anti-Semitism in every non-Jew is a matter of common knowledge." He continues:

"Probably the most prominent illustration of this is to be found at present in the case of Russia. For generations Russia had been both the source and the bulwark of anti-Semitism in the world. Most Jewish persecutions, discriminations, pogroms, and atrocities emanated from there. Czarism frankly made the extermination of a third of the Russian Jews (who then numbered over seven millions) a part of its political program, and for a full generation it brutally proceeded with the execution of this program. With the rise of the Soviet régime this has been radically and completely reversed. Never has the world witnessed such a spectacular change of front on the part of a great State toward Jews. All discriminations and persecutions have been abolished. Jews have been granted rights which they have not been accorded even in the most advanced countries. In old Russia a Jew was forbidden to tread the soil of Moscow; now that city has a Jewish population of nearly 300,000. Leningrad, with similar discriminations, has now over 220,000 Jews. Land settlement, which was practically forbidden to Jews under the Czars, now supports over a quarter of a million Jews, this remarkable feat having been accomplished with the special aid of the Government. Railways and key industries, where not a single Jew could be found before the War, now count over 700,000 Jewish men and women. The State which previously did not employ any Jews at all now employs in White Russia 61% Jewish officials; in Ukraine 18.6%; in Great Russia 8.9%.* (The percentage of the Jewish population in Russia is less than 2%.) Of the thirteen Soviet Commissars administering Russia, three are Jews. A Jew is the commander-in-chief of the Ukrainian Army; a Jew is the President of the State Bank; Jews occupy almost all important ambassadorial positions of the Soviet Union. The Universities, professions, the Judiciary and Ad-

ministration, all strictly limited under the Czars, have now a greater percentage of Jews than of any other nationality. Anti-Semitism has been declared a State offense and is punished as counter-revolution.

"And yet, far from being satisfied, the greatest portion of the Jewish world is definitely displeased and fretful about Soviet Russia. Contrary to the general belief, the attitude of the majority of former Russian Jews towards the Soviet régime is one of avowed animosity. Allowing for a certain amount of anti-Soviet sentiment from which no nationality is free, there seems to be yet another special, vague resentment against Soviet Russia current among Jews, as if the Soviet régime had deprived them of something specially delectable and peculiarly their own. And one often has a strong suspicion that this something is nothing else but the heel of the old Czarism, the knout of the Cossack, the atrocities of the pogromists, the blood-curdling threats and agitation of the Black Hundred of the Romanoffs.

"This is clearly seen in the glee with which every report of individual anti-Semitism still lingering in Soviet Russia is pounced upon and joyfully greeted by a portion of the Jewish press; by the almost frantic search for hidden anti-Jewish acts, or at least motives, in Soviet life; by the facility with which new Soviet terrors and 'Inquisitions' are being constantly unearthed, and by the eagerness with which these are being taken up as truths."

What particularly strikes us in this quotation is the influence and prestige which the Jews have acquired in Soviet Russia. Coming from almost any other source, especially a Christian one, we would hardly credit the information. Somehow it gives at least a color of truth to the charge that Russian Judaism was not entirely irresponsible for the terrible persecution of millions of Christians under the Soviet régime. We are not saying that the Jews were in any wise responsible for it; but we do say that they did nothing to prevent it. It may be that they could not have done anything. That they even had the desire to do anything is questionable. We have secure ground for the conviction that whenever a persecution of Jews takes place they appeal to Christians to help them, stressing Christ's teachings concerning justice, liberty and charity. We are familiar with much Christian agitation against Hitler's persecution of the Jews; but we have yet to learn of any Jewish protest against the more violent persecution of Christians in Mexico, Russia and Spain. But, then, it may be that this "Tragic Jewish Paradox" does not include any active concern about the sufferings of others.



THIS year's Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, marks the Tercentenary of the landing on Maryland soil of English Pilgrims under the leadership of that distinguished Catholic

Maryland: The Land of Sanctuary

layman, Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. To these pioneers all Americans are indebted for the founding of the only American colony which from

its inception was based on the principle of civil and religious liberty. For us Catholics in particular the event has a singular significance, since it times the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the American Church on organized lines. It is only fitting, therefore, that both the Church and the State should observe the occasion with appropriate ceremonies. Nor should the various celebrations which are planned be regarded as merely the commemoration of a dead fact. At no time in our history did we need as we need today the lesson in liberty taught us by the Maryland Pilgrims, assailed as we are by new schools of philosophic and political thought which, if not controlled, will eventually de-Christianize our people and destroy the civil and religious liberty of which we justly boast, and to preserve which, intact, we should cheerfully make any sacrifice.

*"Jews Under the Soviets." By Harry Sacher, *Jewish Review*, June, 1932.

THAT the United States has been sincerely and unselfishly interested in the limitation of armaments is true; and it is equally true that our policy of "disarmament by example"

Necessary: A Navy Second to None

has proven a total failure, since our example has not been followed. For years we have deliberately refrained from building up our navy to the limits placed by international agreement. In direct opposition to our policy, the other nations signatory to the agreement have maintained an uninterrupted program of naval construction. In 1922 there came into force the Washington Naval Treaty, which provided for limited naval strength in capital ships and aircraft carriers as follows:

	Capital Ships	Aircraft Carriers	Tons Total
Great Britain.....	525,000	135,000	660,000
United States.....	525,000	135,000	660,000
Japan	315,000	81,000	396,000
France	175,000	60,000	235,000
Italy	175,000	60,000	235,000

In 1929, when the London Conference assembled and studied the naval building activities of the different nations, it was found that these ships had been laid down:

	Cruisers	Destroyers	Submarines	Total Ships
France	11	44	65	120
Japan	16	46	35	97
Great Britain.....	15	22	18	55
Italy	8	35	28	71
United States.....	8	0	3	11

If the proportion of naval construction which we agreed to in the Washington Treaty was considered necessary for world peace and stability, then our weak navy is a betrayal of the world as well as of our own welfare. To carry out a program of progressive building is, under present circumstances, a necessary safeguard of peace. At the end of the World War we surrendered the naval supremacy we then possessed by scrapping some of the most powerful battleships and cruisers that had ever been designed. And we did it voluntarily. Now, however, we should have a navy that is second to none. It would protect our trade if war breaks out, even though we are not a party to it, and it would furnish, in these lean days, steady employment for thousands of skilled mechanics in shipyards and in all industries allied with shipbuilding. Moreover, a rich country like ours—with its vast coast line, and without an adequate navy—is an open invitation to aggression by greedy neighbors.



WE are no longer surprised at the adoption by the High Church party of the Episcopal Church of any Catholic doctrine or practice of piety; but we must confess to amazement at discovering that the

Baptists Undertake Laymen's Retreats

Baptists are going in for laymen's retreats. Under the caption, "It Is No Longer an Experiment," Lester T. Randolph contributes to *Missions* a report of the Baptists laymen's retreats held in seven States. For the third consecutive year groups of men assembled for a period of time devoted to meditation, inspiration and fellowship. These are some sample reports:

The second annual retreat met at Andover Newton Theological School, Mass., with an attendance of 175 men, which was double the number attending the first year.

The third annual Men's Outing and Conference was held

at Norwich, with an enrollment of 103. Interest and enthusiasm were noted as greater than ever before.

The first annual retreat was held at the Peddie Institute, Highstown, N. J. The regular attendants numbered 170 men, though the attendance at some sessions reached 200.

The first annual retreat was held at Iowa Falls, Iowa, with an attendance of 53 men representing 14 communities and a large number of churches.

At the Burton Assembly Grounds, Wash., the second annual retreat was held with an attendance of 40 leaders sent by their respective churches.

It is needless to say that we wish our Baptist brethren continued and enlarged success in their retreat work. Anything that will deepen the spiritual life of the individual will be a moral gain for American society. At the same time we rejoice to see some of the Evangelicals take up a distinctively Catholic spiritual activity. A peaceful penetration of Catholicism may be effected by an exercise of religious devotion where a dogmatic approach would be misunderstood and resented.

Unquestionably the Laymen's Retreat Movement is one of the most vital factors in strengthening the spiritual life of the Church in this country. Its success in the short time in which it has operated on national lines proves that it meets the individual's need of a periodic opportunity to study his spiritual condition and bring it into conformity with the teachings of Christ. The extension of the movement to those outside her pale is but another proof of the Church's resourcefulness in providing adequately for all who feel that it "is not by bread alone that man lives."



TO His Excellency, President Roosevelt, on his Fifty-second Birthday, celebrated throughout the country by 6,000 Birthday Parties which netted approximately \$2,000,000 for

Toasts Within the Month

the crippled children at Warm Springs, Georgia. ¶To the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on the Silver Jubilee of its establishment. ¶To the Countess de Boishebert, organist of St. Jacques Church, Montreal, on being awarded a gold medal in recognition of her having prevented a serious panic by continuing to play the organ while flames swept through the church. ¶To *The New York Times* on having collected \$254,240 in its annual campaign for the One Hundred Neediest Cases. ¶To the Abbé Georges Lemaitre, professor of astral physics in the University of Louvain, on being awarded Villanova's Mendel Medal for 1934. ¶To U. S. Senator, Arthur Capper, for having introduced a Bill which would authorize the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to religious institutions with an interest rate not to exceed 4%. ¶To the Rev. Père Lagrange, O.P., noted Biblical scholar and author, on the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. ¶To the Most Rev. William Turner, Bishop of Buffalo, on receiving the decoration and rank of Commander of the Royal Order of the Crown of Italy, from King Victor Emmanuel. ¶To Dom Celsus O'Connell, the seventh Lord Abbot, and his Community of Cistercian Monks, on the First Centenary of Mount Melleray, Ireland. ¶To Austin Harbutt MacCormick, New York City's Commissioner of Correction, for having cleaned out the mess of political and moral corruption on Welfare Island. ¶To the Rev. Cornelius Clifford, of Whippany, N. J., on being the first recipient of the award made by the Liturgical Arts Society for furthering the Liturgical Movement. ¶To Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Kelley, of Yarmouth, Mass., on the Seventieth Anniversary of their Marriage. ¶To the Benedictine Order on the One Thousandth Anniversary of the foundation of their Abbey at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. The Abbey owes its origin to St. Meinrad, son of a Suabian count, who lived as a hermit on the site in the 9th century.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

CALVINISM

Dean Swift

WE are God's chosen few,
All others will be damned;
There is no place in Heaven for you,
We don't want Heaven crammed.

HIGHER EDUCATION

HIGH SCHOOL teachers should teach girls how to use make-up properly and how to dance, a Brooklyn educator says. That's the news item. The commentary is by H. I. Phillips in his syndicated column:

"How's your daughter Olive getting on in school, Mrs. Hommacker?"

"Not so good. She's been three years in the same class."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"She couldn't pass her complexion tests."

"Really?"

"Yes. She's a puzzle to us all. We try to help her in her rouge work at home, but she doesn't seem to grasp it."

"What's her teacher say?"

"She says Olive is what she calls a cosmetic defective."

"How awful!"

"Yes. She says she just can't seem to make her face up like an advanced student. Last year she got a good mark in cheek creaming but only got 55 in lip rouging and eyebrow penciling."

"Doesn't Olive feel sensitive about it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She wants to be normal like other girls and look frightfully unnatural, but she can't seem to do it. Her father is awfully upset."

"Is Olive doing well in school otherwise?"

"Pretty fair, except in dancing."

"Dancing?"

"Yes, she's flunked dancing three years straight. She finally passed her rhumba as a result of home instruction, but she was always at the foot of the class in fox-trotting."

"How does she get along in English, spelling, mathematics, literature, French and composition?"

"Oh, that's what distresses us terribly. It's really heart-breaking."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"She's so proficient in those things that we think she must be abnormal."

THE WAIL OF THE SMALL BUSINESS MAN

HEYWOOD BROWN, columnist of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers expresses his opinion on working hours and wages, as he looks askance at those stalwart Senators, the Hon. Borah and the Hon. Nye:

Of course, if NRA is to have any vital part in promoting re-employment there must be an end of dealing with wages with a pair of shears and dealing with hours with a nail scissors. There may be a few exceptions, but in almost every industry the forty-hour week is much too long. It has resulted in almost no reemployment, but, instead, merely a speedup.

But the same mechanism which produced a forty-hour week ought to be able to bring about a thirty-hour one, which will really mean something. And in any case America should be universally on the five-day week. When the history of this decade is written commentators will be amazed at the stupidity of a nation which allowed millions to go idle while other millions toiled to produce more goods than anybody could buy. It

is silly to speak of this as a temporary emergency. The condition was evident long before the coming of the crash.

The most dangerous of the reactionary foes lined up against cutting hours and raising wages are Senators Borah and Nye. They are about to lay in a supply of crocodiles and flood the Senate floor with tears. They will talk of "the small business man." They will say that he cannot meet these conditions, and they will ask our hearts to bleed at this poor little fellow who is being ground under the heel of the trusts.

But I think it would be well to look and see just who is being ground under the heel of "the small business man." The sweatshop boss is a small business man, and so is the fellow who insists to his employees that anything less than twelve or fourteen hours of work a day will mean ruin for him.

I am willing once more to grant a certain number of exceptions, but, generally speaking, "the small business man" is the harshest employer of the lot. He has to make up for his fundamental economic inefficiency by small wages, long hours and inferior working conditions.

That there is tragedy in his lot I will not deny, but I cannot agree at all that the entire wage scale and the entire working week must be kept universally at punishing levels to preserve economic anachronisms and heirlooms. If there must be suffering let it be visited upon the few and not the many.

IT'S HARD TO BE A CARPENTER

G. Studdert Kennedy in the "Canadian Churchman"

I WONDER what He charged for chairs
At Nazareth.

And did men try to beat Him down,
And boast about it in the town,
"I bought it cheap for half a crown
From that mad carpenter?"

And did they promise and not pay,
Put it off to another day,
O did they break His heart that way,
My Lord, the Carpenter?

I wonder did He have bad debts,
And did He know my fears and frets?
The Gospel writer here forgets
To tell about the Carpenter.

But that's just what I want to know.
Ah! Christ in glory, here below
Men cheat and lie to one another so.
It's hard to be a carpenter.

THE AD OF A CANDID LANDLORD

WE don't know if it was answered but the following advertisement by the Leyson-Pearsall Company appeared in a Salt Lake newspaper:

We wish to rent the second and third floors over our store at 236 Main Street to any one who will pay the rent.

The top floor of the building has five two-room suites embracing architecture and conveniences of the elegant 1883 period. The other floor has two very good front offices with perfectly dark consulting rooms adjoining, and one large room in the rear about forty by thirty feet, the practical use of which has never been discovered.

There is a fire or police escape on the rear of the building which delivers the escaper to the roof of an adjoining building, where a 25-foot leap to the alley pavement can be easily nego-

tiated by any one in a great hurry, and on the front of the building are two Romeo and Juliet balconies, splendid lookouts for one to spot approaching collectors.

We will furnish any tenant with a key to each room and will loan him a broom and a stepladder, and, besides, will give him outright all the rubbish that was left by some two dozen delinquent renters."

THOMAS AQUINAS ARRESTS BURTON RASCOE

CONTACT with Saint Thomas Aquinas may be more beneficial to Mr. Rascoe than contact with the Saint's namesake. From the "World-Telegram," New York:

Burton Rascoe, the literary gent, begged to be sent to jail, "just to see what the old mill looks like," today when he pleaded guilty to a parking violation in Traffic Court.

"Don't be silly," said Magistrate Benjamin Greenspan. "I'm not going to jail you for parking forty-five minutes in a restricted area."

"But I plead guilty, Your Honor," protested Mr. Rascoe. "I've violated the law, and you've got to do something to me."

Magistrate Greenspan sighed and bent a paternal eye on the author of "Titans of Literature," &c., &c.

"I suspend sentence," said the Court. "Now run along. Do you know there were 642 cases on the calendar?"

And Rascoe, crestfallen, departed. He could not be comforted even by the fact that court records list the arresting officer as Thomas Aquinas.

Suspicious reporters, investigating, found that Thomas Aquinas (Shield No. 916) has been a policeman since January 31, 1930, and is attached to Mounted Squadron No. 1. Patrolman Aquinas lives at 484 Third Ave., Brooklyn.

A CODE FOR THE POETS

NOW that the Federal Government is providing for actors and actresses at \$15 per week, something should be done for our indigent poets. The New York "Sun" offers this code:

Here's news to cheer us on the road! The bards have filed a poet's code and now may rime by week or day secure in hope that NRA will help them to a craftsman's pay.

The lowest rate for which they seek is just one hundred bucks a week. They'll sing in verse or sigh or sob, or moan to make the pulses throb—but not by contract or by job. Ah, no! Who buys their metric stock must pay by measure of the clock. He will not buy by golden rime or weight of worth or words sublime, but just will pay them for their time. B seeks a rime with all his power, but it evades him for an hour. Yet what of that? B is not cross, for well he knows it's not his loss; he hands a time slip to his boss.

As yet the scheme is somewhat new, but it will grow as others do. The time will come—it cannot fail—when bards shall woo or weep or wail upon a handy piece-work scale. Then he whose verse comes smooth and quick, as regular as watches tick, will somehow manage it to see that all the buyers shall agree on bonuses for such as he. But he whose mind is rather slow will not bow down in grief and woe; his sluggish brain he will not goad, but he will plod the simpler road, forsaking piece-scales for the code.

For riming words that end in "a" a man should ask but modest pay, but he who stirs himself betimes and seeks the harder, scarcer rimes should look for dollars, not for dimes. To ask for matching "hair" and "share" a good stiff price would not be fair; and he who runs to "old" and "bold" and "hold" and "fold" and "rolled" and "cold" should look for silver, not for gold. Iambic couplets should be worth but little, since there is no dearth of easy little things like these—which shed their leaves as forest trees when shaken by November's breeze. But sonnets, villanelles and such should bring composers twice as much as being twice as hard to write, since they may not be half so trite and must end up with words that bite.

Still, prices must be pegged somewhat to ease the poet's dreary lot. No more the boss with brutal hand may fall upon the bardic band and rub its faces in the sand. Our code-protected bards shall sing and shoot their pay checks on the wing. Their song the boss shall compensate at what may be the current rate, or else the walking delegate will come around some day, irate, and give the boss himself the gate.

PROHIBITION IN THE HOME

Received from an amused subscriber:

I HAD twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, so I proceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except the glass which I devoured.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass when I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink of it, then threw the rest down the sink.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink which I drank.

I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty-four, so counted them again when they came around again and I had seventy-four, and as the house came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did, and Oh Boy, I've got the wifist little nice in the world!

A BIT OF FUN FOR OUR WHOLE PARISH

WHEN we went over the new Broadcasting House we were told that the man in the Control Room, who has to make notes on the services and describe any faults or noises, gave the following report on one of the services broadcast from St. Martin's: "Minister blasting badly. Congregation faint." —*St. Martin's Review*.

THE bulletin board of a certain Pittsburgh church announced the following:

"During August and until September 10 all services and other activities will be omitted.

"NRA. We Do Our Part."

THE minister advertised for a man-servant, and next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.

"Can you start the fire and get breakfast by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.

"I guess so," answered the young man.

"Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, parson," said the young fellow, "I came here to see about getting married—but if it's going to be as much work as all that you can count me out right now." —*Tit-Bits*.

LADY (engaging new maid): "And what denomination are you?"

Maid: "Well, mum, mother goes to the Baptist church and father to the Methodist, but speaking for myself, I'm wireless." —*Boston Transcript*.

IT saddens me to look around
Among my friends and see
How nearly everybody seems
Intolerant but me.

—Life.

PASTOR: "This morning I will have for my topic 'The Great Flood in Genesis.' "

Prominent Member of Congregation (arising): "I've got an engagement to play golf so I can't stay, but I'll head the subscription list with \$1,000 to relieve the suffering Genesians."

AN elderly woman walked into the Bank of England and presented a parcel of War Loans. "Is this for conversion or redemption, madam?" asked the official.

"Young man," was the reply, "is this the Bank of England or the Church of England?"

ONE of the greatest compliments that was ever paid me, was by a young Japanese student of English in Tokyo," Mr. Bryan once declared. "I had just finished an address to the students of a Christian college when a beaming youth came forward, and shaking my hand heartily, exclaimed:

"Mr. Bryan, it is the utmost pleasure to hear you talk. Your mouth encircles the globe and when you have broken your lip many people are cheerful."—Pathfinder.

AN after-dinner speaker at a Birkenhead function had exceeded the five minutes allowed for his speech, and when he glanced at his watch was amazed—or so he said—to find that his five minutes had become twenty-five.

He apologized for having gone beyond his allowance by commenting that had there been a clock in the room he would not have been so long, at which one diner, speaking in a voice that could be heard all over the room, remarked, "Thank heaven we have a calendar!"—Yorkshire Post.

SAID a mother to her young son: "Don't stare at the vicar like that, dear; it's rude."

"But, Mummy," answered her offspring, "how did he get inside that collar?"—Church of England Newspaper.

LU TSENG-TSIANG SOON TO BE ORDAINED

AN Associated Press dispatch from Bruges, Belgium, informs us of the approaching ordination to the priesthood of a former Chinese diplomat who entered the Benedictine Order in 1927:

A Chinese diplomat who became a monk in the Abbey of St. Andre, near here, is to be ordained as a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. He is Dom Pierre Celestin Lu Tseng-tsiang, sixty-four-year-old native of Shanghai, who entered the abbey in 1927.

As a diplomat, he served as Chinese minister to Holland from 1905-'11, was a delegate to the second Hague Peace Conference, and in 1911 served as minister to Russia. Returning to China, he became premier and minister for foreign affairs in 1912. Again in 1915 he was acting premier and minister for foreign affairs.

He became the chief Chinese delegate to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 and from 1922 to 1927 served as minister to Switzerland. He was also Chinese delegate to the League of Nations Assembly and the International Labor Conference.

An author as well as a monk, he has just published a booklet entitled "The Invasion and Occupation of Manchuria, Considered in the Light of the Catholic Doctrine and the Writings of Cardinal Mercier." The booklet, besides carrying a portrait of Cardinal Mercier and of Ma Laing, the nonagenarian Chinese savant, reproduces in Chinese letters the text of the manifesto published by Ma Liang appealing to his fellow countrymen to rise and call for the restitution to China "of her rivers and mountains seized by brutal force by the Japanese."

The Chinese rendering of the author-monk's name is Lu Cheng-hsiang, but he prefers the French rendering, Lu Tseng-tsiang.

ADVICE TO A WOMAN IN DISTRESS

B RUNO LESSING in the New York "American" solves the difficulty of a married woman with two daughters who wants to lead a decent, sane life:

A lady has a husband and two daughters, fifteen and seventeen years old. She wants to work, although she doesn't specify what she wants to do. "My daughters no longer need me and there is nothing for me to do but mope around the house. Just because we have enough to live on my husband refuses to let me lead a decent, sane life. Sometimes I feel that I shall go out of my head." Won't I please write something that will make her husband see reason? Why, certainly.

Put the two girls in a circus and travel around the country with them. Any girl of fifteen or seventeen who has an intelligent mother and does not need her is an interesting freak.

Dear lady, when you say that your daughters no longer need you, you simply slay me. The years between fifteen and twenty-one, in the life of a girl, are the critical, vital years that determine her qualities as a woman. A school can cram useless facts into her mind. Her father can direct her activities in the line of sports and athletics. From her companions she can be trusted to learn the slang, the badinage and the piffle of the day. And anyone can teach her dancing, painting, dressmaking or knitting. But when it comes to the development of her manners and the acquisition of charm—a woman's most valuable attributes—no one can take the place of a mother.

And, by the way, has hubby enough money to afford a fine chef? If not, you might lead a very sane and decent life by making a study of cooking.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY AS A CATHOLIC

THE many readers who wrote us concerning our notice of Ernest Hemingway's conversion will be interested in this item from Father Daniel A. Lord's syndicated column:

I had lunch recently with the pastor of Ernest Hemingway. Surprised to find that Hemingway is a Catholic? So am I, though you sometimes find flashes of Catholicity even in his weirdest books.

Father F. X. Dougherty is pastor of the Jesuit parish in Key West, the farthest point south in the United States. He talked of Hemingway.

"Oh, yes, he never misses Sunday Mass. He arrives and stands in the back of the church during Mass. I've never known him to take a pew. Easter duty? Most assuredly. Lovely wife and children, all of them Catholics, and good Catholics, too.

"Hemingway is a great fisherman. Spends weeks on end fishing. And when visitors come to visit me, he takes them out if I suggest it. But he dodges writers of all sorts, even if they happen to be priest writers. He won't be interviewed if he can help it.

"I've talked a lot to him about his books. He claims he writes just as he sees life. When I told him I thought his books did a lot of harm, his answer was: 'The people who like my books are beyond the possibility of my harming them.' 'What of young people?' I demanded. 'The type of young people who read me know already more than I can tell them.'

"He writes whenever the impulse is on him. Frequently he jumps up in the middle of the night because an idea has hit him and he wants to get it on paper. But no dog about him or his family, and he lives quietly and unostentatiously here in my little parish."

So that is that. Hemingway is a Catholic. Let's pray that some day he may see what a treasure of literary material he has in the Catholic Faith, and he may turn his undoubted powers toward the Catholic literary renaissance.

LORD HALIFAX

As a Layman He had as much Influence as the whole Bench of Anglican Bishops. The Dream of His Life was a Reunion of the Church of England with the Catholic Church

By Denis Gwynn

THE death of Lord Halifax, the leader for so many years of the Anglo-Catholic party in the Church of England, is an event of real importance in the religious world. He was ninety-four when he died on January 18 and it may well seem unlikely that any man of such an age could still exercise a really decisive influence in contemporary affairs. But the influence of Lord Halifax was unique, and it remained extremely important to the end, not only because he had been president of the English Church Union for over sixty years, but because he retained full possession of his faculties to the last, and there was no layman of anything like his influence in the Church of England.

The extent of his influence had been demonstrated most remarkably within the last few months of his life. In almost any other organization a man of ninety-four who retained the presidency of a national body would have been regarded as little more than a figurehead. The very fact that Lord Halifax had been President of the English Church Union without interruption since 1869 suggested that he must either be surrounded by a remarkably unanimous body of followers, or that he must have attained such experience in diplomacy that his resignation on any point of difference would be almost unthinkable. He had lived through a very long period in which extraordinary changes had taken place and no recent development indicated the likelihood of any crisis.

In November last, however, Lord Halifax did most unexpectedly announce his resignation of the presidency, not on the ground of old age but owing to his disapproval of certain statements and reports (which to the outsider seemed relatively unimportant) in the official organ of the English Church Union. No one familiar with his record could believe that so honest and sincere a man was, for the first time in his life, engaging in some tactical maneuver. His resignation was

apparently due only to the publication of which he complained. But the result was most far-reaching. His quarrel had not involved any open challenge to anybody of outstanding importance, and it should have been easy enough to prevail upon him to return, after expressions of regret by the offending parties. But, instead, a movement was launched at once to extend the scope of the English Church Union, by amalgamating it with the much more advanced Anglo-Catholic Congress. Within a few weeks the amalgamation had been virtually concluded. On New Year's day the new body, reorganized as "The Church Union," came into being, and within the following weeks Lord Halifax died.

The amalgamation of these two bodies was the crowning achievement of his life's work for the Anglo-Catholic movement within the Church of England. To Catholics the details of the story are chiefly of academic interest. But the result during the past few months is immensely important, insofar as it consolidates the Anglo-Catholic section of the Church of England on an agreed platform, and the future development of the Church of England will be profoundly influenced by this hardening of the lines of division between High Church and Low Church.

FIFTY or sixty years ago Cardinal Newman expressed his deliberate opinion that Disestablishment of the Church of England would be a serious injury to the position of Christianity in England. A good many Catholics even now share that view, believing that the formal recognition of Christian tradition by the Government and in the British Constitution is at least a bulwark against the forces of atheism. Cardinal Manning, on the other hand, held the contrary view, declaring that Christianity had nothing to gain by any bolstering of a heretical Church.

But they both lived under conditions

very different from now. The decay of popular reverence for Christian principles and Christian traditions, even in regard to private morals, has proceeded much further than in their time. Church-going, which was generally regarded as a necessity of good citizenship and sound morals in their day, is now very much out of fashion. The Establishment has certainly failed to preserve the respect for religion which Newman hoped that it would help to preserve; and Disestablishment of the Church of England is now frequently urged even by earnest churchmen, in the belief that the Church of England would gain much more than it would lose by obtaining full freedom.

LOOKING back on Lord Halifax's long and devoted service to the Church of England, it may well be urged that, while he has succeeded greatly in strengthening the Anglo-Catholic forces within its communion, he has done as much as any man to split the Church of England into two factions which are quite incompatible and thereby to bring it into discredit. It had been the dream of his life to accomplish some form of "reunion" between the Church of England and the Catholic Church. But his own deep convictions concerning the affinities between the Church of England and the Church of Rome had aroused intense antagonism among the Low Church party. The more he strove to achieve "reunion" with Rome, the more vehemently did the Low Church leaders proclaim their detestation of his objects. The mass of the people gradually came to believe that the Church of England did not know its own mind; and the new generation is generally indifferent or completely incredulous. Only those who are naturally religious-minded take any active interest or even any active part in the life of the Church of England; and they may be roughly divided between those who share Lord Halifax's ideals and those who detest them.

A typical controversy had arisen on a local issue shortly before Lord Halifax's death. The majority of the Anglican bishops may be said to belong to the High Church group, including the Archbishop of Canterbury. But there are some very notable exceptions, who have felt it to be their special duty to combat the Romanizing tendencies of the Anglo-Catholics. The most notorious of these, of course, is Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, who spent this earlier life as a professor of mathematics at Cambridge and who makes no claim to be a learned theologian. He disbelieves wholly in the Mass or in any sacramental powers in the clergy, and it is often puzzling to decide whether he even believes in the Incarnation of Christ. Less extreme in their challenge to the Anglo-Catholics are Dr. Inskip, the Bishop of Bristol, and Dr. David, the Bishop of Liverpool. But they have frequently outraged and openly denounced principles which the High Church party regard as fundamental.

QUITE recently Dr. David showed his broad-mindedness by allowing two well-known Unitarian preachers to preach in his cathedral in Liverpool. He had invited preachers of various shades of belief, and he thought that it was duty to show "hospitality" also to the Unitarians. Naturally this action produced an explosion among the High Church party. Lord Hugh Cecil, who has always been very active in Church matters, sent a formal letter of protest to the Archbishop of York, claiming that an ecclesiastical committee of inquiry should be immediately appointed to consider the propriety of allowing anyone who professes disbelief in the Incarnation to preach in any church of the Establishment. The Archbishop of York is obliged by the laws of the Church of England to take action; and he has already demanded a formal explanation from the Bishop of Liverpool before an ecclesiastical court. Lord Hugh Cecil's letters were extremely powerful, and they confront Dr. David with this plain question: How can he expect people to assume that the Church of England regards the Incarnation as a fundamental article of faith if Unitarians who profess disbelief in it are allowed to preach in his cathedral?

Lord Halifax, within a few weeks of his death, sent a letter to Lord Hugh Cecil, which was published widely, thanking him most profoundly for the firm action which he had taken. For the present the issue is in abeyance, because Dr. David has been ordered a complete rest by his doctors. But the controversy will certainly diminish popular respect for the authority of the Church of England; and it will only strengthen the High Church party if Dr. David is reprimanded.

Yet this issue is by no means new. In 1849 there was the famous Gorham case,

when a certain Mr. Gorham, who professed disbelief in the necessity of baptism, was appointed by the local squire to a living in the Diocese of Exeter. The bishop refused to give him faculties, and Mr. Gorham appealed to the Privy Council, which decided that the bishop had no right to refuse. That controversy was the immediate cause of Cardinal Manning's retiring from the Anglican ministry and becoming a Catholic shortly afterwards. Even Gladstone was on the verge of leaving the Church of England, when he was faced with such a flat disproof of his claim that it was in fact independent of the State. But the Church of England survived that crisis, as it has survived many others since—always with a great lessening of its authority and prestige among the people.

It was ten years later, in 1859, when Lord Halifax was a young man of twenty, that the English Church Union was founded to amalgamate the various bodies which were then striving for a restoration of Catholic tradition and practice within the Church of England. Lord Halifax was a wealthy landowner in Yorkshire, descended from several of the most important political families. He had become a very intimate friend of his contemporary, the young Prince of Wales, and he was soon appointed to a position at court by Queen Victoria. But his religious fervor soon made him devote his whole life to the Church of England, and in 1869 he was elected president of the English Church Union, which he was to develop in time into the most powerful organization in the Church. In his later years it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, as a layman, he has as much influence as the whole bench of bishops.

In those remote days the Anglo-Catholic movement was still very much a minority in the Established Church. Lord Halifax was among the first to encourage the complete imitation of Catholic ritual. He believed, without the smallest misgivings, that the daily services which he attended were Mass, and that as a daily communicant he received the Blessed Sacrament in the fullest sense, just as much as any Catholic would in a Catholic church. In time the number of such Anglo-Catholic churches has grown greatly; and if you go into an Anglican church in any part of the country now, you are quite likely to see announcements of "Mass" and "Benediction," while even processions in honor of Our Lady are quite frequent, and confessions have become widespread.

THE Low Church bishops discourage such practices as vigorously as they can. In Birmingham Bishop Barnes has had fierce controversies over his refusal to induct certain Anglo-Catholic clergymen who will not give him the guarantees which he requires. The conflict had de-

veloped so far that until recently (when the practice was made illegal) both sections of the Church had organized funds to buy up "livings" from the landowners who held them, in order to secure or to prevent the adoption of Anglo-Catholic practices.

THESE open quarrels between the rival factions have done much to weaken the authority of the Church of England, and to turn away young people from all religious practice. In the post-War generation it is certainly exceptional for young people ever to enter a church, and even marriages in registry offices have become almost as frequent as church marriages. The Nonconformist Churches have lost their following to an even greater extent, largely because there were so many sects that local congregations have often died out. But in what remains of the Church of England, as a communion of church-going people, the Anglo-Catholic party is certainly much the more vital group. The younger clergy tend more and more to adhere to it, to call themselves "Catholics," and to repudiate the word Protestant which men like Bishop Barnes and Bishop David still use with pride.

Through the English Church Union Lord Halifax had contributed immensely to this steady growth of the Catholic tendency. He believed firmly that in time the Church of England would be wholly transformed along the lines which he followed, and he was completely convinced that this transformation was merely a question of returning to the original tradition of the Church in England, which he believed to possess valid Orders and to have preserved an unbroken continuity since before the Reformation. In that belief, and encouraged by the undoubted success of his own efforts and those of his friends, he made his famous approaches to the Holy See some forty years ago, in the hope that Leo XIII could be persuaded to recognize this unbroken continuity and to conclude a real act of "reunion." He admitted always that the Primacy of the Catholic Church belonged to the Pope as Bishop of Rome, and he sought for a recognition of the validity of the English rite on lines similar to the recognition of the Uniate and a few other rites.

The whole story of his efforts to achieve reunion in this way is not well known. Some forty years ago Lord Halifax was obliged to leave England and settle in Madeira for a time, with his son who was then an invalid. (His son is now widely known as Lord Irwin, and has been Viceroy of India as well as Minister for Agriculture and Minister for Education—a position which he now holds for the second time.) When he was in Madeira, he met a French Vincentian priest, the Abbé Portal, who was also there for his health, and an intimate

friendship developed between them. Abbé Portal was a man of great scholarship and of keen sympathies, and he was immensely impressed by the great sincerity and learning and intellectual powers of Lord Halifax. They discussed the possibilities of such a reunion of the Churches as Lord Halifax desired, and Abbé Portal realized quite clearly the nature of what Lord Halifax claimed. There was, in fact, no inherent reason why Rome should not grant to any Church the same concessions (such as permission for the clergy to marry, or for services to be conducted in another language than Latin) as the Uniates and certain Eastern Churches are allowed. But could it be shown that the Church of England did, in fact, possess valid Orders, and did, in fact, subscribe to all the essential articles of Catholic belief? What Abbé Portal never appreciated properly was the fact that Lord Halifax spoke only for one section of the Church of England, and that there was no conceivable likelihood of finding agreement upon Catholic dogma in the whole Church of England.

BUT Lord Halifax's earnestness was so impressive that Abbé Portal offered to assist in opening the question at Rome. Lord Halifax was absolutely convinced about the historical arguments which claimed that Anglican Orders have never ceased to be valid. Foolishly, or rather in the desire to show sympathy with an extremely pious and sincere man, Abbé Portal advised that the question of belief in Catholic dogma should be left over, and that Rome should be asked first to decide formally upon the question whether the validity of Anglican Orders had been preserved or not. There was undoubtedly an arguable case in support of it; and Leo XIII, who received Lord Halifax with remarkable sympathy, agreed to appoint a commission of learned men, including Monsignor Duchesne and Cardinal Gasquet, to examine the evidence once and for all. The evidence was examined in great detail, and the Commission eventually reported that the Anglo-Catholic contention was false; and that the continuity of Orders had been broken at the Reformation.

That decree by Leo XIII killed Lord Halifax's hopes for many years. He remained unconvinced, and he had only raised the question as a preliminary to the much larger issues of "reunion." But his first failure made further discussions impossible. Thirty years passed before the question was ever raised again in a practical form. Then, after the War, Lord Halifax and Abbé Portal met again, in a very changed world, and they discussed the past. The War had brought England so much more closely in touch with Europe that his old dream had revived; and in the interval the Anglo-Catholic movement within the Church of

England had been making headway. The old Protestant tradition was dying down, and there was a much wider desire for reconciliation with the Catholic Church than ever before. All the bishops of the British Empire had in 1920 held their great Congress at Lambeth, and they had issued an appeal for reunion among all Christian Churches.

ONCE again Abbé Portal was deeply impressed. He and Lord Halifax discussed whether it might not be possible to reopen the question, but tentatively, through some influential quarter, without applying direct to Rome until the discussions had reached a certain basis of agreement. They thought of going to some famous Catholic university in Europe, such as Louvain; and then they thought of Cardinal Mercier as probably the most outstanding Catholic in any country outside Italy. Neither of them had ever met Cardinal Mercier; but they decided to go to him at once unannounced, and beg his advice. Accordingly they went, and the old Cardinal was profoundly touched. He had been the greatest intellectual force in Louvain for many years, and one of the most acute and most highly trained minds in the Catholic Church. He was also a man of fearless and independent character, whose sympathies were quickly moved by such obvious sincerity as he encountered.

He listened to their story, and catechized Lord Halifax minutely. He found that Lord Halifax not only believed in all the Catholic doctrines of the Mass and Holy Communion, but that he regarded Our Lady apparently just as a Catholic would. He recognized the Primacy of the Holy See and only sought that the Church of England (of which he obviously was one of the principal spokesmen) might be admitted to reconciliation on whatever terms might be possible. The discussion took place in French, and that fact added to the inevitable confusion of the Cardinal. He was so moved that he announced his decision at once. Never, he replied, should it be said that he turned away two earnest men who came to ask his help in originating discussions which might possibly lead to the reunion of England with the Holy See. He had asked at once why Lord Halifax did not initiate the discussions in his own country; and he was convinced when he was told that prejudices in England were so strong that an impartial and frank discussion would be impossible there.

So the famous "conversations" of Malines took place, and they continued for many months. Cardinal Mercier appointed several of his best theologians and scholars, including his successor, the present Cardinal van Roey, to represent the Catholic side; while Lord Halifax brought with him several of the principal Anglo-Catholic scholars and theologians. It was the result of Cardinal Mercier's

old age, and of the isolation of his later years after the strain of the War, that from first to last he never consulted the English Bishops. He did not, even when opportunity offered, so much as mention the discussions to Cardinal Bourne. He died before the discussions had concluded. On his death bed he received Lord Halifax with signs of great affection, and even gave him one of his episcopal rings as a souvenir.

After his death the discussions were soon terminated by Cardinal van Roey, and they led to nothing. Both sides had promised to preserve complete secrecy during their progress, but so many rumors were circulated concerning them that Lord Halifax eventually published the minutes himself. They revealed nothing that could not have been easily foreseen. Lord Halifax and his friends stated their personal beliefs, which revealed to a Belgian prelate a most surprising affinity with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But they were no more than personal beliefs—shared by many devout members of the Established Church, but violently repudiated by many others, and quite incompatible with the constitution of the Church of England.

SO the dream faded away, and Lord Halifax went on gallantly with his work in England as chairman of the English Church Union defending the religious schools against all attacks, organizing a really formidable opposition to each new attempt to extend the facilities for divorce or to introduce legislation which conflicts with Christian tradition. His life's work has unquestionably brought a great part of the Church of England (or rather of what survives of it) much closer to the Catholic Church than it was in his youth. And in the many battles which the Catholic Church has to fight in England against irreligious or immoral legislation, and in defense of religious teaching, he could always be counted upon as a valiant and chivalrous ally.

His final achievement, in amalgamating the English Church Union and the Anglo-Catholic Congress, has helped to consolidate those dwindling forces which still resist the encroachments of a pagan State and the gradual demoralization of England by materialism.

The ideals to which he devoted his long and arduous life have led many devout people to the goal which he himself never reached in the end, by individual conversion and submission to the Catholic Church. The gulf between the Church of England and the Catholic Church is today much less wide than it was in his youth, very largely as the result of his labor. But the dream of a corporate "reunion" is more than ever remote, as Disestablishment becomes increasingly probable in the coming years, and as the numbers of the Anglican communion become increasingly less.

The Church "Sociable"

By Marion Pharo Hilliard

"DICK," said young Mrs. Hayle, "we're going to have a Union Church Sociable."

Her husband, absorbed in the evening paper, responded with a non-committal grunt.

"I wish thee would put down that stupid sheet and pay attention. This is a very important matter, and I want thy opinion."

Mrs. Hayle, though not a member of the Society of Friends, attempted the "plain" language when addressing her Quaker husband and his family. Indeed the use of "thee" and "thy" is a mark of social prestige in the rural districts of southern New Jersey, as distinguishing the old families of colonial ancestry from "new" people of doubtful status. For nowhere in the world is "the deference due to a man of pedigree" more marked than in rural America.

Mrs. Hayle, brought up in the tradition of family pride, proceeded to expound a radical theory to her husband.

"Thee knows, Dick, that the Christian people of this town have practically no influence for good in the community because we won't work together. It isn't our religious views that keep us apart—most of us hardly know what our religious views are! It is our social prejudices. Each church in the village stands for a certain social clique; people outside it are not supposed to attend that church or, if they do, they never feel at home. They are made to feel they are not wanted, and soon leave. We Christians who live on the 'right side of the railroad track' hardly speak to the Christians on the wrong side! We hardly know them. Of course, we can never accomplish much good for the world while we are all broken up into little groups this way. Think what we might do for the poor people of the Pines, for instance if we would only work together."

"Remarkable argument for Catholicism," interposed Mr. Hayle, blowing smoke rings toward the ceiling.

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded his wife, careless of her pronouns in her surprise.

"Just what I say, my dear. The unity theory has always been the foundation principle of the Catholic Church, as individualism is the essential point of Protestantism. Thee and I are Protestants, therefore individualists. Why, then, thy sudden enthusiasm for unity? Merely feminine inconsistency?"

"If thee had listened to me, instead of

reading that stupid sports page, thee would have noted that I distinctly said I was *not* speaking of religious differences, which must always exist. Intelligent people can't be forced to think alike! I mean that the members of the different churches in a small town ought not to be separated by social distinctions. We ought to work together, not against each other, for the good of the community."

"Does thee intend to invite all the ostracized residents on the Wrong Side of the Track to meet the élite of the Right Side at thy next card party? As a conscientious objector to war and bloodshed, I must protest!"

"I wish thee wouldn't be so silly!" replied Mrs. Hayle scornfully. "Thee knows perfectly well what I mean. The Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League and the Girls' Friendly and all the other church societies ought to be merged into one general Christian social organization (not religious) to carry on humanitarian work for the whole community. I fail to see why it wouldn't be a practical plan. Don't sneer at it until you see how it works."

"If all our fellow citizens were like thee, Flora, it would work beautifully. But unfortunately they are not."

"Thanks for the compliment, Dickie dear. You can be decent, sometimes! Now my idea is to start the campaign by having a big union church sociable. First get all the pastors of the different churches to approve; then appoint a committee composed of one member from each congregation. Doesn't thee think that would be a good plan?"

"All right in theory, like many other projects. Will thee have Father McSooy's housekeeper, Mary, to represent the Catholic parish? I hear she is a lady of strong and original personality."

"There you go again! You can't be sensible more than five minutes at a stretch. Of course, the Catholics don't enter into this plan at all."

"Why not?" inquired her husband feigning great astonishment. "Didn't thee say all Christian people of the town were to take part? Doesn't thee think Catholics are Christians 'according to their lights,' as old Mrs. Mosely says? Or does thee agree with Aunt Martha's cook that Catholics are heathen?"

Mrs. Hayle ignored this question, but replied thoughtfully, "Of course any sensible person can understand that it wouldn't do to include the Roman Catholics. They are always apart, they never

fit in. I don't know why exactly, but that is true, and thee knows it. Of course, Father McSooy is a fine man, and quite a gentleman. Uncle Timothy and Aunt Martha like him, and Mr. Carslake seems to, also; but the other ministers pay no attention to him. And if he came to the sociable, he would spoil all the fun just by coming in the door. He would freeze everything up solid. Most people are afraid of a Popish priest—afraid he is scheming to convert them so as to get their money. I'm sure Father McSooy isn't like that, but most people think so; and it is certain he would spoil the party if he came. As to his congregation, thee knows they are impossible! It would be out of the question to invite them; if we did, nobody else would come."

"O consistency! Thou art a rare jewel indeed! I thought this plan was to abolish social distinctions?"

"Yes," replied Flora. "But one must draw the line somewhere!"

MRS. HAYLE began her preparations for the "Union Church Sociable" with characteristic energy. But her plan met with numerous obstacles. The first drawback was a quarrel (over the telephone) with her most intimate friend, Mrs. Wray.

Mrs. Hayle secretly wished she had been less frank with Helen Wray. "If I could only remember that only children and fools tell the truth, I'd get along better," she admitted to herself. "I've lost my chief helper, jus. because I couldn't hold my tongue. Helen won't speak to me now for at least three months. Our last quarrel lasted just that long. Well, I can't run this affair entirely by myself. I'll see if Mrs. Leroy will help. And Mrs. Hawley. I can't bear either of them, but they'll both be trump cards if I can only persuade them to take an interest. They are the most influential church members in our set. I'll just mention that fact to them. Everybody likes to be called 'influential' and 'prominent.' Perhaps they will bite."

They did. Mrs. Hayle, dressed in her smartest new suit, and wearing her most charming smile, called on the two Influential and Prominent Church Members, and explained the purpose of the Union Church Sociable.

"You see, I want all church members to come, and promote Christian fellowship. But we must have a few managers who are acknowledged social leaders; and so I come to you."

Mrs. Leroy (who had just been elected

to the Colonial Dames) graciously consented to be one of the Acknowledged Social Leaders. "It is a beautiful idea, my dear. And whom shall we ask to help us?"

"I thought of Mrs. Hawley," replied Flora.

A slight shade crossed Mrs. Leroy's face. Mrs. Hawley was not eligible to be the Colonial Dames, or even to the D. A. R.'s. Moreover, she and Mrs. Leroy had had a difference of opinion at the last meeting of the Women's Auxiliary, and Mrs. Hawley had won her point. However, she was an Acknowledged Social Leader, and her husband was wealthy and a successful politician. So Mrs. Leroy decided to waive objections, and even offered to accompany Flora to call on Mrs. Hawley.

That masterful lady heartily agreed to Flora's plan. "It is time the women of this town organized something to better the community," she said. "The Village Improvement Society will never amount to much as long as Miss Atterbury is the head of it. As to the men, they have never done anything, and never will."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hawley. I was sure you would help us. Now will you both suggest some ladies from the other churches who are leaders in their congregations? The Protestant churches, of course."

"Of course," said Mrs. Hawley.

"Certainly," agreed Mrs. Leroy.

AFTER brief discussion, four other names were accepted as representatives of the Protestant community. It was then agreed that the next thing in order was to obtain the coöperation of the pastors of the churches. "And I think we'd better do that at once," said Flora. "Will one or both of you go with me?"

"Can you go, Mrs. Leroy?" asked Mrs. Hawley. "You see I'm tied up here in this mess of house-keeping."

Mrs. Hayle said, "Let us go now, Mrs. Leroy, and have it over. Then we can arrange our entertainment program."

The approval of the various pastors was easily obtained. The reverend gentlemen found the combination of Mrs. Hayle's personal charm and Mrs. Leroy's social prestige quite irresistible. Mr. Bexley, the Episcopal rector, a gray-haired, mild-mannered gentleman, was popular with his congregation because he read the service "beautifully," and limited his preaching to fifteen minutes once a week.

"Certainly, my dear," he said. "A praiseworthy motive. We will do all we can to assist. Do you intend—ahem!—to invite the Roman Catholic congregation to participate? I am afraid—ahem!—they might be a disturbing element."

"Undoubtedly they would," replied Flora. "I like Father McSooy, but I'm afraid he wouldn't fit into our Union Church Sociable, and neither would his congregation."

Dr. Kunkelman, the Baptist pastor, was an old-fashioned "hard-shell" evangelist, a type now nearly extinct.

"And what type of entertainment do you propose to have at your sociable?" he asked, fixing Mrs. Hayle with his piercing black eyes. "You know my convictions in regard to worldly amusements. Cards are the devil's Bible, and dancing leads straight to hell!"

Flora was somewhat appalled, ("He really meant it!" she said afterward to her husband.) "We shall not have either cards or dancing," she replied. "We shall have music—and games—and—and a little play."

"A play! What kind of a play?" inquired the evangelist, sternly.

"O, just a little amateur farce I have written myself. You know I write little plays and the High School and the Village Improvement Society act them sometimes."

"So long as it is an innocent play I have no objections," said Dr. Kunkelman.

"After that, what a relief it will be to talk to Mr. Carslake!" said Mrs. Hayle, as she and Mrs. Leroy approached the Methodist parsonage. The young minister was indeed a contrast to the big evangelist. His sunny goodnature, nimble wit and warm heart made him universally beloved. He and his tiny wife ("A perfect Jenny Wren," thought Flora) made the two ladies welcome and entered heartily into their plans, which Flora eagerly explained.

"I'm going to have some handbills printed:

UNION CHURCH SOCIABLE EVERYBODY INVITED!

"Dick said 'social' would be more grammatical; but I said Littleville has always called a church party a 'sociable'; and if we said 'social' half the people in town wouldn't know what we meant."

Mr. and Mrs. Carslake laughed. "And how will your guests be entertained?" asked the minister.

"I've engaged the Brambleton String Band. They really play well. And I have written a farce called, 'You Don't Say So!' and I have a good cast to act it. I'll drill them, of course." Mrs. Hayle was a famous amateur actress.

"Fine!" said Mr. Carslake. "But Mrs. Hayle, have you made sure this will really be a Union Church Sociable? Have you invited Father McSooy and his people? They are Christians, you know."

The ladies exchanged surprised glances. Mrs. Leroy said, "Really, Mr. Carslake, that would be impossible!" And Flora explained the objections she had previously stated to her husband, summarizing: "Father McSooy is a good man, but at the Sociable he would be like the skeleton at the feast. Mr. Bexley agrees with us."

"I don't agree with you but I yield to

the majority. And who will be the actors in your play?"

"I'd love to be in it myself, but old Mrs. Pimpleton would throw a fit if I did," said Mrs. Carslake. So the conversation took a lighter tone until the guests departed.

"TIMOTHY," said Friend Martha Stockfield to her husband, "I have consented to allow Flora to have her Union Church Sociable in our house, if thee is willing."

Friend Timothy Stockfield regarded his wife with a genial smile. "Certainly I approve. Thee knew that beforehand."

The wealthy old couple loved to maintain the tradition of Quaker hospitality in their stately colonial mansion. "But why did Flora decide not to have it in the Town Hall?"

"I believe she had words with the Township Committee—something about stray dogs—and they refused the use of the hall. She was delighted when I invited the Sociable here."

"Naturally. Now it will really be a distinguished affair!" said Friend Stockfield. "But they intend to have an orchestra, and a play. Isn't thee afraid we will be put out of Meeting?"

"There are not enough members left to put us out," replied his wife serenely.

"Ha! ha! There never were enough! But here comes Flora now. Why my dear, what's the matter?" For their favorite niece-by-marriage flung herself on the sofa and burst into tears.

Friend Stockfield patted his niece's shoulder, while Mrs. Stockfield rang the servant's bell, and ordered a glass of wine for Mrs. Hayle. Flora's tears were soon dried and she recovered her power of speech—never lost for long!

"You both know how I've worked and worried about this Church Sociable. It seemed to me it might really do some good for the community. Of course, I knew from the beginning that I'd have to do all the work myself. Nobody else ever does anything, except Helen Wray; and I quarreled with her over the telephone, and she won't speak to me. Then I told the Township Committee what I thought of them for allowing the village boys to stone poor stray dogs, and about several other things; and you know they won't let us have the Town Hall. And so I've had to go around myself and cross out 'Town Hall' on all those handbills, and write in 'Stockfield Mansion' instead. Nobody would help, and I'm tired almost to death. But all that was nothing to the trouble I'm having about my play." Here Flora sobbed again.

"Thee knows, Aunt Martha, how perfectly awful church sociables have always been. People who have known each other all their lives act as if they had only a distant speaking acquaintance at a church sociable. They sit in rows against the wall as if they were at the funeral of

some distant relative—where they can't cry and daren't laugh!

"Well, I determined to make our Union Church Sociable a real success; so I decided to use one of my jolliest plays—one I intended to give to the High School Dramatic Club. Miss Atterbury consented to take the leading part—three knows she is a first-rate actress. Well, what did she do but ring my door bell yesterday, and announce, in her most hateful manner, that she had decided not to take part, because she doesn't associate with some of the other actors I've chosen; and she wonders why I invited such people! I thanked her politely, and said I was very glad she had resigned, as I had decided to take her part myself! And I shut the door, leaving her speechless.

"But if you'll believe it, two other people, good actors, have resigned since then, for the same reason! I had forgotten that Sallie Andrews and Mattie Howard haven't spoken to each other for years. In fact, hardly any member of the cast speaks to anybody else; and the only people who are willing to take part can't act any more than a cow! I'll just have to give it up."

"Why not turn the play into a pantomime? Then nobody would have to speak," suggested Friend Stockfield.

"That's just what Dick said," answered Flora, between tears and laughter. "He has been in one of his nastiest teasing moods. When I told him about all my troubles, he answered, 'You don't say so!' Wasn't that perfectly hateful?"

"Why?" inquired Uncle Timothy.

"Thee is very dense, Timothy," said Mrs. Stockfield. "You Don't Say So" is the name of the play—and a very bright, witty play it is. Never mind, Flora dear. Arrange a musical program instead. Thee has the String Band from Brambleton?"

"Have I?" replied Flora bitterly. "Just an hour ago I had a message that their leader and three players have the grippe and they can't come! My program is ruined; and I'll just have to resign myself to staring at that funeral row of chairs against the wall; or playing 'Button, button, who's got the button?' all evening! Cheerful prospect indeed!"

NEXT morning, Friend Stockfield called on his neighbor, Father McSooy. The elderly Quaker and the young priest had become excellent friends. "Father McSooy," began Friend Stockfield "I have come to invite thee to a party at my house next Tuesday evening, the seventeenth."

"Thank you, sir. But you cannot mean the Union Church Sociable? I have been told, unofficially, that I am not eligible for that honor."

"The silly talk of village gossips has nothing to do with me or my invitation," replied the village autocrat, in his grand manner. "Thee will come as my guest

on one condition; that thee will not mention it beforehand."

"Condition granted. But wait a minute. I'm expecting a guest that very day, a college chum from the city."

"Bring him along! The more the merrier. And if thee should bring thy banjo, I have no objection. Music was formerly against the rules of the Orthodox Friends; but, as my wife remarked, there are not enough members in the Meeting to put us out! My niece, Mrs. Richard Hayle, organized this Sociable, and has worked very hard to make it succeed; but all her plans have gone wrong." Uncle Timothy then gave a detailed account of poor Flora's disappointments, adding, "She now has a bad cold, and really isn't fit to come herself. So unless we can think of some way to break up the Mourners' Row against the wall, the Sociable will be a dismal failure. So, if thee should happen to bring thy banjo—"

"Enough said! My name is Mike and my friend's name is Pat; and it will be St. Patrick's Day!"

A few minutes later, Father McSooy entered the telegraph office. The operator, who was a leading Orangeman, regarded the priest with a dark and meaning smile. Some diabolical Popish plot was afoot, of course. He must keep his eyes open. The name at the top of the telegraph blank was what one might expect. "Rev. Patrick Malone." The message was apparently innocent: "*Bring your banjo.*" Probably a code! What sinister meaning lurked behind those simple words? Perhaps a new way of saying: "*Make America Catholic.*"

THE first hour of the Union Church Sociable surpassed Mrs. Hayle's worst fears. She herself was nearly speechless with a terrible cold. Half of the village were in the same condition. Mr. Bexley and his wife were among the afflicted, and did not attend. Dr. Kunkelman was present, but his austere personality only lowered the frigid temperature. Mr. and Mrs. Carslake did their best, but were in a hopeless minority. The weather was the real St. Patrick's Day kind—cold, driving rain. The guests from the Wrong Side of the Railroad Track were so awed by the grandeur of the Stockfield Mansion that even those who hadn't colds were dumb with shyness, and sought refuge in the Mourners' Row against the wall, where several fell asleep. The game of "Twenty Questions" failed to arouse them, as it was conducted by Dr. Kunkelman as though it were a rehearsal for the Last Judgment. Mrs. Carslake tried to start some songs, but the few guests who knew the words all sang in different keys.

Mrs. Hayle, who had retired behind the door to sneeze, was nearly in hysterics, as her sense of humor contended with her chagrin. "How am I to endure

this until eleven o'clock?" she whispered hoarsely to her husband.

"Thee doesn't have to. I'll take thee home now," replied Dick.

SUDDENLY a blast of cold fresh air blew through the house. The front door had opened and admitted two tall men, muffled in raincoats. Each had a long black box under his arm. Instantly there was a sensation. All the slumberers in the Mourners' Row woke up, and stared in astonishment. They stared harder still when Friend Timothy Stockfield ushered in two Catholic priests, each carrying a banjo! Friend Stockfield, his twinkling eyes fixed upon Dr. Kunkelman (whom he disliked intensely), said, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce two friends of mine—Father McSooy and Father Malone. They have kindly consented to entertain you with some songs and stories of Old Ireland."

The two young priests bowed low and, seating themselves on the chairs Dick Hayle brought forward, began to twang their instruments. One, the parish priest, was black-haired and slender. The stranger was red-haired, florid, inclined to rotundity. They bore themselves with ease and grace; for only a few years before they had been much-applauded stars in the glee club of a famous Catholic university. Then, a miracle! A new spirit gradually permeated the heavy atmosphere. As the two rich voices—tenor and baritone—sang the songs of Erin, old and new; as the music, the laughter, the joy and the pathos of the Land of the Fairies invaded that staid Quaker mansion—all the men and women present felt the magic spell. The guests—whether old or young, rich or poor, sleepy or bored, grouchy or scared—were at last united in pure pleasure and fun. For between the songs, the red-haired priest (who had been the "end-man" of the college minstrels) related Irish stories with such irresistible humor that at last even the awful Dr. Kunkelman capitulated. For some time he stood in the background, glaring at the performers. Suddenly, after a particularly funny story, he emitted a roar of laughter that drowned out all the rest, and scared little Mrs. Meers so that she shrieked shrilly. Finally came the delicious, lilting melody of "All Praise to St. Patrick" and the concert was over. All the guests, headed by Dr. Kunkelman, hastened to shake the hands of the performers and thank them. The young Methodist minister went home humming "All Praise to St. Patrick!" Mrs. Carslake warned him to be silent when they passed Mrs. Pimpleton's residence—but he replied, "Mrs. Pimpleton go hang!"

When the priests reached home, Father McSooy remarked, "St. Patrick had the innings tonight, didn't he, Pat?"

To which the Rev. Patrick replied, "Sure, Mike! He always has!"

The Jewish Mystery

Can We Convert the Jews? This Article Attempts to Diagnose the Originating and Perpetuating Causes That Prevent the Jews from Becoming Christians

By P. W. O'Gorman, C.M.G., M.D.

THERE are two extreme difficulties which confront the Church in her mission to convert the world. She is able to make her message felt among all races and religions of mankind with the exception of two, and these are Mohammedanism and Judaism.⁽¹⁾ The reasons seem to be in some respects similar. Mohammedanism originated in the seventh century among the Semite Arabs, its Koran takes the Old Testament as its principal basis, and the Jewish circumcision and other Jewish customs were adopted by it. Yet there are indications of the influence of the New Testament. It does not think highly of women and it is a militant religion at war with the rest of the world. Mohammed himself was the son of a Jewess and a pagan father. However, in this paper I confine myself to Judaism.

Judaism is the oldest, and from certain points of view the most important, problem the Church has to face, and the most invincible. I think we all agree that it is a tremendous and confounding puzzle why we find it so difficult to convert our separated brethren of Israel, and the same difficulty faces us in regard to Mohammedanism. Perhaps I may be thought very simple and ignorant or, on the other hand, very temerarious and presumptuous, when I suggest that I seem to have suddenly, shall I say, realized what the actual reason is. It came upon me while studying the Jewish question from another aspect. I am going to examine a case from a medical point of view.

When a physician wants to cure a disease his first duty is to diagnose it and then trace out the fundamental originating and perpetuating cause. Unless he does this he cannot apply the right treatment and his efforts, wasted on mere symptoms, may end in failure. Now Judaism, as we hope to show, is a *mental disease* obsessing the whole race and *perverting the subconscious mind*. The ailment, being psychological, needs primarily psychological treatment. This is one of the few cases where psycho-

analytic methods can prove beneficial. Let us then uncover and disclose the real disease and its root cause.

What are the moral characteristics of the Jews? We find that, however scattered among the other peoples of the earth, they are distinguished by certain (nine) essential marks: (1) The Jews are *coherent and conservative*. They are a *separate and distinct race and nationality*. They rarely intermarry with other races and are not assimilated by the peoples amidst whom they sojourn. Hence wherever they be they retain the physical characters of their Semitic origin. Hence the historian Gibbon calls them "a distinct species of the human race."

(2) Their conservatism or clannishness is manifested by their religion, which in its turn serves to maintain their singularity. They rarely proselytize, their insularity is significant.

(3) These marks of unity and aloofness make them a people apart, and distinguish them as strangers and aliens amidst whatever nations they live with. This is one of the reasons why they are suspected and disliked.

(4) In temperament they are distinctively a nervous, passionate race. Perhaps their inter-racial consanguineous marriages and their habits of mind, including that of brooding and their exalted yet perverted religious views, tend to this defect. An analytic Jew writer⁽²⁾ sums up this "singular enthusiasm" or frenzy:

"A special violence, eagerness, and acrimony enter into all their activities. Whether the question is of arts or the sciences—domains in which serenity should reign—or business, and even more in politics, Jews immediately become overpassionate, never failing to impart their passion to the debate."

This psychic factor accounts for many acts of mental aberration, for it indicates want of self-restraint and self-control. Hence the *Jewish World*⁽³⁾ admits that

¹Kadmi Cohen in his *Nomades*, p. 33. See Vicomte Leon de Poncins' *The Secret Powers behind Revolution*, 1929, p. 191.

²November 9, 1922—*Webster's Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*, p. 39.

"the percentage of mental disorders among Jews is much greater than among non-Jews," and that "all the Jewish women in Palestine are hysterical"; which of course suggests that many of the men too are the same. Moreover, many of the anarchists and Communists cannot be regarded as quite sane, and unfortunately the Jews among them are very numerous.

(5) Like other Semites (Arabs, etc.) they are nomads, they never engage in agriculture, appear generally not to own landed property, although acquiring industrial and other means of wealth, but engage in the professions and in commercial and financial pursuits. The reason for this is that, since the ultimate end of all barter is money, *money means power*. The acquirement of gold is thus the chief passion of the race, but it is only a means to an end rather than an end in itself.

(6) *Jews have no sense of authority or discipline*. Says Kadmi Cohen: "The idea of authority—and therefore respect for authority—is an anti-Semitic notion. It is in Catholicism, in Christianity, in the very teachings of Jesus, that it finds at once its lay and its religious consecration" (p. 70).

(7) Hence follow their notions of *equality*. "Universal equality" is the aim of the Grand Orient masonry. Hence *liberty* and *license*. Associated therewith we find the idea of *Justice*; but by a peculiar bent of mind this word tends to mean a larger share of the cake, if not all of it, for the Jew! We thus recognize in the quadruplet "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Justice," the sham catchwords of the French Revolution of 1789, which in fact are traced to Freemasonry. We all know that Jews are the great supporters of Socialism: Karl Marx (Mordechai), the founder of the International and "Patron saint of Bolshevism" (Webster, *Sec. Soc.*, p. 384), his friend Frederick Engels, and Lasalle were Jews and Freemasons; but Marx and Ricardo, also a Jew, became Protestants.

(8) According to Kadmi Cohen, the two poles of the Semitic Soul are: passion for power and utilitarianism. "All,

³I might add a third, Brahminism, i.e., the highest or priest caste of Hinduism.

let us say, in the Semite is *speculation*, both of ideas and of business; and in this last respect, what a lusty hymn has he not sung to the glorification of worldly interests"! (*op. cit.*, p. 88). So, from the psychological standpoint Cohen divides the Jews into two extreme opposites: the *Hassidim* and the *Mithnagdim*. The *Hassidim* are the zealots, who, although by no means all suckling doves, are likened to the "Catholics of Judaism"; and the *Mithnagdim*, the utilitarians, the greedy, unscrupulous, heartless exploiters of the world, are uncomplimentarily likened to the "Protestants of Judaism" (*op. cit.*, pp. 129, 130).

(9) Finally, their religion is distinctive. We are accustomed to believe it is based purely on the books of the Old Testament. That this is an error rather opens our eyes. Modern Judaism or Rabbinical Judaism takes its stand on the *Talmud* rather than on the Bible. As Batault says: "We are not face to face with a national religion, but with a religious nationality." There is here a difference in kind and nature, a fundamental contradiction.⁽⁴⁾

Now to proceed further. History, both from Scripture and from other later sources, distinctly shows that the Jewish race is dominated by an overweening pride, an absolute obsession that it alone is the eternally "Chosen people" of God. Not only so, but that it is written in the indefeatable tablets of destiny that it alone is the real salt of the earth and inevitably bound to rule all the nations of the Universe. No infidelity to God, no heinous betrayals of the past, no defections into idolatry or other sins would deprive them of this birthright. They were to be the rulers of the world and the Messiah was to be the most powerful of militant and venging monarchs whose prowess none could gainsay. All the promises and prophecies of Scripture were misread and misapplied to the verification on earth of this triumphant and most glorious destiny of the Jewish race.

IN consequence, we understand why, when the real Messiah did come in an entirely different and poor and humble guise, preaching the new Zion as a Spiritual Kingdom not of this world and denouncing the Jew perversions and caste privileges, the High Priest and the Sanhedrin, with the Pharisees, the Scribes, and the Saducees, repudiated Him, deliberately refused even to think Him possible, and persecuted Him to death. And so to this day, despite the severest of lessons (the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple, the cessation of sacrifices, and dispersion of the Jews in A.D. 70) and absurd disappointments over numerous sham claimants, that inherited craze still persists and the Jews are per-

petually on the look-out for the coming of the all-conquering Messiah.

Hence arises what Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) calls "the Semitic principle": their urge, as the select people, to *domination in religion, property, and power*. To these ends, consciously or unconsciously, they sacrifice everything. They are masters of secret intrigue.

IN fact all these foregoing Jewish qualities are concentrated in the practice of certain apostate Jews who seek in secret subversive movements the Messianic domination of the world. Indeed we may go further and quote the assertion of Dr. Isaac Wise, in the *Israelite* of America, 3rd August, 1866: "Masonry is a Jewish institution, whose history, degrees, charges, passwords and explanations are Jewish from beginning to end." (Quoted from Gregor Schwarz Bostunitch; *die Freimaurerei*, 1928, See Poncins, p. 101.)

And further still, Père Deschamps, S.J., a well-known authority, says: "Judaism itself is a kind of Freemasonry, owing to the national solidarity of the Jews, their cosmopolitanism, which sets the Jews free from all local and patriotic ties, and finally the opposition of the Jews to Christianity." (*Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, 3 vols. 4th Edn. See *Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement*, 2nd Edn., by Rev. E. Cahill, S.J., p. 91.)

Certainly all modern revolutions have numbers of Jews as directors, leaders, or coöperators. For example, Russian Bolshevism, the crystallization of Marxism, may be said to be a Jewish accomplishment; the Soviet bureaucracy is almost entirely in the hands of Jews and Jewesses, who disguise their names under Russian assumptions (Poncins, p. 130). But the misfortune is that orthodox Judaism seems to sympathize with these movements because of its blood brotherhood solidarity (Poncins, pp. 128, 135). Moreover the united sentiments, aim, and object of Judaism are the same, namely, hatred of Christianity—particularly of the Catholic Church—the destruction of Christian civilization, and the triumph of Israel.

The Jewish mental disease, then, must be diagnosed as *Hegemonic Megalomania*—that form of delusional insanity which we vulgarly call "Swelled Head," but of a particularly virulent form.

But, now, *what is the actual reason for all this tremendous delusion?* From all that I can gather it appears to be simply because of falsifications of the truth embodied in the *Kabala* and the *Talmud*.

These books have a legendary history and are reputed by the Jews to be the oral traditions descending from Moses—some indeed from Abraham or even from Adam—and later committed to writing. They cover a wide field ranging from secular trivialities, myths, demonology,

and magic to graver theosophical or religious concerns, including commentaries on Scripture. The *Kabala* (divided into two books, the *Sepher Yetzirah*—a book of extraordinary obscurity—and the *Sepher Ha-Zohar*) is held to be the more ancient, even of the sixth century before Christ, though part of it, at least, the *Zohar*, the most important, is definitely known to have been compiled, probably from more ancient writings, by Moses de Leon in the thirteenth century. The *Talmud* (Babylonian *Talmud*) dates from the second, fourth, and fifth centuries and comprises the *Mischna* and *Gemara*. The *Talmud* and the *Kabala* complement and confirm each other.

Adolphe Franck⁽⁵⁾ declares the *Kabala* to be "the heart and life of Judaism," while Michael Rodkinson, one of its latest Jewish translators, says, "The modern Jew is the product of the *Talmud*."⁽⁶⁾ B. Lazare, the Jewish apologist, refers to the *Talmud* as the creator of the Jewish nation, and the mould of the "Jewish Soul."⁽⁷⁾ "With the vast majority of Modern Orthodox Jews," says Fr. Cahill (and he gives several authorities, p. 78), "the *Talmud* has almost entirely supplanted the Old Testament."

Comte Leon de Poncins says: "When we speak of the Jewish religion we only think of the Bible, of the religion of Moses; that is an illusion; the Jews of the Middle Ages were Talmudists; they have not all ceased to be so. Even today the *Talmud* takes precedence in authority over the Bible. The *Archives Israélites* recognizes the absolute authority of the *Talmud* over the Bible; and the *Univers Israélite* says: 'During two thousand years the *Talmud* has been and still is an object of veneration for the Israelites of whom it is the religious code.'"⁽⁸⁾

THE *Kabala* presents a dual aspect; one of theosophical speculation and the other magical, impious, and mendacious. The latter teaches that Jews alone are to exclusively enjoy Divine favor and that they alone shall inherit heaven, while all non-Jewish races (the "goyim") shall be handed over to the angel Douma to be cast into hell.⁽⁹⁾

Both the *Talmud* and the *Kabala* inculcate the Jewish Messianic dream of world domination, with the greatest persistence, while the rest of mankind shall be their slaves.

To the encouragement of this ambitious dream we may add the *Toledot Yeschu* (*Zepher Toldos Jeschu*) or life of Jesus, which originated in the Middle

⁴La Kabbale. See Webster's Secret Societies, p. 9.

⁵Michael Rodkinson, i.e., Rodkinsohn. See Webster's Secret Societies, p. 369.

⁶L'Anetisemitisme, p. 293. See Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement, 2nd edition, p. 78.

⁷Poncins, p. 200-201.

⁸Zohar treatise Lakh-Lekha, folio 94a. De Pauly, I, 535. See Webster's Secret Societies, p. 13.

⁴Le Probleme Juif, Plon Norruit, 1921, p. 65. Secret Powers, etc., p. 197.

Ages, and which appears to be traceable to the second century. Its object is to decry Christ and Christianity by gross falsifications and blasphemies.

In the *Kabala* and in the earlier edition of the *Talmud* abominable calumnies and perversions on Christ and the Christians occur, designed to arouse contempt and hatred of them. Moreover, apostate and non-orthodox Jews have in later years largely controlled subversive Secret Societies whose aim was the destruction of Christianity and civilization, and indeed of all religions and morals. Indeed, since we know that Freemasonry and all cognate Secret Societies are ruled by unknown leaders, it comes as a revelation to many who the commanders are. Thus Gougenot de Mousseaux, a noted authority, asserts: "The real Chiefs of this immense Association of Freemasonry (the few within the innermost circles of initiation), who must not be confounded with the nominal leaders or figure-heads, are mostly Jews, and live in close and intimate alliance with the militant members of Judaism, those namely who are the leaders of the Cabalistic Section. This élite of the Masonic Association, these real Chiefs, who are known to so few even of the initiated and whom even these few know only under assumed names, carry on their activities in secret dependence (which they find very lucrative for themselves) upon the Cabalistic Jews."⁽¹⁰⁾

M. Doinel, a convert Mason of the Council of the Grand Orient, tells us that "*The Cabala rules as mistress in the inner lodges*: and the Jewish spirit dominates the lower grades. In the mind of Satan the Synagogue has an all-important part to play. . . . The great enemy counts on the Jews to govern Masonry, as he counts on Masonry to destroy the Church of Jesus Christ."⁽¹¹⁾

Yet their activities and triumphs are appreciated by all Jews, since the Jews are a consolidated race and share in sympathy.

It was these Rabbinical traditions and the resulting actions in practice that have served to maintain the isolation of the Jews from Christianity and kept up their unique solidarity. And it was this that caused the Jews to be persecuted by monarchs and which compelled certain Popes to burn their evil books, and often excited popular animosity and persecution.

An important point of great significance is this. The English and French translations of the *Talmud* are stated to be incomplete and do not contain these passages; they have been expurgated. "The book that forms the foundation of modern Judaism is closed to the general public," says N. H. Webster (p. 19), who

relies only on Jean de Pauly's translation, in 8 vols., published in 1909 by Emile Lafuma Giraud, but still awaits a fair and honest rendering of the whole work.

But nevertheless, and this is important, the Rabbinical oral teachings and commentaries continue to maintain the perverted spirit of the suppressed writings.

WHEN revising this paper I discovered a remarkable confirmation of my views in the assertion of a converted Jew and former Talmudist, Nicholas Donin, in the thirteenth century, who demonstrated to Pope Gregory IX that "*it was the Talmud which prevented the Jews from accepting Christianity, and that without it they would certainly have abandoned their state of unbelief.*" After a public examination by Dominicans and Franciscans against Jew Rabbis, the copies of these books were ordered to be burned, in June, 1242.⁽¹²⁾

Here, then, we see the essential reason of the failure of all our efforts to convert the Jews. It is therefore our duty to realize this fully and sternly expose these ancient conspiracies, disprove their falsity, and show up the truth of Christianity. We have to insist that the Messiah has come and proved beyond all sane doubt by His miracles that He was the Incarnate God the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. That Our Lord in the flesh was a Jew; that His Mother and all the Apostles and early disciples were Jews; that Peter converted 3,000 Jews by his first sermon, and 5,000 more by his second sermon after a miracle; that still more thousands of Jews were converted to constitute the majority of the very early Church. We must therefore affirm that the Catholic Church is henceforth the continuation, fulfillment, and perfection of the ancient Mosaic Church, which was merely a preparation and prefiguring of the eventual accomplishment of the New Testament.

Since our experience shows that young Jews are being grossly neglected in their religion and are rapidly falling into materialism, and atheism, and Communism, we should concentrate on proofs of the existence of God, of the soul, and its immortality, of conscience and personal responsibility, and other fundamental facts of Christianity. And above all, we should not only continuously and fervently pray for their conversion, but try to inculcate in their minds the idea of the supernatural and the habit of prayer.

Among the many manifestations of social morbidity which is lately engaging the attention of the psycho-analysts of social complexes, the predilection of the Jews for their own sufferings and persecution is not the least interesting. To the average non-Jew, the assertion that

Jews love the pogroms perpetrated upon them would sound, at best, a witty paradox. Within the Jewish world, however, this paradox is accepted as a sober fact, more tragic than witty. The tendency of Jews to dwell morbidly on their national sufferings, to exaggerate them beyond all measure, and even to derive a certain pleasure from them is a commonplace among the best observers of Jewish life and character. . . .

The strongest and most abundant confirmation of it is found in every-day Jewish life as mirrored in the Jewish press. The picture which Jewish newspapers give of Jewish life is so dark, so gruesome, so full of exclusively Jewish misfortunes and woes as to make the whole world and the very universe appear anti-Semitic. A record of Jewish news as portrayed in the Jewish press from day to day is a chronicle of pain, torture, suffering, human beastliness, and human perversion which, if it could be widely known, would arouse great interest among students of abnormal psychology. . . .

Every great human tragedy in Europe for the last thousand years, such as the Crusades, the Inquisition, the revolt of oppressed peoples and the like, has been treated in Jewish history as a specifically Jewish tragedy, specially devised by an hostile world to persecute and torment Jews. This distorted view of life affects Jewish thinking today not less than it did a thousand years ago, although the Ghetto is no longer here, and Jews are bound by thousands of threads to the world around them. Wars, revolutions, social upheavals, political movements, great economic changes, even physical misfortunes—all are measured and evaluated by us in terms of their effect on Jews, and treated as measures devised exclusively against Jews. The excesses of the Russian Revolution, the world depression, the food shortage in Soviet Russia, the religious persecution in that country, the stoppage of world immigration, the displacement of the middle class, nationalism run mad—in the Jewish world all these and similar world disasters are looked upon as special calamities devised by Man or Fate to plague only the Jewish people. . . .

In the last analysis the trouble thus reduces itself to this: The physical Jewish Ghetto of mediaevalism was abolished long ago. The social Ghetto of a later age is also rapidly disappearing; but the psychological Jewish Ghetto—the Last Ghetto—the product of the physical and social, has remained intact, and today forms the background of all the mental maladjustments of Jewry and of all the morbid manifestations of its life, including also the strange love for its own misery and pain.—"A Tragic Jewish Paradox" by William Zukerman in *Opinion*, a Journal of Jewish Life and Letters. (New York.)

¹⁰*Le Juif, la Judaisme, et la Judaisation des Peuples Chrétiens*, Paris, 1869, p. 430. See Cahill, p. 88.

¹¹*L'Abbé Emmanuel Barbier. Infiltrations Maçonniques*, quoted in *Dict. Apolog.*, Art. France—Maçonnerie, col. 99. See Cahill, p. 89.

¹²*Webster's Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*. Appendix, p. 407-8.

THE PART OF GOLD

By

Gerhard Hirschfeld

THE President's message to Congress, asking for legislation for a flexible dollar, throws us right back into the mass of conflicting trends, divergent views, heated arguments through which we have been driven ever since that fateful day in October '29.

Instead of trying to hammer away upon one or the other pet topic within this labyrinth, may we not approach our task from a broader view? To many people, currencies are like the sunshine that is sent us from heaven: it is there, easy to see, to feel, to enjoy. Nevertheless, it gets most attention when it is bothersome, or when it is conspicuous by its absence. So with money. There is no objection to any theory, or dogma, or system as long as money fills our pockets. With this plainly individual view, we do not get far. Some people have money, and hate to see it devaluated. Others have debts, and like to see money rolling down into the abyss of inflation.

No, that is not the way to either understand monetary policies, or to arrive at a sensible conclusion. I propose to get away from petty politics and selected slogans, and to discuss this new and important step of President Roosevelt on a common-sense basis.

THE President wants a "flexible" dollar. Now, as a matter of pure and unadulterated history, we have had a flexible dollar all these years, to our sorrow. In terms of 1913, our present dollar is somewhere around 70 cents. Next year, if our dreams come true, it may be a full dollar, then again, it may be higher or lower. One thing is rather definite about the dollar: it is ever changing. What we, then, ought to have, is not a flexible but a stable dollar.

But why is the dollar so unstable? After all, we get all the time the same piece of paper money or silver, as the case may be. What changes in the dollar? That is, I admit, a silly question. Because it is very well known that, if we say: dollar, we don't mean the silver or the paper money. We refer to its buying value. Which gives the answer in the same breath: because the things which are bought and sold, change their values from today to tomorrow, and back again. And they change because their production (or consumption, for that matter) is beyond human control; it was, anyway, as far as we can trace human history.

Wheat is grown, in a big way, in at least five large countries. The Russians may be starving; they can't export wheat; which leaves the world market

without an important competitor. The price of wheat will go up, and down will go the buying value of the dollar. A flood in Argentina may have the same result; or poor weather conditions in the United States. So it may happen, and does happen, with every single thing we buy, be that goods or services. With unemployment, labor may be cheap; the dollar will go up. In times of war, the men are in the trenches and labor becomes expensive, the dollar goes down; and so on *ad infinitum*.

YOU can draw your own conclusions; a stable currency is possible only if those things which that currency buys, are controlled in a very definite way. For such purpose, we have to stop not only human greed and human fear, human hopes and human selfishness, but we have to provide for emergencies like flood and war and revolution and disaster. Without such absolute control, a managed currency, which has always the same buying value, is a matter of conjecture.

Thus it is easy to see that it cannot be this sort of stability which President Roosevelt has in mind. It must be something of a different sort. The President talks about gold. Gold is the foundation on which the currencies of most nations are based. You can say about the foolish gold idol what you will. But you will not get away from the fact that to have gold means to have wealth. If I had a few thousand dollars in gold, I would be well satisfied, in spite of the fact that I don't believe one bit in the gold standard as we know it. People have not changed since the time of the Fuggers and the Medici when gold meant riches. They stored it away in vaults and cellars. People still do it. About half a billion dollars in gold is held by individuals in the United States. In England they hoarded last year alone about \$200,000,000. As long as this earth stands, gold will have its value.

But our application is wrong. The Government has so much gold. For every \$35 in gold, the Government can print \$100 in paper currency. The banks can issue up to ten times the amount of paper money in credits. Here you see what gold has to do with the currency. But that isn't the end of the story. So far we have only discussed gold as a measurement of currency. Unfortunately,

gold is simultaneously traded as a merchandise. It is shipped back and forth. Sometimes the world is flooded with gold when new fields are discovered; and at other times there may be scarcity of gold, for instance, if some country like China should decide to change from a silver to a gold standard. And at all times the value of gold fluctuates back and forth, up and down, right and left. And what changes with it is our whole currency and credit system which is built on gold as a standard and, at the same time, on gold as a merchandise.

This is the vulnerable point which President Roosevelt, as I see it, wants to attack. There is a difference between gold as a precious metal on one side, which freely changes hands, and between gold purely as a monetary value, on the other side, as the bushel for wheat, and the gallon for oil, and the mile for the ship, and the acre for the farmer. These two characters of gold, so confusing in the past, must be kept apart.

It is with this dual character in mind that the President, in my opinion, sends a message to Congress asking for full authority to administer all the gold available in this country. Not only will gold in this way be taken out of circulation but, more important, it will lose its character as a merchandise. Hence it will not be subject any longer to the law of supply and demand, as it necessarily must be as a merchandise. We will still have gold bonds, but they will not be redeemable in gold. They will rather indicate that their value in terms of gold is so and so much.

AT the time I am writing it is proposed by the President to re-value the dollar on a 50 or 60 percent basis. This would mean writing down debts contracted in years gone by. But it would have no particular meaning in the business of today and tomorrow. Prices would be raised in accordance with the reduced nominal value of the dollar; so would be wages and salaries and pensions.

We would still have with us the "flexible" buying value of the dollar, as we would have the changing values of all sorts of commodities. This, as I explained, cannot be helped on the domestic market as long as we don't exercise perfect control over all the things people make and use. But we can be protected against the influence of the valuation of the dollar abroad. In this regard the President proposes to create a two-billion-dollar fund with which to counteract such foreign influences, by buying or selling dollars abroad.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By James E. Yelants

THE courtyard of Ye Golden Fleece presented a strange sight. A fitful moon aided by spluttering pine-torches, whose resinous fumes gave an acrid flavor to the atmosphere, lit up a medley crowd of strangely attired figures. An individual with a leopard-skin thrown over his shoulders and a crown on his head was conspicuous. A group of men in short tunics who carried spears in their hands and others who bore heavy mallets looked like Roman soldiers. A youth trailing a long blue gown, but for the hoarse laugh with which he greeted the remark of a companion, might have been mistaken for a woman. But the most startling sight of all was that of a man wearing a forked tail. The hideous mask which covered his face ill assorted with the apparently affable manner in which he was conversing with an important-looking personage. This latter individual broke away from his fiend-like acquaintance and, mounting what must be described as a two-decker rostrum, cried to the company.

"Now masters 'tis time we began. You there Robin Butts and you, Godfrey Brackenridge, make you ready. For it is ye who must begin our play. Come hither and see if ye know your words."

While the two individuals addressed were approaching the stage which had been erected in the courtyard the master of ceremonies turned to the rest of the assembly. "Fitting would it be," he said, "worthy members of the Carpenters Guild, if ye put forth your best skill in rehearsing this our play of the Passion, for ye know it is said that our right worshipful lord, Rupert de Moraine, and his lady hath promised to attend on the morrow. Wherefore and because we have the permission of the lord high Abbot Jocelyn to perform this Mystery so we carry ourselves reverently, I pray you bestir yourselves to give the worthy folk of our burgh your most excellent playing. Come hither, Robin, and say your prologue, and see you speak it boldly and clearly."

THIS performer was mounting the steps of the stage to open the proceedings when the master of ceremonies called a halt. "Stay you," he cried, "I see not our chief actor. Where is Watt-of-Shoe-Lane who is cast for the part of God Our Savior? Hath any seen Watt? Know you if he be come hither. We cannot begin if we have not him."

Whereupon many began calling "Watt, Watt," while others, yet without any show of irreverence, asked, "Where is God?" There arose then a babel of

voices, some saying, "We cannot begin without God," and still others exclaiming, "Maybe he is within." A burly looking fellow standing by a cross which leaned against the wall of the courtyard offered to seek him in The Golden Fleece and disappeared through a low door. Presently he returned and called out.

"Watt is sick. He hath sent word. His good wife says she will not let him be crucified. She says he has the ague, if it be not something worse, and she minds how last year the crucifying did cause him sore pains. She says her husband shall not be God this year."

"Beshrew the woman," exclaimed the master of ceremonies. "Must we then choose some other. But the time is short. What say you, Hake, will you take Watt's part?"

THE man addressed shook his head. "I know not the words," he answered, "and I am slow to learn." Several others, when appealed to, made similar excuses. A feeling of dismay settled on the members of the Carpenters Guild. Watt was their star actor. Without him it looked as though they would be unable to give their performance. Yet this was an impossible solution. The Mystery was one of the events of the year. To disappoint the townsmen, not to speak of the great personages who had signified their intention of being present—this could not be permitted.

At this juncture a youth slipped up to the stage and whispered to the master. "Yea," he said in answer to that individual's queries, "he hath much experience in such matters having been in the King's Players. He would learn the part right soon for he is of quick wit."

"But is he to be found?"

"That will I answer for. I know his haunts," was the speedy answer.

"Go, then," the youth was told, "bring him hither."

For a moment, in spite of this explicit direction, the boy hesitated. "It is like," he said dubiously, "that he may not be sober. He is over-fond of his cup."

"That may we remedy before the morrow if he can be found and brought hither. He may rehearse with the scrip and learn it after. 'Tis not over-much for one used to exercise his memory."

In a little while the messenger returned and at his heels a lanky, woe-begone individual with "player" written in every line of his countenance. It is

true that dissipation had also written its signature on Piers Gascoigne's face but this fact had not obliterated a certain fineness of feature and nobility of manner, and no sooner had the master of ceremonies set eyes on him than he exclaimed, "He'll do."

It was no difficult matter to persuade the new-comer to take the absent Watt's part. Indeed, he might have been said to welcome the opportunity of exercising his art in this way. A somewhat shaky hand took the scrip offered him and, while one of the torch-bearers held a light, he scanned the lines rapidly, murmuring to himself as he did so.

It was not long before the rehearsal was in full swing. It was wonderful how quickly the stranger mastered his part and how feelingly he rendered the lines. When they bound the cords around his ankles and wrists and hoisted the Cross into position; even some of his fellow-players mistook his groans for genuine expressions of suffering and bade the "soldiers" go less roughly about their work.

Late that night Piers might have been seen by the light of a taper pouring over the well-thumbed parchment on which some scribe had written out the part. It had surprised the illiterate members of the Guild to see this stranger con his lines with the ease of a clerk, but they would have wondered less had they known the story of the versatile vagabond. The younger son of Sir William Gascoigne, he had attended a monastic school and even, at one time, dreamed of taking orders himself, the more readily induced to consider such a mode of life since his elder brother had defrauded him of his small patrimony and left him dependent on his clerical acquirements.

BUT Piers was one of those ill-assorted individuals who, in the Middle Ages, found themselves, on account of their lack of piety and love of books, without any place in the society of their time. Since they cared not for a life of prayer they fought shy of monastic seclusion, yet studious habits unfitted them for the hurly-burly of the rough world into which they had been born. In the end Piers had drifted into the bohemian existence associated with the wandering players who performed at noblemen's castles, coming at last to be numbered among the King's Players. But he was pursued by a sense of failure, a knowledge that he had somehow missed his vocation.

Perhaps if resentment at the way in

which he had been treated by his kinsman had found a smaller place in his thought he might have been more easily reconciled to the monastic life. But he had grown hard and his bitterness with fate had laid him open to the temptation of dissipation. So fallen was he in fact that even his former calling had become only a desultory one. Still in middle life, he seemed to have reached the dregs of existence. A wandering scholar, an unemployed mummer—what could he anticipate in this world and to what could he look forward in the next? Piers Gascoigne tasted to the full the misery of what his contemporaries called “wan-hope.”

Yet as, by the dim light of the taper and the glow of a burning log on the hearth, he conned the lines of the Mystery, reading over and over again the crude verse in which unskilled playwrights set forth their idea of the Divine Sufferer, his heart softened. It would not be, he thought, difficult to render sympathetically such lines as these:

My folk, what have I done to thee
That thou all thus shalt torment me?
Thy sin bear I full soon.

How have I grieved thee? Answer me.

That thus thou nailest me to a tree,
And all for thine error.

Where shalt thou seek succor?
This fault how shalt thou amende
When that thou thy Saviour
Drivest to this dishonour
And nailest through feet and hende.

MUMBLING lines of the Passion Play in which he was to take part on the morrow, his head drooped and he passed into the land of dreams.

Craftsmen of all kinds with their wives and families, plowmen in leather jerkins, among whom were serfs released on this day from their round of toil, rubbed shoulders, in the crowd gathered before the stage, with well-to-do merchants, reeves, bailiffs, officers of the town. A sprinkling of the nobility with their retainers in green livery added another feature to the assembly that came together in the large open space before the parish church to witness “Ye Trial and Death of Our Blessed Lord set forth by Ye Guild of Carpenters for the Edification of all good Christians.”

It was not, it must be confessed, an over-reverent crowd. The time had gone by when such performances were part of the liturgical service of the Church. With their removal from the sacred precincts to the market-place and other public sites the Mystery Plays had tended to become mere entertainments. Dialogue concerning the most sacred subjects degenerated sometimes into sheer buffoonery. The devil held the place occupied later by the clown of popular pantomime. In this case the soldiers responsible for the Crucifixion ex-

changed jokes which set the audience roaring with laughter.

BUT when he who represented the Divine Sufferer laid himself upon the cross and uttered his pathetic plaint a hush fell upon the gathering. The more unsophisticated among the spectators fell almost completely under the illusion that they were witnessing the actual Event recorded in the words of the Creed: “crucified under Pontius Pilate.” When the soldiers pulled tight the ropes around the Victim’s wrists a rough looking fellow, one of Rupert de Moraine’s huntsmen, shouted out, “Look you, knaves, that I do not crack your crowns.” Even when the bystanders hushed him he continued to mutter and shake the staff in his hand. A little later, when the cross was raised and the Crucified emitted groans and spoke piteously and tenderly to his executioners, a child turned, sobbing, to hide her face in her mother’s dress, and her shrill, piping voice could be heard above the clamor on the stage asking, “Why do they hurt Jesus like that?”

But on this occasion, contrary to general experience, it was the impersonator himself who was more affected by the performance than those who looked on. Piers Gascoigne had lived over again, not only imaginatively, but in his very heart the scenes in the representation of which he had taken the chief part. Playing it had been for the majority of those present but for him it had been something more. The brutality of “soldiers” had been real, and the words of forgiveness which he uttered came from some deep source within him which yet was not himself. He had spoken as one “possessed.” Never before had he so vividly realized that all this had truly happened and that, to save sinful men from the fate they had brought upon themselves, God Almighty had died an agonizing death. When all was over his one desire was to get away by himself.

It was easy to escape notice in that

Spring Rain

By Earl Lawson Sydnor

THE rain plays music on the hill,
And treetops hold the notes,
then spill

Them into melodies that race
Like teardrops down a lovely face.
Each silver note—a new refrain
Snared by the wind to sing again
On mossy stumps and padded beds
Of leaves. And now, like little heads

Of laughter, courting not a care,
The merry rain combs earth’s green hair.

excited throng. All were talking and moving hither and thither. Here and there one might catch a glimpse of the actors, still wearing the costumes in which they had acted, mingling with their neighbors. Yonder was Pontius Pilate in a group of chaffing women and Judas might be seen unashamedly discussing local concerns with an acquaintance. As Piers slipped through the crowd seeking some place of retirement where he might commune with his own sad thoughts, he felt a small hand tugging at him. Looking down he saw the small maiden who had interrupted the play by her plaintive question. She was gazing up into his face, her eyes still showing signs of tears.

“Did they hurt you very much, Jesus?” she asked.

A startled look came into the man’s face. “Why, missy,” he said, “you mustn’t call me by that Name now. The Play’s over and I’m just the same old sinner I was before.”

THE child did not understand him but she looked troubled. “You *are* Jesus,” she said with childish emphasis. Should he humor her, he wondered, and continue, here in the street, his impersonation of the stage. The sorrowful eyes turned on him uttered their silent appeal.

“Would it make you happy,” he asked, “if Jesus kissed you?” At once a look of seraphic joy overspread the upturned face. The lanky figure of the actor bent downward and swiftly planted a kiss on the tender lips of the little maid. As though frightened by the very glory of her privilege the girl sped away and was lost in the crowd. He saw her no more.

But the kiss he had received smarted. He thought of Judas in the Garden of Gethsemane. Innocence had kissed lips foul with many a scurrilous jest and looked trustfully into eyes darkened by many an impure thought. And then there came to mind the ecstatic look on the child’s face when he had stooped to her. Yes, he could understand that. Such blessed privilege as she believed she had received was enough to make anyone glow with happiness. If only the One in Whose Name he had acted would stoop to him in the same way! Then, indeed, his lips, and not only his lips but his very soul, would be cleansed as by a living flame. And would not He Who had so graciously on the Cross forgiven His murderers consent to pardon, also, a vagabond actor who had wasted his life in folly and uncleanness?

From the porch of the little church in which he had found shelter the penitent slipped into the interior. For a space he knelt before the altar. Then a sound disturbed him. He looked up and saw an old priest pottering about, setting things in order.

“Father,” he said, “will you assoil a guilty soul and set it free from its sin?”

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

S. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Stuart is not listed among the names of the Saints.

T. C., LOWELL, MASS.—St. Dorothea (Dorothy) is the famous virgin-martyr of Caesarea in Cappadocia, who was racked, scourged, and beheaded under Diocletian about 300 A. D., and whose relics are now venerated in Rome. She converted to the Faith the very persons sent to persuade her to renounce it. She is represented with fruit and flowers, in allusion to a lawyer having mockingly asked her to send him "roses and apples" from the garden of her Heavenly Bridegroom, and to his having mysteriously received them on the day of her martyrdom amid the snows of a Cappadocian winter. The cultus of St. Dorothea appears to have been curiously neglected in the East. Her feast is February 6, and she is considered to be the patron of florists, no doubt because of the incident related above. (*The Book of Saints.*)

E. B., BOSTON, MASS.—The mutual affection is a mutual danger to virtue. Recall the warning of Our Savior: "If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is better," etc. (*Matt. 5:29.*) You should make known the danger simply and sincerely to your confessor.

A. Z., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—For address of The Apostolate to Assist the Dying see the Editor's note appended to the letter from the Rev. D. F. Roberts in this issue.

INVALIDITY OF ANGLICAN ORDERS

Sometime ago you answered a question in regard to Anglican Orders. Your answer stated that these orders were thoroughly investigated by Leo XIII in 1896. He found that said Orders were not valid because of an omission "to offer sacrifice," as used in the ordination of priests. Now, I find definitely that the form of Orders has varied greatly since the early ages of the Church. In the oldest Roman Ordinal, the so-called Leonine Sacramentary, no illusion is made to the power of offering Eucharistic Sacrifices, nor can any allusions be found in any Sacramentaries prior to the tenth or even the twelfth centuries. Hence no form of ordination need be invalid simply on the ground that it contains no reference to the Eucharistic Sacrifice. May I quote Bellarmine, who lays down the caution, that "the minister is not bound to the intention of performing a Sacrament according to the mind of the Catholic Church, so long as it is his intention to perform it according to the mind of the True Church."

Under these circumstances it would seem to me that two remarks may be made here: (1) that were Roman doubts about the matter and form of Anglican Ordinations justified, the validity not only of Anglican Orders, but of Roman Orders, would be exceedingly doubtful. For Roman Orders, as well as Anglican Orders, are derived solely through the Orders conferred in the early Church, with the matter and form as now used among Anglicans. (2) It is evident that the reproach of novelty is deserved by Roman Catholics rather than by Anglicans, since they follow the old ways. I should like very much to have your opinion on this subject stated more fully than it was previously.—H. L. R., DERBY, CONN.

The dogmatic decision of Pope Leo XIII in the Bull *Apostolica Cura* of September 13, 1896, definitely ended the controversy over the validity of Holy Orders received according to the Anglican ordinal. That decision is condensed in the following words: "Wherefore, strictly adhering in this matter to the decrees of the Pontiffs, Our predecessors, and confirming them most fully, and, as it were, renewing them by Our authority, of Our own motion, and with certain knowledge, We pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rites have been and are absolutely invalid, and hence totally null."

Pope Leo does not declare that all Anglican priests and bishops are without valid Orders, for there may be cases of Anglicans who have been validly ordained by schismatic and heretical bishops, but those only who have received Orders according to the Anglican Ordinals.

The reasons on which this decision is based are: (1) the decrees of his predecessors, especially Julius III, Paul IV, and Clement XI; (2) the defect of form; and (3) the defect of intention in Anglican ordinations. All the Roman Pontiffs who have had to deal with this question have always regarded the ordinations conferred according to the Anglican Ordinals as null and void. When there was a case of a clergyman ordained according to this rite, who wished to remain a clergyman after his conversion to the Catholic Church, he was ordained again from the beginning and absolutely. Since Holy Orders can never be repeated, once they have been validly received, this custom clearly shows the mind of the Church on this matter.

The defect of form is also evident from the Edwardine Ordinal of 1550 and 1552, which was deliberately substituted for the Roman Pontifical, which had been in use in England for centuries. In the form of Orders in the Edwardine Ordinal there was no definite reference to the Order of Priesthood or to its nature and powers. This was not merely an omission, but a deliberate and positive exclusion. This defect was remedied to some extent in the revised Ordinal of 1662, but more than a century had passed in which Orders had been conferred according to a defective form, and hence "the true Sacrament of Orders as instituted by Christ lapsed, and with it the hierarchical succession." (*Apostolica Cura.*)

The third reason was the defect of proper intention. True, the Church does not judge of intentions so long as they remain wholly internal. She trusts to the Providence of God to safeguard the validity of the Sacraments in this connection. "The Church does not judge about the mind and intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal, but in so far as it is manifested externally she is bound to judge concerning them." (*Ibid.*)

The intentions of Cranmer and his associates were clearly manifested by their teachings and actions. The positive discarding of the ancient Roman Pontifical for the new Edwardine Ordinal, and the substitution of a "Gospel ministry" for a sacrificing priesthood; the deliberate omission of even the remotest reference to the essential work of a priest, viz., the offering of the Eucharistic Sacrifice; the declaration of the Thirty-Nine Articles that "Sacrifices of Masses . . . were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," and that "transubstantiation is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture," and the destruction of altars and the substitution of "tables" in their place—all these things are sufficient evidence that a de-

fective intention was united with a defective form in ordinations conferred according to the Edwardine Ordinal of 1550 and 1552. This Ordinal remained in its defective form until 1662, a period of over 100 years. Consequently, Pope Leo XIII was merely repeating and making his own the decisions of his predecessors, after another thorough and accurate investigation of the whole question by a special commission, when he declared that "ordinations carried out according to Anglican rites were and are invalid and absolutely null."

All the Ordinals which have been sanctioned for use in the Catholic Church substantially agree as to the proper matter and form of Holy Orders. The Leonine Sacramentary—probably of the sixth century, according to Duchesne—was certainly received in the Church, and consequently must have had the proper matter and form. The form for the conferring of Orders is found in the Leonine Sacramentary, viz., the Eucharistic prayer *Deus honorum omnium* which, united with the laying on of hands, constitutes the matter and form of the Sacrament. In this prayer are found the words designating the office to which the ordinands are raised: *Da, quasumus, Pater, in hos famulos tuos presbyterii dignitatem* ("Grant we beseech Thee, O Father, to send upon these Thy servants the dignity of the priesthood"). The prayer immediately preceding petitions God to send upon the candidates (deacons) "the benediction of the Holy Spirit and the power of sacerdotal grace." The entire rite of ordination is concerned with one thing—the making of *sacerdotes*, or priests, for the offering of sacrifice.

This form was retained in the Roman Pontifical, which was used in the English Church until it was deliberately discarded by Cranmer and the Reformers. There is no comparison between the Edwardine Ordinal and the Leonine Sacramentary. In the latter the form was definitely directed to the making of sacrificing priests; in the former to the consecration of a "Gospel ministry."

It is not only the doctrine of St. Robert Bellarmine, but of all Catholic theologians, that for the valid conferring of a Sacrament it is not essentially required that a person have the intention of doing what the Catholic Church does, but of doing what the True Church does. But on this head the Reformers in England are convicted of nullifying the Sacrament of Holy Orders, for they substituted a form of ordination which was entirely new, and substantially contrary to the received use of all Christendom. They could not, then, have had the right intention of doing what the True Church intends.

For further information read the Bull *Apostolica Cura* in *The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII*; *The Question of Anglican Ordinations* by Cardinal Gasquet; *Anglican Ordinations, Theology of Rome and Canterbury in a Nutshell* by H. C. Semple, S.J., and *Why Rome?* by Seldon P. Delaney.

SHORTENING PUNISHMENTS OF PURGATORY AND OBTAINING TEMPORAL BENEFITS: TALKING TO OUR LORD IN VISIONS

(1) If God gives to each soul a just amount of punishment in Purgatory are we to expect that we can change this by our prayers, when we cannot change the sufferings of those who are afflicted in this world, say by blindness, cancer, and the like? (2) Why do not some of the marvelous things, such as talking to Our Lord in visions and curing the sick happen to good souls nowadays, as happened to some of the women Saints, e.g., St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Theresa of Avila? (3) And why do not men Saints have these marvelous experiences?—N. N., NEW LONDON, CONN.

(1) The Catholic Church teaches (Council of Trent) that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained there may be helped by the suffrages of the faithful, especially by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Mass. Holy Scripture says explicitly that "it is a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," that is, the punishment due their sins. Christ has promised most solemnly

to answer our prayers when offered in His Name. Prayers, Indulgences and the Sacrifice of the Mass are offered to God for the souls in Purgatory by way of impetration—beseeching God to apply them to the suffering souls. It depends on God's good pleasure as to the degree in which He will apply them. But as He Himself has commanded us to pray for one another that we may be saved, and as the souls in Purgatory, as ourselves, belong to the Church, it is one of the duties of Christian charity to assist them in this manner. Prayer does not change God's will or decrees; rather it fulfills them. It is because of our prayers and good works that we merit to receive what He has determined to bestow. Likewise with the souls in Purgatory. Our prayers and sacrifices offered in their behalf are the conditions on the fulfilment of which the punishments of Purgatory are lightened and shortened.

(2) Miracles are still being performed in answer to prayer, as they were when Our Savior walked the earth. The miraculous cures of Lourdes are vouched for on the highest authority. The recently canonized Saints—St. Bernadette, St. Mary Pelletier, and St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus—have all been instrumental in effecting miraculous cures in answer to prayers. It is by means of these miracles that the Church is sure that God has placed the seal of approval on their lives of heroic sanctity. Blessed Gemma Galgani, who was beatified last May, is a recent example of one who has many extraordinary colloquies with Our Lord. She died in 1903, and therefore is a modern Saint. Even today it is alleged that Teresa Neumann talks familiarly with Jesus in visions. There may be other souls eminent for holiness who also enjoy this supernatural privilege.

(3) Men Saints in nearly every age have also enjoyed the privileges of the exalted states of spiritual life, as, for example, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John of the Cross, and St. Paul of the Cross. These graces are never to be sought, as it would be presumption to seek them. But if they are granted by God they should be accepted with all humility. Ordinary Catholics have no desire for these supernatural colloquies. They believe that they can talk to God any time and anywhere in humble prayers. In the Blessed Sacrament they believe that Our Savior is present truly and substantially. They answer His invitation to come to Him and lay their burdens at His feet and tell him the secrets of their hearts. This kind of colloquy is not limited to the great mystics but is the privilege of all those who have genuine faith, hope and love.

PROPHECIES OF SAINT MALACHY

What did St. Malachy prophesy about the number of Popes who are still to reign? Is his prophecy considered genuine, or has it been proved a forgery?—A. G., SANTA ROSA, CAL.

In the celebrated prophecy ascribed to St. Malachy there is mention of 111 Popes. Pope Pius X, who is supposed to be designated by the title *Ignis Ardens* (Burning Fire) is 103 on the list. The remaining titles are as follows:

104 *Religio Depopulata* (Religion Overthrown)—Benedict XV.

105 *Fides Intrepida* (Faith Undaunted)—Pius XI.

106 *Pastor Angelicus* (Angelic Shepherd).

107 *Pastor et Nauta* (Shepherd and Sailor).

108 *Flos Florum* (Flower of Flowers).

109 *De Medietate Lunæ* (From Half of the Moon).

110 *De Labore Solis* (From the Labor, or Eclipse, of the Sun).

111 *De Gloria Olivæ* (Glory of the Olive).

The prophecy ends thus: "During the last persecution of the Church *Petrus Romanus* (Peter the Roman) shall reign. He shall feed the flock in many tribulations, at the end of which the City of the Seven Hills (Rome) will be destroyed, and the awful Judge shall judge His people." It is not clear whether the last mentioned Pope is distinct from *Gloria Olivæ* or not; or, if distinct, whether or not there shall be other Popes between them. *Petrus Romanus* seems to be the last.

The Church makes no official recognition whatever of the prophecies concerning the Popes, which have been attributed to St. Malachy. While there is a difference of opinion concerning the authorship and value of these so-called prophecies, the opinion of modern scholars is that St. Malachy was not their author and that they are a remarkable forgery. It is significant that St. Malachy died November 2, 1148, and the prophecies made their first appearance in 1595. For further information consult *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, page 476, and *The Life of St. Malachy*, by Albie J. Luddy, O. Cist.

FIRST BIBLE FROM MOVABLE TYPE: MISSING COMMUNION OF THE MASS: SCHOLASTICS KNOWLEDGE OF GREEK: ERRONEOUS VERSIONS OF SCRIPTURE

(1) When was the first Bible printed from movable type? (2) Is it a law of the Church that another Mass must be heard on a Sunday or Holyday of Obligation if, through any cause, one is obliged to leave the church before the priest's Communion? (3) Is it true that St. Albert the Great, St. Thomas, and Alexander of Hales had no knowledge of Greek, and only read erroneous versions of the Scriptures?—E. W., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) Johannes Gutenberg (b. *circa* 1400, d. 1468) is generally considered to have printed the first Bible from movable type in the years 1453-1455. It is called the "forty-two line Bible" because there are forty-two lines to the page.

(2) The obligation to assist at Mass on Sundays and Holydays means that the faithful must assist at an entire Mass. The culpable omission of any part is sinful, and grave or light according to the amount of the omission. The gravity of the omission is measured not only according to length of time, but especially according to dignity. A third part of the Mass is considered notable with regard to duration, but when there is question of an essential action even a lesser part (e.g., the act of consecration) is considered grave. Theologians generally teach that one does not satisfy the obligation unless one assists at the Consecration and Communion of the same Mass: "If the Consecration and Communion are not had in the same Mass he does not satisfy, because the parts do not constitute one integral sacrifice. The Church commands the faithful to assist at one integral sacrifice." (Noldin, *Theol. Mor.* 11, 260.) Therefore, there is an obligation to assist at another Mass when one omits the Communion. If one assists at both the Consecration and the Communion of the same Mass, but omits other parts, it will suffice to assist at these parts only in another Mass. But as to the particular case, if a person has serious reasons for leaving the church before the priest's Communion and not returning, he may not be obliged to assist at another Mass, for a serious cause is sufficient to excuse.

(3) The history of medieval philosophy reveals that not all the eminent scholastics were well versed in Greek: "the world knows that their commentaries on Aristotle are not in Greek but in Latin; nay, even that they had to use Latin translation in studying Aristotle themselves. We could count on our fingers the western scholars who could read Greek between the ninth and the fourteenth centuries. And yet who will venture to say that the medieval scholastics did not thoroughly understand and expound Aristotle?" (*Scholasticism Old and New* by De Wulf). St. Albert Magnus, St. Thomas, and Alexander of Hales were of the select number of scholastics who understood Greek. The writings of the first two are evidence of this fact, for there are many exegetical discussions of Greek texts. These eminent scholastics lived in an era when translators flourished and they made capital of them. They called on the celebrated translators Robert Grosseteste and William of Moerbeke, a Flemish Dominican, to assist them. The latter at the request of St. Thomas undertook a partial revision of Aristotle. They may not have been distinguished for their knowledge of the Greek language, but they certainly understood Greek thought.

We presume that these scholastics used the Vulgate Version of Holy Scripture, which was translated by St. Jerome, perhaps the most efficient Biblical scholar the world has ever known. He translated directly from the Hebrew and Greek. This version was considered "authentic" in the Church, and was so defined later in the Council of Trent. "Authentic" does not mean that the version is perfect in every detail, or that a better version may not be brought out, but that it is substantially true and free from doctrinal errors.

GOD ONLY CREATOR: GOOD WORKS IN STATE OF MORTAL SIN: HITLER AND EXCOMMUNICATION FOR STERILIZATION

(1) What effect would the creation of life by man have upon religion? It seems absurd, but scientists are very confident of such an accomplishment. (2) I was instructed that a man in the state of mortal sin can perform nothing meritorious, but can he by his prayers and good works obtain graces for others? (3) Is Adolf Hitler automatically excommunicated by his approval of sterilization in Germany?—H. F. S., NEW ULM, MINN.

(1) Seems absurd? It is absurd. The creation of anything whatever, in the strict sense of the word, is a prerogative of God alone. It cannot be communicated to any creature. Creation in the strict sense means the production of something out of nothing, or as St. Thomas puts it, "the production of the whole substance of a thing, with nothing presupposed." Hence, no creature can create anything whatever, not even a scientist. The latter must have something to work on before he can do any work. If a man could create anything, in the sense given above, he would not longer be merely a creature; he would become a creator. But there can be only one Creator: "He that created all things is God." (*Heb.* 3:4.)

(2) One of the conditions necessary for gaining supernatural merit is to be in the state of sanctifying grace: "As the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me." Man abides in God by grace. A person in mortal sin can, however, merit the actual graces necessary to regain the state of sanctifying grace by corresponding to the gracious invitations of Divine Mercy. The Publican and the Good Thief are instances of correspondence with graces. Since one in mortal sin is outside God's friendship he cannot merit anything for others. To be an intercessor with God one must be God's friend, and holiness is power with God.

(3) There is no canonical censure attached to this crime, so far as we know. But the just censure of good men everywhere is certainly and with justice directed against this barbarous measure. It is significant that the law of sterilization was concealed during the negotiations with the Vatican over the Concordat with Germany, though it is alleged that it had been enacted a week before the signing of the Concordat.

BULL OF CRUSADES: DR. COAKLEY: SIMPLE BOOK ON IMMORTALITY

(1) I understand that the Pope grants bulls to several countries by which Catholics, unlike those in this country, are allowed to eat meat on most Fridays of the year. What is the reason for such a peculiar dissimilarity among Catholics of different countries? (2) Could you give a short biography of the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Coakley? (3) Please recommend a book on the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul written in a simple but convincing manner, without recourse to the Bible. I mean something which will appeal to reason and common-sense.—P. J. T., MORTON, WYO.

(1) A bull is a document of solemn and weighty importance, issued by the Pope, affixed to which is a round, leaden seal having on one side a representation of Sts. Peter and Paul, and on the other the name of the reigning pontiff. This seal is called a "bull" from the Latin *bulia* meaning a boss or bubble. The bull to which you refer is called the *Bulla Cruciate*, or Bull of the Crusades. It has its origin in the warfare

of the Spaniards against the infidels, in recognition of which Popes from the eleventh century had granted them many indulgences and favors. The last Pope so to do was Benedict XV. The Bull permits all who live in Spain or in territory subject to Spain, and Spanish subjects even outside these countries, *provided scandal is avoided*, the privilege of eating meat on all days of Lent and other days of fast and abstinence, except Ash Wednesday, the Fridays of Lent, the last four days of Lent, and the vigils of Christmas, Pentecost, Assumption and Sts. Peter and Paul. So far as we know this privilege has not been extended to other countries. The reason of this exception is given above—the wars of the Crusades. Ancient Christian Spain was the savior of Christianity against the Moors in the West. Fast and abstinence being directly a positive law of the Church, she may make exceptions to it for good reasons.

(2) Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., is the builder and pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart, Pittsburgh, Pa. This church is an outstanding monument of Gothic architecture. He is also a contributor to various Catholic magazines.

(3) Cardinal Gibbons' *Our Christian Heritage* is characterized by simple language, yet substantial in content. A five cent pamphlet on Immortality, by Archbishop Downey, may be obtained from The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

ANIMATING PRINCIPLE OF BODIES

Is it true that the soul animates the body of a human being, and that without the soul there is no life in the human body? What animates the bodies of brute animals?—H. D., ROSLYN, N. Y.

The human soul is the animating principle of the bodies of men, and the animal soul is the animating principle of the bodies of brutes. When the soul, whether human or animal, entirely quits its proper body all bodily animation ceases. The essential difference between the soul of a human being and that of a brute is that the former is an intellectual soul, able to subsist in itself, whereas the latter is merely sensitive and perishes. The human soul, being subsistent, is able to survive the dissolution of the body, but the animal soul cannot survive, but returns, as the scholastics teach, into the potentiality of matter.

VATICAN AND MONTE CARLO

It has been told to me that the gambling casino at Monte Carlo in the Principality of Monaco is supported by contributions supposed to come from Vatican City. In other words, these contributions are supposed to come directly from the Pope. Would you kindly give me some information so that I might refute the charge?—N. N., SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.

The following clipping taken from *The Catholic Times* of London under date of May 26, 1933, ought to put the quietus on this libel:

"A new libel on the Vatican, which has appeared in many U. S. newspapers, and which emanated from the London office of the *Chicago Daily News*, has been investigated by *The Catholic Times* and proved to be unfounded.

"The story, which was referred to *The Catholic Times* by a U. S. Catholic weekly, declared that the Vatican possessed a block of 15,000 shares in the Monte Carlo Casino, which shares had voting rights. The Holy See, the story went on to say, was attempting to dispose of these shares in England, and some members of the nobility here were interesting themselves in a possible sale. Furthermore, it was inferred that the Holy See wished to be rid of these shares because their value had declined.

"When questioned by a *Catholic Times*' representative, the London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* proffered no explanation and gave the gratuitous advice that *The Catholic Times* should find its information as he had done.

"*The Catholic Times* has found the information, but not as the Chicago newspaper found it. It went to headquarters to get the facts—the Vatican. There *The Catholic Times* was officially informed that the Vatican owns no stock or share in the Monte Carlo Casino. This information will be passed on to the London representative of the Chicago paper with the advice that he should get the truth about his 'stories' concerning the Vatican or the Church before broadcasting what Catholics consider libels about them."

MAN ONCE MARRIED BECOMING PRIEST

Is it possible for a young man who has been married but has never lived with his wife to become a priest? If so, what communities would accept him? Also, how late in life may a young man enter the priesthood?—R. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A man having a wife is simply impeded from the reception of Holy Orders (Canon 987). If, however, his marriage has been legitimately dissolved he is not bound by this impediment. A marriage contracted between two baptized persons, or between a baptized and an unbaptized person, which has not been consummated can be dissolved by solemn profession in a Religious Order, strictly so-called, and by dispensation of the Roman Pontiff (Canon 1119). In such an instance a man is eligible to study for Holy Orders. We do not know what seminary or community would agree to receive him. It would depend on the will of the individual superior. As a rule, only those of about high school age are admitted to study for Holy Orders. But there may be exceptions.

CHARACTER OF FEMALE RELIGIOUS ASPIRANTS

I have been told that not only good living single girls, but widows and even unmarried mothers may be admitted into the Religious Life. I would appreciate your answer to this question.—A. F. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

According to Canon 538 of the Code of Canon Law, admission to the Religious Life is open to any Catholic who is not under any legal (Canonical) impediment, who has the right intention, and is capable of fulfilling the burdens of the Religious Life. Among those under impediment are those who are living in marriage (Canon 542). In certain rare cases this impediment is removed by the Holy See. Widows and widowers are not prevented from entering into the religious state by the Canon Law, since their partners are not living. Their admission depends on the will of the superiors of particular institutes. In regard to aspirants to the Religious Life Canon 544 says that, besides certificates of Baptism and Confirmation, candidates must also present testimonials of good character and morals. One clause of this Canon is concerned with women. It says that women are not to be received without previous and accurate investigation of their character and morals. There is one community at least which accepts female candidates who have lost their good name and desire to spend their lives in works of penance—the Magdalens attached to the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. Other communities which are not dedicated especially to penance would hardly receive one not of good repute.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M. F. K., Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y.; Gemma Galgani, M. G., San Francisco, Calif.; Souls in Purgatory, E. S. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Theresa, E. V., Lowell, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, L. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, Souls in Purgatory, M. C. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M. M., Methuen, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, B. R., New York, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, M. D., Newark, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, A. M. S., Salem, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M. A. D., Providence, R. I.; Sacred Heart, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Little Flower, Sacred Heart, M. E. P., Wilkesboro, N. C.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Rita, St. Anthony, St. Expedite, M. G. A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.;

Gemma Galgani, J. W. S., Dorchester, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, E. B., Dorchester, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M. C. H., Philadelphia, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M. M. D., Boston, Mass.; Holy Souls, S. M. A., Jersey City, N. J.; Souls in Purgatory, M. O'C., Cambridge, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M. E. D., Lowell, Mass.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. J. G., South Orange, N. J.; K. L., Peabody, Mass.; E. C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. C. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. M. G., Yonkers, N. Y.; W. J. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. E. L., Youngstown, Ohio; M. J. K., Meadville, Pa.; A. M. S., Salem, Mass.; E. M., Cincinnati, Ohio; A. F., Elizabeth, N. J.; W. S. A., New York, N. Y.; M. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. G. A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; M. McK., Bronx, N. Y.; C. F. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. C. B., Boston, Mass.; M. J. C., Jersey City, N. J.; A. A. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. T., New Rochelle, N. Y.; M. H. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; L. G., Scranton, Pa.; A. J. H., Roxbury, Mass.; K. M., Malden Mass., M. P. J. P., New Rochelle, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

APOSTOLATE TO ASSIST THE DYING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read the letter of Father Connors in THE SIGN-POST for January with regard to The Apostolate to Assist the Dying. I would like to know where I could procure some of the cards mentioned in that letter, as well as some more information about the Apostolate.

SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA.

(REV.) D. F. ROBERTS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: All requests for cards and inquiries about the Apostolate should be directed to the Rev. Raphael J. Markham, Mount Saint Mary's Seminary, Norwood, Ohio.

"I FEEL SO SORROW FOR ALL THOES PEOPLE"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Despite its bad grammar, poor spelling and lack of punctuation, the following letter comes from a home in which there is more genuine happiness than can be found in many a Park Avenue duplex apartment or Gold Coast mansion.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A lady gave me one your June 1933 books to read. I think there wonderful. I wish I could send for them every month, but we are so awful poor. There so many of us. There 9 of us, 7 small children, 3 girls ages 15, she crippled, one 4, one 2, and 4 boys, 13, 11, 8, 6, and I expect one enny day. That why I love to read what you think about birth control. Everybody condemns me for have so menny babys. They say I wouldn't be so poor if I didn't have so menny babys. And said I should be ashame to not keep from get that way all time, when we are so poor. But I feel so sorrow for all thoes people. Because I love my babys dearly and expect to have as many as are Blessed Lord will give me to love. For isn't that what we women were put here for? And, oh, how nice it be to say to the Blessed Lord when my time comes to leave this world, Lord here is all the babys you gave me to love, were some will have riches now, but when there time comes all the little ones souls point there baby fingers at them, say you murdered me. We all love all holy things so much. We say the family rosary every night. Is Daisy a saint name are a Holy

name? We just have a 2 room shack we call home and no work hardly, but were happier than the rich man because we have the love of God. Well, by by and God bless you all. Your 9 friends in Jesus.

Box 476; R. R. 4,
OVERLAND, Mo.

MRS. BRIDGET MCGUIRK.

P. S.—I don't know how we be able to see your answer in the book. We won't be able to get one. If some reader send us there old coppys we be thankful. God bless them.

FROM A GREAT-HEARTED MISSIONARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May the God of charity be particularly good to you for making so much known, through THE SIGN, Miss Lillian F. Smith's appeals for the orphans and poor of Mother of Mercy Mission for the colored here in Washington, North Carolina. The monthly responses of some of your readers, with the occasional ones of others, enabled us to do more than feed the hungry and clothe the naked. It made it possible to provide means for some to do for themselves. Without this help, some would have been without homes and others would have lost the homes they had. May the Holy Spirit enrich these benefactors with His abiding presence for lending Him their heart strings, attuned by Faith, for playing His sweet songs of Catholic charity. May we hope for the continuance of these songs of Catholic charity, to cheer the least of Jesus' brethren!

Your publishing my appreciation of what the late Father Silvan Latour, C.P., did for the completing of Mother of Mercy School brought the first offering for the much needed church. One of our High-Priest's ministering priests sent a check for twenty-five dollars. His letter has been framed and will hang in our class room chapel. Ever since, I am dreaming about the priests of our country building for us a modest devotional house of God for floating the echo of Jesus' Last Supper voice which brings the Bread which comes down from Heaven, for preaching "the way, the truth, and the life" in the good old Catholic way, for pouring the water of the new birth into the family of the Father's adopted children, for speaking the fifteen words of peace with the Great God, and for the jubilant reunions of Jesus' members of color with Him, the head of His mystical body. Three dollars from every priest in the United States would provide such a church, large enough to seat, in the not so very distant future, five hundred children of God, whose number since 1928, has grown from five persons to fill first one large class room, then overflowed into a recitation room, and now is crowding into another large class room; folding doors throw the three apartments into one class room chapel for parish worship. Only by some such method or another large enough gift from one of God's big-hearted friends of means, shall we ever get such a church. For generations to come, poverty will be the abiding lot of southern Negroes.

Dear Editor, during the fall of 1927, you pushed me into the service of Mother of Mercy Mission. My age suggested preparation for meeting the Great High Priest Judge, to give an account of my doings in so many years of priesthood. You told me that I was too young for such ease in preparation for the Judgment. I heeded and offered my services. You promised to help carry the burden. You kept your promise. You did more. You interested the late Father Silvan Latour in the completion of Mother of Mercy School for Negro children. Can it be that he is continuing his interest by his pleadings with the Holy Spirit that I write you as I have done? I thank you for pushing me into the work. I thank you for keeping your promise so generously. As my eightieth birthday draws nearer, I feel younger than I did in the fall of 1927, only my eyes are balky. These have been years of happy labor and of much peace.

WASHINGTON,
NORTH CAROLINA.

(REV.) MARK MOESLEIN, C.P.
112 W. NINTH ST.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are afraid that Fr. Mark is a little too generous in his praise of the Editor's efforts in behalf of our Mother of Mercy Mission. That we are interested in it, goes without saying. Now that the Mission has a school, the need of a chapel to accommodate the rapidly growing Mission is absolutely imperative. We heartily endorse Fr. Mark's appeal to our priest readers to help him build the chapel. Knowing that our American clergy are the most generous body of men in the country, we feel certain that those amongst them who read this appeal will give something, however small, to Father Mark who is now in the fifty-fifth year of his priesthood. From the Passionist catalogue we see that he will be eighty years old on May 7. May we suggest that offerings be sent to him as a birthday gift.

A QUESTION FOR THE SOVIETS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing an editorial from the *Boston Traveler*. I consider it a fair paper. Its editor has spoken of the dangers of the Hitler Party to German Catholicism, and now he condemns the Reds of Russia, as well as our recognition of the Soviets. At least the paper is dubious as to its advantages.

I hope this will interest you, for in the past THE SIGN has remarked that "America's dailies chant about the persecution of Jews and Protestants in Germany, but seemingly ignore our poor Catholic brethren in Spain."

BOSTON, MASS.

H. PARÉ DUCHARME.

[ENCLOSURE]

What has Mr. Litvinoff to say of what is going on in Spain?

Red rioting stalks the Iberian peninsula. Communist hate, turned against Catholics daring to vote, is unleashed in its full venom. In the night, dark forms rip up rails in the path of a train due ere long. The train roars along through the darkness. Suddenly there is a thunderous roar and a mighty clangor as the train and its passengers hurtle down a hundred foot embankment.

Here and there throughout Spain, bombs are hurled. Between nine and midnight of Saturday night, six churches are burned. Over the City Hall in one small town, where reds had overpowered the guard, the red flag is flown.

Will Moscow disclaim responsibility? Litvinoff promised us that the Russian government would not carry on a propaganda campaign here, but he disclaimed control of local communist groups. Yet these groups, here and in Spain, are directed by the Third Internationale, with headquarters in Russia. If Litvinoff's government is not powerful enough to control this group, what is it we are recognizing, the sovereign power in Russia or the window dressings?

If, in Spain, an insignificant minority can produce what the government considers to be a "state of alarm," and Moscow raises no voice in protest, what are we to expect?

A PROMPT AND GENEROUS RESPONSE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the prompt and generous response to our appeal for Catholic literature.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

VIRGINIA M. GIBBS,
PRES., CHILDREN OF MARY.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE "BAT"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A good friend sends me your very fine magazine, among others, and I just recently read the November issue.

I am especially pleased with the article "The Bat in the Watch Tower" by Edward S. Schwegler. I have in my own way tried to combat the Bat. I wrote stations who have him on—especially the nearest ones—in Indianapolis. Of course, Catholic organizations and individuals have protested. One

of the stations withdrew the program. I send all of them Catholic literature, including the August 13, 1933, number of *Our Sunday Visitor* telling who Judge Rutherford is and some of his past history. I enclose a letter from the Federal Radio Commission. Please use it as you see fit.

I wrote them of the base ignorance in the transcriptions and the malicious words towards the Holy Father and the Catholic Church. I sent the commission also the article from *Our Sunday Visitor* concerning Judge Rutherford.

I am a shut-in and write under difficulties. I hope others more capable will pursue the cause.

GREEN CASTLE, IND.

FLORETA M. BUHR.

[ENCLOSURE]

DEAR MADAM:

This office is in receipt of your communication protesting against the electrical transcription of Judge Rutherford broadcast over the radio.

Section 29 of the Radio Act of 1927 prohibits the Commission from exercising any power of censorship over programs transmitted by any station. This restriction, however, does not operate to permit stations to broadcast programs contrary to the public interest or violative of the law. Such operation is taken into consideration when the renewal of station license is considered.

The subject of your complaint is now receiving the attention of the Commission.

Very truly yours,

FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

HERBERT L. PETTEY,
SECRETARY.

A FILIPINO PRIEST IS GRATEFUL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

This is to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter informing me that Mr. Adolph Voegtler, to whom I am very much obliged, has sent you a year's subscription to THE SIGN in my name. I am glad to inform you that I have been receiving already back numbers of THE SIGN in response to my appeal. I have just received also the first number of the subscription in my favor.

Let me take advantage of this opportunity to tell you that I am very much interested in reading all the articles appearing in THE SIGN and I think it is one of the best Catholic magazines edited and published in the States. My students are very much interested too in THE SIGN. Oh! how much they like and appreciate it! They told me that this Catholic magazine bears in its pages instructive and doctrinal articles saturated with Catholic principles and ideals, presenting the matter in an unbiased way and its true light. By means of these Catholic magazines and periodicals sent to me Catholic reading is fostered among the youths here and their minds are nurtured with the delicious pabulum of Catholic truths.

LAOAG, ILOCOS NORTE,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

(REV.) EMILIO P. PONCE,
CATHOLIC PARISH HOUSE.

CLEGG'S LIFE OF ST. BERNADETTE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I enclose check for two dollars to pay for a subscription to THE SIGN. If this is not the correct amount, I shall be glad to correct it.

I was very much edified by the articles in last year's issues of THE SIGN on the life of St. Bernadette by Aileen Mary Clegg. Have these been published in book form? If not, I hope that they soon will be; and I should like to place an order for two copies. The articles were, it seemed to me, about the best thing in hagiography that I have ever come across. They possessed a decided literary charm—a thing rarely found in such writing.

SHERBURNE, N. Y.

(REV.) RAYMOND P. LAWRENCE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have no certain knowledge that the articles will be published in book form, though we sincerely

hope they will as they present the best life of St. Bernadette with which we are acquainted.

PERMISSION CHEERFULLY GIVEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed check is to cover invoice attached. To show my good faith I am enclosing a leaflet I culled from the December issue of THE SIGN. It struck me as such a fine argument for the use of the missal, I simply had it printed giving THE SIGN and Mary McLaughlin, the writer, due credit. If I have trespassed or violated copyright it is ignorance I assure you. I do not for profit as all the leaflets are given away.

How splendid THE SIGN is. I told my people at Christmas time it was the finest magazine in the field and urged them to get it for Christmas gifts.

BRAZIL, INDIANA.

(REV.) ALBERT G. WICKE.

A PATRON FOR THE NEGRO APOSTOLATE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the renewed interest, which the Catholic Church is giving to the Negro at present, it seems to me that we ought to search a patron for this work.

In this generation, we have witnessed a wonderful boy's life and death—Guy de Fontgalland. Because of his perfect charity and of his holy life, we may particularly ask his intercession for the missions and the missionaries among the colored folk.

There is in Guy that true fraternal love, and the God-like simplicity, which is required in the conversion of our Negro brethren. Moreover, we find in this lad an undying devotion to his brother, the Infant Jesus, and to his "Holy Mama" Mary. I am sure that Guy would be a powerful intercessor before God, for this great American cause—the conversion of the American Negro.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

JOSEPH N. WITTKOFSKI.

JUST THE INDIVIDUAL ATTITUDE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading the November edition of THE SIGN on page 208, volume 13, number 4, 3rd column, I find the following statement: "Usually, I think the prospective convert rather ashamed of his strange infatuation and keeps it hidden from possible adverse criticism." This I contend from my own experience is not true—after reading of Catholicism both in English and Latin and feeling confident of having enough knowledge of the Faith to discuss it I was glad to let people know I was about to embrace it. I grant you I had the desire for years before but kept this to myself only because I felt I did not know enough about it to discuss or answer the questions that might be asked by non-Catholics or possibly Catholics themselves.

Thanking God and His Blessed Mother for the past fifteen years because of being brought back to "my own," I still contend the writer is wrong in that statement. For who wouldn't want the world to know when one is about to receive the greatest gift God can bestow on him?

SCRANTON, PA.

ELSIE B. COLE, D.D.S.

THIS INFLATION BUSINESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Gerhard Hirschfeld argues popularly against inflation by inquiring in the November issue of THE SIGN, "What good would it do me if I were paid two dollars instead of one for two hours' work if the six gallons of gas (the former commodity exchange value of the work) would also cost me two dollars?"

He is gratuitously assuming that in a given community there are always enough dollar "mediums" to enable the average

person to exchange conveniently his labor for the gas. But supposing that for ease and convenience of such transfers the people of a community would normally need 10,000 of such dollars per day. When the 10,000 were available, transactions would not be delayed or paralyzed, and additional dollars would do no good, but would be truly "inflationary." Thus, if Mr. Hirschfeld could work two hours and get the dollar he could easily exchange it for the gas provided he was able to get enough other dollars by other work to obtain more necessary commodities such as food and shelter. But if those other dollars were scarce he would find a reason for not buying the gas.

If the community's supply of dollars happened to be 5,000 as an average daily amount being used by the people then transactions could not be smoothly and conveniently concluded; purchases would be delayed by many who favor cash payments rather than credit; work would not be planned and allotted with ordinary speed because the employers see a scarcity of money to be obtained and divided. The difficulty is not that there is the disparity between the work and gas, but that the two hours' work would not be given if the dollar were scarce enough. The machine in motion needs more oil than the machine that is idle. The man walking needs more oxygen than the man lying asleep. But the proper amount of oil or oxygen is not excessive or "cheap"; nor is adequate currency "inflationary."

When Mr. Hirschfeld and myself can easily get the dollar for the gas we can proceed to worry about doubling an already adequate currency. That point is (at this writing) not yet reached because too many people want to pay in cash for many of their purchases.

BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM C. CARTER.

P.S. Truly, an abnormal confidence bordering on the speculative spirit would produce abnormal velocity of circulation which makes the currency inflationary in effective duty not in casual amount. Confidence affects cash as well as credit because people won't use cash freely if no more appears in sight. But since Mr. Hirschfeld concentrates on the effect of volume of money, almost assuming the confidence factor to be stable, I have also given my opinion of inflation in respect to units of currency. Personally I think the degree of public confidence should determine the Government in deciding when to expand or contract volume of currency. To keep the velocity of circulation, "normal" currency should have been contracted in '28 and expanded now.

IN ANSWER TO PROFESSOR MAYER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to reply to the criticism of Prof. Adolf Mayer against the articles of Mr. Denis Gwynn concerning conditions in Germany.

Prof. Mayer seems to be particularly irritated about some of Mr. Gwynn's paragraphs in the December issue of THE SIGN regarding the danger of war in Europe. It is my opinion that Mr. Gwynn has no need of consulting the Allied paid Press to draw his conclusions. Anyone familiar with the Hitler movement in Germany knows how Hitler, as agitator and writer, has violently advocated war. In his book, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler demands the complete annihilation of France. In view of this fact, is it fair to accuse France of hypocrisy if she distrusts the peace declarations of Hitler since he came to power? If the war cry resounds today over Europe it was by no means raised by the Allied Press but by nobody else than Hitler himself. Yet in spite of this, Hitler the Chancellor should not be confused with Hitler the Agitator and I am firmly convinced that he as well as the German people have a sincere desire for peace.

In order to verify the Press reports from Germany, I have made it my business to read all German newspapers which came in my possession. In not one of them did I find speeches

by Nazi orators or official proclamations incorrectly reported by our American journalists. Moreover, I am quite certain that those journalists would have been expelled long ago if the Nazi censors had discovered anything mendacious in their reports.

Like Hitler, Prof. Mayer denounces the Treaty of Versailles as the root of all the German woes. No doubt, its imposition was a great injustice. Yet it is quite wrong to attribute to this Treaty all the miseries of the Germany people. The Allies, supposedly the gainers from the War, are today hardly more comfortable than Germany. If the War has taught us one thing, it is the fact that it has not even been profitable for the victors. Thus Germany's hard times are as much the result of the War as those of the Allies.

Why does Hitler not make a sincere effort to adjust himself to this truth? Why his constant distortion of history by accusing the Marxists, the Jews and other "traitors" for the collapse of 1918 when everybody knows that Germany had reached the end of her endurance? It is in this connection that I consider the demand of President Wilson to negotiate only with representatives of the German people and not with the imperial leaders as most unfortunate. Had the latter been saddled with the terms of the armistice, Adolf would have been deprived of his most powerful thunderbolt and most likely would be as little known today as thousands of other German Adolfs are.

Although Hitler has been Chancellor for not quite a year, more praise has been heaped upon this man by the German people than upon any other German ruler during a lifetime, whereas Dr. Bruening, who obtained the evacuation of the Rhineland and the reparations agreement at Lausanne, is a discredited and despised man. But note that practically all emergency decrees of Dr. Bruening are still in effect and wherever changes occurred (for instance, in taxes) they have been very insignificant. And granted that much progress has been made, I wonder whether the same results could not have been achieved through coöperation with the Centre Party whose capacity for political and economic leadership has been amply demonstrated and whose ethical principles were in conformity with those of our Church.

I maintain that the policies of Dr. Bruening were the most advantageous for Germany, because nobody can deny that she was gaining rapidly in prestige and sympathetic understanding. Today, rightly or wrongly, she is again surrounded by a more or less hostile world; she is riding on a wave of transitory emotionalism, a crash from which may plunge her into an abyss wherefrom she may never extricate herself.

It is this thought that makes me shudder at Germany's fate. No less anxiety-provoking are the strenuous efforts of the Nazi to establish the worship of an Aryan God; he will be the god of her doom.

(NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this letter is a German war veteran. He requests us not to publish his name and address as his aged parents are still living in Germany.

THE RE-MAILING OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

If agreeable, may I respectfully ask you to insert something like the following in The Sign-Post section of THE SIGN?

"Discarded Catholic Magazines, books and pamphlets are desired by many missionaries in India, Burma and Ceylon. Their addresses will be mailed upon request. L. W. Bernicken, Mt. Vernon, Ohio."

During 1933 it has been my privilege to donate over \$3,000 worth of Catholic literature to India, Burma and Ceylon. In doing so, every archbishop, bishop, priest and convent received a *Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary*; Legion of Mary Literature, etc., also 6,000 *Glories of Mary* were distributed and about 12,000 miraculous medals and over 400,000 leaflets,

etc. Many missionaries have asked for additional literature. If more data is desired, it will be cheerfully submitted.

Mt. VERNON, OHIO.

LOUIS W. BERNICKEN.

IN BEHALF OF OUR COLORED BRETHREN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Rev. Philip Steffes, O. M. Cap., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has a letter in THE SIGN, January issue, headed "Do Negro Children Also Celebrate Christmas?" God bless the Reverend Father for that pathetic letter. It is deplorable that there are so few white Catholics who take any interest in our persecuted and oppressed Negro brothers and sisters. Yet we call ourselves Catholics and at the same time despise those humble children of God. Jesus Christ says: "Love your neighbor as yourself." Is the Negro not our neighbor? Do not many Catholics imitate Cain who said to God "Am I my brother's keeper?" (Genesis 7-7.) Since the Negro is our persecuted brother, we Catholics should consider it a sacred duty to defend him especially in these days when lynching and burning of Negroes is again disgracing our country. The Catholic pulpit, the Catholic Press, the Catholic schools should unite in teaching Catholics their duty towards the Negro race. This is God's will. Are we ready to obey that Divine command?

DENTON, TEXAS.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

THE SELFISHNESS OF BIRTH CONTROL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Surely woman has not forgotten that it was God who selected her to be the MOTHER of Children. She has always gloried in the fact that she is the leader of men. Stronger than man. Brave, enduring all, giving everything.

Behold! The Imp of Fear has seized her. No longer is she brave. She fears pain and inconvenience. No more endurance. Has the vote made her too busy to bear children? Shamelessly she asks a gathering of her fellow women and men to pass a Congressional bill so that she may find a way out of her pain and inconvenience. It is not God's will but hers, she wishes to follow, and the "way out" will only be temporary; she will suffer later for her folly.

Is it possible that intelligent woman cannot understand what it will mean to have this law passed? Why make our young people prone to evil and disease?

If women are crying, writing and shouting because they are "child-bearing," why mark their children with their weak selfishness? A "few" children in a family cannot learn to give and take. There is contentment in unselfishness, and this trait is found in children of large families.

Selfishness shows up when a family of several children has appealed for assistance. Why find fault because there are several children in the family needing assistance? Why take the joy out of such lives? Selfishness does. It tries to make laws to keep down the birth of children, so there won't be so much need for MONEY to take care of them. People need responsibilities in the shape of children to inspire them to noble lives.

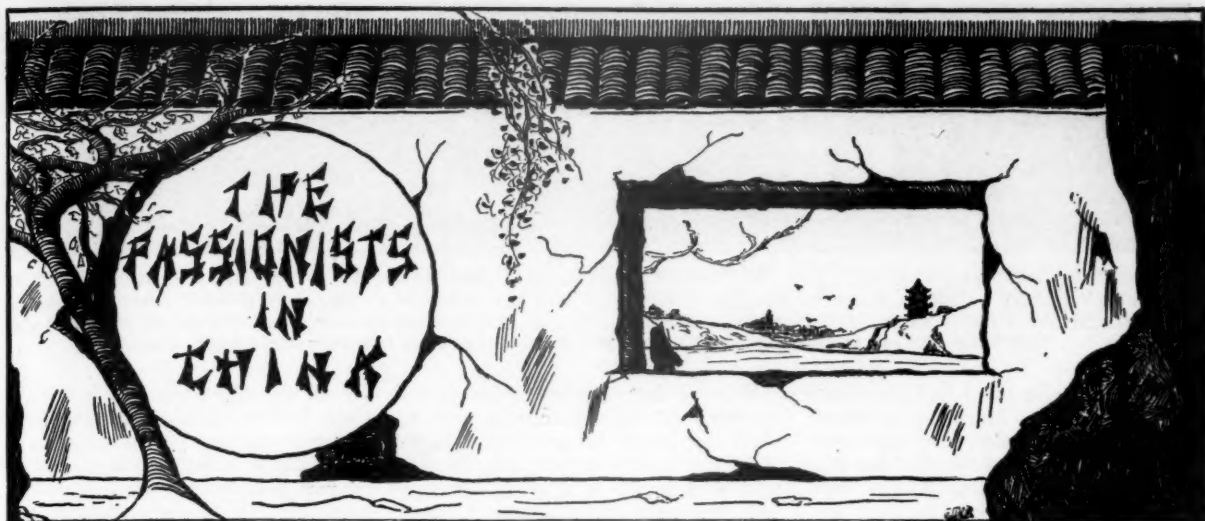
Why be women who want to eat their cake and have it? Why not submit to God's will, and find joy in the life of a little baby. God's laws and the laws of nature cannot be interfered with by bills of Congress, without severe penalties.

Do you wait to have food or clothes or pleasures when you "can afford" them? Married people can have children if they are good sports and are willing to make sacrifices. Then life is really worth while.

Child-bearing does not make women old. It improves them, and keeps them young if they are brave, loyal women, loyal to God's law. Child-bearing is an honor conferred on women, and I am proud of my four boys and four girls, and proud of my husband.

CHEVY CHASE, D. C.

MRS. WEBSTER SPATES.



The New Deal at Supu

By Raphael Vance, C.P.

THE recent visit of the V. Rev. Benjamin Wirtz, C.P., Provincial of the Eastern Province of the Passionists in the United States, to our Mission at Supu was a memorable event. His long looked-for arrival coincided with the finishing of our new Doctrine School for men. As a special favor, Father Provincial consented to stay an extra day at Supu in order to bless this new catechumenate. Sunday, October 22, was the big day. A more appropriate day could not have been chosen for it was Mission Sunday. All the Christians from the four Supu out-stations were invited in for the celebration, and though there was a cold rain we had the goodly number of about one hundred and thirty-five adults. Before the last Mass Father Provincial, assisted by Fathers William and Denis, first blessed the life-sized crucifix in the Doctrine Hall, and then the building. This ceremony was followed by Mass which Father Provincial celebrated, during which the Christians sang the proper parts in Chinese. At the Gospel Father William preached an eloquent and stirring sermon explaining the meaning of Mission Sunday and the purpose of the new Doctrine School. He urged the Christians to be faithful to their duties, and showed them in a practical way how the Christianity in Supu could be increased and multiplied if each one would bring into the Faith just one person each year.

Ever since coming to Supu three years ago, it was my ambition to get a suitable place where I could bring the Christians and those wishing to enter the Church to give them religious instruction. To use

the old shacks that formerly cluttered the property would have been a waste of time, energy and money. So it was decided to build a Doctrine School for the men. The women had a suitable school built by Father Flavian, C.P., my predecessor in this Mission. So my task was to do something for the men. To do any building in the interior of China is a mighty big task at any time, but to attempt such during the depression one would need a couple of NRA's and a celestial General Johnson.

THE construction of the building took almost two years. In America the same could have been finished in a month. There were many delays; one of more than a half year during which I battled against a bad case of typhoid. Then there was a strike. Finally the needed materials could not be bought. Not the least of our worries was caused by the United States going off the gold standard. That ended the fine exchange the American dollar had in China, and overnight we found our finances cut in half. Receiving little from friends at home, and with our resources halved because of a new monetary standard, the wonder is that we were able to finish the catechumenate at all.

The new building is in an L shape, two stories high. On the ground floor there is a dining room that will accommodate ninety. Next is the Doctrine Hall where there is daily preaching. This seats one hundred and twenty. Joining this hall is a class-room that will hold seventy persons. The hall and class-room are joined by a movable partition that can

be taken out for the greater feasts and thus accommodate a large gathering. There is a small room where the three catechists, who teach in the school, prepare their lessons and read reference books, for there is a small Chinese library of doctrine books installed here. On the second floor there are two large dormitories for the men and one for the boys. It was thought the building was too large for the present needs, but since we opened the school we find this not to be the case. The cost of the building was about \$3,000 or 1,000 dollars gold. This is a large amount these days, but we hope yearly to have about a hundred converts baptized from the school. This will justify the money and labor expended.

THE people of Supu District are mostly farmers, small merchants and day laborers. They are very poor, living from hand to mouth on the small amount earned by their daily toil. Certain times of the year the farmer has less to do, at other times business is at its lowest ebb. So it was arranged to have doctrinal courses to suit these special seasons. There are three courses a year, each of three months. The first, from the beginning of November until the end of January, closes two weeks before the Chinese New Year. The second course is from the first of March until the end of May. The third course is from June to the end of August. The catechumenate is conducted after the manner of an ordinary school. It may not be without interest to THE SIGN readers to see how a day is spent in our Doctrine School.



ON THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING THE NEW CATECHUMENATE, OR SCHOOL OF DOCTRINE, FOR MEN WAS OPENED IN SUPU. PREVIOUSLY BLESSED BY THE V. REVEREND BENJAMIN WIRTZ, C.P., ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO THIS MISSION, THE NEW SCHOOL SUPPLIES A GREAT NEED. FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P., THE PASTOR, DESCRIBES IN THIS NUMBER OF THE SIGN CON-TEMPLATED PLANS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS MISSION WHICH WILL INTEREST ALL OF OUR READERS

AT six all rise and a half hour later attend Holy Mass, during which the rosary, litany and other prayers are said aloud. At seven there is breakfast, followed by manual offices, for those studying must take care of the sweeping, dusting and other duties connected with the school. This is one way of keeping down expenses. From eight-thirty until noon there are classes in catechism, Bible history, the lives of the Saints, and the obligations and duties of a Christian. At noon the Angelus is recited in church. This is followed by an hour's recreation. From one to three there are classes again, followed by the Stations of the Cross in church. Supper is at four. Recreation is enjoyed until five, when there is preaching in the hall. This is attended not only by those under instruction but also by the Mission help and their families and those interested who live in the city. All the townspeople are urged to attend and bring with them their friends and relatives. This preaching is more or less of a catechetical instruction. For half an hour a catechist explains the subject. During the second half hour the priest asks the listeners to explain in their own words what was preached. At six there are night prayers in church during which all our good benefactors are prayed for. A half hour of recreation and a full hour of study bring the day to a close.

On the feast of Christ the King we had the grand opening of our new school. At the Mass and hour of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament there were present one hundred and fifty adults, not counting babies and small children. After the ceremonies thousands of fire-crackers were set off and each out-station presented the new school with a pair of carved wooden scrolls. The large Trade School in the city sent two beautiful scrolls, the characters of black silk embroidered on a background of white satin. With these came a large picture of a pheasant embroidered in colored silk in a most artistic manner. Such a gift to our Catholic Doctrine School from our pagan friends is especially appreciated as it shows their good will to us and the Church.

For the first course we had about seventy men and women who were to study doctrine for three months. A number of these were baptized Catholics who were ill-instructed or who had forgotten what they learned years before. The rest were catechumens desirous of learning about our Holy Faith that they might be admitted to the number of baptized Christians. As the majority of these people can neither read nor write, are utterly ignorant of the Faith and filled with pagan superstitions, the task of giving them a working knowledge of things that pertain to God and their immortal souls is not small. But with the help of zealous catechists, assisted and encouraged by the missionary, plus the most important factor—the grace of God—the results so far have been very encouraging. For Christmas we shall have seventeen baptisms, fifteen of these being adults. Before the first course is finished we ought to have at least ten more adult baptisms. If we average twenty-five adult baptisms for each course it will be almost a four hundred per cent increase. Which may God grant, and even more!

Perhaps in the whole of the Passionist Prefecture the growing of opium and the smoking of this drug is nowhere more prevalent than in Supu. These two evils are a stumbling block to many and a reason why many will not or cannot enter the Church. Thus, along with the course of doctrine, we give an opium cure. This prescription was given us by the Rev. Paul Keng, a zealous Chinese priest of the Changsha Vicariate. So far during the first course we have been able to cure ten opium addicts.

TO keep our Doctrine Schools active and to have a goodly number taking each course, a lot of preparatory work is necessary. This mainly concerns the priest and the catechists in the out-missions. I have for a companion and assistant Father Denis Fogarty, C.P. who came to Supu last August. I know Father Denis would not want me to say so, but it is his missionary spirit that has enabled me to carry on, and make our doctrine school give compound interest

for all the effort put into it. Father Denis and myself take turns about each month in staying in Supu and seeing to the details of the Mission in general and the men and women's catechumenates in particular. While one of us is in Supu, the other is spending a week in each of the out-stations, where the sick are visited, calls made to the homes of the Christians, Sacraments conferred and arrangements made to have wayward Christians and those desirous of becoming Catholics come into Supu to study. To be a good Christian is not so easy here in Human where the proportion is one Catholic to about six thousand pagans. Here pagan rites and superstitions enter into every detail of daily life. A visit from time to time of the priest to the homes of his parishioners is an honor to them and an encouragement to keep them faithful to their Christian duties.

THE week following the opening of the men's school it was nearly destroyed by fire. I was in one of the out-missions and Father Denis was in charge. He was taking his supper when he was called out to find the compound lighted up and sparks flying in all directions over the church, catechumenate and priests' house. Across the ten foot street from the Mission over a hundred families were made homeless by a fire that was fanned by a terrific gale of wind. For a while it looked as though the whole Mission was doomed and, if that went, a quarter of the city would have been gutted out, for the flames would have spread to adjoining houses. It was the Mission's high-bricked wall where the huge flames licked and hissed that kept the fire from spreading. Added to this was the quick and cool action of Father Denis.

As water was at a premium, Father Denis gave orders to buy water and thus a hundred carriers were readily available. With the help of the catechists and men of the school a water line was formed. The buckets were passed from one to another and to several men who took places on the catechumenate roof. There, in a veritable furnace, they continued pouring the water so as to keep the Mission from getting on fire. In

saving the Mission they saved countless other houses. This point was appreciated by the City Magistrate and other officials who called later in a body to thank us. Father Denis had removed the Blessed Sacrament and was prepared for the worst. In his anxiety he turned to Blessed Gemma Galgani, promising a Novena of Masses in her honor if she would save the Mission. From that moment the wind died down and soon the fire was under control. Thus we decided to make Blessed Gemma special Patroness of our catechumenates.

In order that the good work started

with our Doctrine Schools may continue we must have funds. Some who are studying are paying for their food, but most are not able to pay as they live from day to day when at home by hard labor.

KNOWING what the hard times in America are, I hesitate to ask for help. There are many who were most kind and generous in the past when they had something and now they are poor among the poor. These I ask for prayers, that God's blessing be on our efforts and the new Doctrine Schools of Supu. Those who can, I know, will

willingly help financially. To all we are deeply grateful for all their past kindness to us and the Mission. Daily in our Holy Mass and each day in the prayers of the Chinese you are remembered. We wish you all a most Happy New Year, filled with the choicest graces and blessings. May the New Deal in America be a success and may each day find the depression receding more and more. May every day bring you nearer and dearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This is the greeting and prayer from your friends, the missionaries and converts in Supu Mission.

Our Medicine Hall

By the Sisters of Charity

THE record of the dispensary for the month of October is one hundred and twenty-eight sick calls, some of them far out in the country; twenty-five baptisms; and an average of one hundred and thirty-five patients treated daily in the dispensary itself. All of the work is under the supervision of Sister Finan who has two young Chinese helpers—a man and a woman. Sister is also training Sisters Maria Sebastian, Alma Maria, Teresa Miriam and Carita for dispensary work. These Sisters spend their remaining hour after Chinese class every morning in the dispensary and every afternoon they either help in the dispensary or take their turns making street calls. To date Sister Maria Sebastian has the best record for baptisms—she seems to know just where to look for dying babies!

The dispensary is a low building; and, like the other wooden structures in Shenchow, cheaply constructed, unpainted, windowless, with laths set high up in prison-bar fashion to admit light and air. Across the dirt road is an empty lot that slopes sharply down into the beach bordering the Yuan River—empty only in the sense that nothing has been erected upon it, for usually a dozen or more blinking citizens are squatting there sunning themselves. A boundary stone with bold characters engraved upon it announces to the passersby that this is the property of the Catholic Church. Let us suppose that you are a Chinese looking for the first time at the dispensary. As your amazed glance takes in the varied salves showing through the cellophane spread over the sores of the people leaving the building, you know that medicine must be dispensed inside.

Being Oriental, you don't bother to hide your curiosity; so you decide to join your fellow Hunanese and the stranger

boatmen who are crowding the doorway and watching the doings within. You move towards the entrance; but before climbing the stone steps you must first step over the huge black pig stretched full length in front of them, and then pick your way through the laughing, chattering yellow tots who daily play on them. If you're tall and cautious, you'll crane over the heads of the crowd just outside

the doorsill; if you're short and cautious, you'll press to the front and exchange high, angry words with those who would playfully push you into the room. But if you're very, very daring, if there is in you a foreign and incautious strain, you'll do what those other silent, gaping folk won't do for another few days—you'll stride right in and elbow the last fellow on that long wooden bench until you are seated comfortably.

The place is noisy and crowded; but you Chinese thrive on noise and crowds. So, undisturbed, you let your eyes rove over the waiting room. You see two wooden partitions. In the one directly in front of you there is cut a square opening through which you get a view of shelves of medicine in the room beyond. On the other side of the square is a young man of your own country who listens patiently to the tales of those standing before his counter, and then without comment hands them a remedy. Your eyes travel lazily from the square to the end of the partition, where you spy a door leading to the room housing the young man and the medicine.

YOU make a mental note about the necessity of further investigation there, and then scan closely the second partition. It is hung with several charts, some dealing with the history and doctrine of that foreign religion, Christianity, and others with the prevention and treatment of cholera. No opening in that wall. You wonder! Suddenly the cry of a baby reaches your ears. You listen attentively; and gradually, above the babble of the men all around you, you hear the higher, shriller voices of women and children. You realize then that the function of this second partition is to separate the men from the women and children. You make a second mental note



FATHER GERMAIN HEILMANN, C.P., GATHERS TOGETHER A FEW OF THE YOUNGER CATHOLIC CHILDREN OF SHENCHOW. HIS STUDY OF THE LANGUAGE HAS PREPARED HIM TO TAKE ACTIVE PART IN THE MOULDING OF THESE CHILDREN INTO STAUNCH CATHOLICS



SOME OF THE FRIENDS OF FATHER MICHAEL CAMPBELL, C.P., POSE FOR HIM AT BEI LUNG ON THE TEN THOUSAND MEN BRIDGE. HE FINDS THE CHILDREN EVERYWHERE INTERESTING AND RESPONSIVE TO HIS EFFORTS

about the necessity of further investigation. That child's cry! You've heard weird stories about these foreigners and their way with Chinese children. But where are the foreigners? The boundary stone identified this property as theirs, and those charts there tell a story of their own. Oh, well, there's time! Meanwhile, now that you have your bearings, you take a more active interest in your neighbors.

THE crowd leaning on the counter before the square has thinned somewhat, and the noise has died down. You hear the ragged coolie, whose turn it now is, explain that he has a bad cough and that he spits blood. You watch him interrupt himself to demonstrate—he coughs a lusty cough; clears his throat; feels the deterring hand of the quiet young man on the other side of the square; and, changing his mind about making the floor his receptacle, he moves toward the large tin provided for such an emergency. As the quiet young man takes some dark red pills from a large bottle and wordlessly hands them to the coolie, you think scornfully that he has become like the foreigners from association with them. Why didn't he let that fellow spit where he would! Then the coolie swallows his dose and departs, and you are left wondering why there was no haggling about the price. You reflect for a moment. Could it be possible that money passed between those two without your noticing the exchange? Hardly! But you will observe more closely the next time.

Your attention is again directed to the counter; and you rivet your eyes on the aged boatman who is explaining that he

is suffering from rheumatism, and that tomorrow he and his sampan must start on the long water course to Changteh. He adds gratefully that once before the medicine of the Catholic Church helped him, and he ends with the courteous request that the gentleman give him enough for the many days he will be away from Shenchow. You see his wry face as he swallows the salts prepared for him. You watch intently as pills and liniment are pushed across the counter. You listen to the few words of direction spoken by the quiet young man, and to the return words of gratitude from the boatman. It is true, then, that the foreigners don't charge for their medicine! Well, this is very strange indeed!

Before you have time to reason further, a brick mason displays, without wasting words, a deep gash in his leg, picks off the grasses with which he temporarily dressed it, and waits while the quiet young man smears a salve over cellophane, snips off a bit of adhesive tape, and comes through the door in the partition. Kneeling on the ground, he carefully places the cellophane, salve-side down, on the gash; then fixes the adhesive so that the sides of the gash will knit together quickly and well. He stands, nods to the mason, and returns to his post behind the square opening.

He doesn't stay there long, however. The line before the counter has been taken care of, but there are still those seated along with you on the wooden bench. You thrust out your head and look them over critically and realize for the first time that they are all partly blind. You watch the quiet young man as he passes from one to the other of

them, holding back the upper eyelids and deftly letting fall a few drops of special solution into the eyes of each. When he reaches you, he looks at you searchingly and asks what your trouble is. You murmur, "Nothing!" and shift your position, staring stonily ahead.

At that moment a well-dressed gentleman enters. You know that he is of importance because the crowd at the door willingly makes way for him. There at your side he engages the quiet young man in conversation, going into a long and complicated explanation of the nature of his complaint. Clearly it is beyond the skill of the quiet young man, for he hesitates a moment, then slips behind the partition. After a few seconds he returns with a—

WHAT is it, anyway? You know that it belongs to the race of man because it bears a general resemblance to you. But is it man or woman? That's the question; or is it? Before you finish the thought you quickly decide to take the usual precaution against foreign devils; but you feel the eyes of the solemn young man upon you and, like the coolie, you change your mind. You glance hastily at your bench-mates. They're all sitting serenely on. You begin to be reassured, then remember that they're all half-blind. You're just about poised for flight when from the crowd in the doorway comes the friendly greeting of a child, *Hsiu-doa!* *Hsiu-doa!* (the Chinese word for a Catholic Sister. Literally, *hsiu*—to cultivate—and—*doa*—a principle or doctrine.) That doesn't enlighten you as to this person's sex; but if the child isn't afraid, neither should you be.

You clutch the sides of the bench, compose yourself, and look more closely at this foreign apparition. He (or she) is covered from head to foot with garments made of heavy black cloth. Surely, this is not a poor person; for the cloth is whole and clean, and there is much waste to the cut and style of the garments. His (or her) head is enclosed in a strange white framework that projects a few inches from the face. All that you can see of this person are the hands and face; and they, instead of being the right brownish yellow, are pinkish white. Your curiosity emboldens you and you peer more closely still. The face! Ah, that is queer, indeed, for eyes were meant to be brown, and no proper nose ever grew so high. You listen to the tones of this person's voice; though he (or she) is speaking your own language, there is something unfamiliar about the accent, something of the good old Chinese sing-song missing.

You tire yourself puzzling over this enigma, then recall that a while ago you made a mental note to investigate that room you get just a glimpse of through the square opening. This is the time; that foreigner is still talking with the

well-dressed gentleman, and the quiet young man is busy easing a tiny glass spatula covered with green ointment under the lids of half-blind eyes. So you move towards the door that has been left ajar; and, without actually stepping into the room, you bend forward and take a long look. Your eyes rest on well-stocked shelves of bottles, boxes and jars, nothing more. You are about to turn away disappointed when you suddenly catch a glimpse of black and white at the other end. Once more you thrust your head into the room, quickly this time lest you lose the vision; and your startled eyes behold several more beings of the same stamp as that strange, strange figure now bowing farewell to the well-dressed gentleman.

FEELING that this is truly a day of adventure, you remember your second mental note and slip around to the women's section. As you half expected, they are being ministered to by the foreigners; and, cognizant of the customs of your country, you know now that these foreigners themselves are women. That recollection of the customs of your country is disturbing; you press against the outer side of the door where you can view the whole room and be yourself unseen. A rapid glance satisfies you that the furnishings here are identical with those in the other waiting room. The

only real differences are the greater number of patients, the absence of the quiet young man, and the presence of the foreign women; but you notice, too, the air of cheerful informality here that is not in the men's room, and you lay the cause 'to the little one'

EVEN as you make this last observation, there is a handsome boy of perhaps ten who is baring his head for the salve that one of the foreigners is about to apply to his scalp sores. When she finishes, he smiles graciously; remarks that the Hsiu-doa's medicine is good; and, pointing to four other youngsters smaller than he, assures the foreigner that they all have the itch, too, and that he had a hard time coaxing them to come. Everyone in the room laughs heartily at this, the foreigners as well as the Chinese; everyone but the four lads who stand solemnly through the laughter, and who say in turn as the ointment is put on them, "The Hsiu-doa's medicine is good!" like a lesson long rehearsed. Then their young leader marshals his companions; they bow; and as they scurry past you, he makes a more stately exit while assuring the foreigner that he'll see that all five return on the morrow for further treatment.

Your attention is now drawn to a wretchedly dressed woman who is telling one of the foreigners that her hus-

band lies very sick at home. Half-fearfully she adds that if it weren't for the fact that she is too poor to hire a chair, she would invite the Hsiu-doa to visit him. You listen wonderingly as the foreigner assures her that she prefers to walk. You hear the woman insist that the distance is great and the foreigner's reply that she likes long distances. Encouraged now, the woman protests that she is too poor to offer even tea in her home. Without waiting for further apologies, the foreigner calls down a long alley outside the medicine room. A moment later another person in similar garb makes her appearance; and while you are still gasping at the sight of one of your own countrywomen dressed in such outlandish fashion, the three of them depart—the foreign Hsiu-doa, the Chinese Hsiu-doa, and the wife of the sick man.

NEXT you watch the sick babies who are being dosed with castor oil, and the emaciated babies who are being given cod liver oil. The reaction is the same in nearly every case—a puckered mouth, drawn brows, then a loud protesting cry quickly stifled with a cake that the foreigner stuffs into the baby's mouth. Baby stops in surprise, tastes the cake, finds that it is good, and beams its pleasure.

You are restless and uneasy now. You've seen much this day that needs ex-



THE MISSIONARIES AND CATECHISTS OF THE SUPU MISSION DISTRICT. GOOD CATECHISTS, SKILLED IN THE ABILITY TO EXPLAIN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND ZEALOUS FOR THE SPREAD OF THE FAITH, ARE INVALUABLE ASSISTANTS TO THE PRIEST. ON THESE SPECIALLY TRAINED LAYMEN THE MISSIONARY DEPENDS FOR MANY OF HIS CONTACTS WITH PROSPECTIVE CATECHUMENS AND FOR AID IN KEEPING THE CHRISTIANS FAITHFUL TO THEIR DUTIES



A SETTLEMENT OF THE VERY POOR. THE FLIMSY HOUSES ARE CROWDED CLOSE TOGETHER. NO OPPORTUNITY FOR BUSINESS IS LOST, HOWEVER, AS THE STAND WITH CIGARETTES INDICATES. NOTICE THE STOVE IN THE FOREGROUND MADE FROM AN OIL CAN

plaining, some of which may be told to your family at the evening meal, but more of which must be locked up in your heart until you have pondered it. Though the room inside is still teeming with activity, you no longer have eyes for it. Instead you are summing up your findings, and your thoughts run like this: These people dress in whole clothes, so they can't be poor. They come from across the sea, and that costs much money. They give their days to this work without remuneration. They dis-

pense medicine freely and do not charge for it. The poor now come to them without fear, though in the beginning they must have stood in the doorway and watched like those now standing there. The rich also come, for I saw that well-dressed gentleman. In some way they have persuaded one of my own people to adopt their manner of life. If I hadn't seen her in that foolish dress, I shouldn't believe it possible.

At this point in your cogitations, you think that you'll look once more just to

make sure that the clothes of these foreigners are really as silly as you first thought them. As your glance travels upwards you meet the grave eyes of one of the foreigners, who reminds you courteously that gentlemen belong in the other room. You nod. You're going, anyhow. And as you push past the crowd at the door, you ask yourself why these foreigners leave their own fair country to eat sorrow with strangers.

AND now that we've let you look at our dispensary through the eyes of a native seeing it for the first time, let us make a few final observations. Time and time again the Chinese have asked us, "Why do you leave your own fair country to eat sorrow with us strangers?" The crowd at the door we have always with us. We do not drive them away because we know with what distrust these people, whose customs and heritage are so entirely different from our own, view us. What they see, they understand; and what they do not see, they suspect. When we permit them to watch us at work, we give the lie to age-old calumnies against Catholic missionaries in China—that they cut up their victims, particularly babies, and use their eyes and heart and liver for medicine. We hope that if ever again anti-foreign feeling is aroused and the old stories revived, some among these watching crowds will think of the things they have seen and have the courage to refute the tales.

Gleanings from Wuki

By Dunstan Thomas, C.P.

DURING the last three months three marriages were solemnized in this Mission. The husbands are converts. I was invited afterwards to the banquets in the houses, which are about five or six miles from the Mission. The marriage season begins with the last four months of the year, after the harvests of rice and oil have been taken in, and there is leisure for weddings and gaiety. The event of the day starts with the fetching of the bride from her home by some member of the groom's family. He starts soon after midnight, beating a tomtom to let the inhabitants of the towns through which he passes know that soon a bride will be coming along, and not to miss the opportunity of seeing a procession. I heard the tomtom at three o'clock in the morning which gave me the hint to be watching too. At eight, when I was upstairs, I heard it again. I looked out the window to see the young man leading a colorful procession, with the bride's chair in the middle all decorated in red.

She was safe from prying eyes but this didn't stop her from seeing everything. Behind her chair a long line of men were carrying her dowry. This consisted of tables, buckets, chairs and bedding and other indispensable articles for setting up a well-ordered home. As the last man of that long group disappeared, I knew the remarks of envy and surprise the bride and her display of wealth were occasioning in the minds of everyone who saw the procession. All must have said, "That's the way to do things."

A SENSE of humor is a saving quality in most situations, but at times it is decidedly out of place, most of all in church. Then one would call it irreverence. It was Friday and I was making the Stations with the Christians. The catechist was reading the meditation as we were stopping at each Station and praying, when I heard what sounded like laughing. As it continued, it became annoying, but I couldn't locate it.

During the last half of the Stations I didn't hear it again. But afterwards, when I joined the boys around the fire in the teachers' room, I asked, "Who was laughing during Stations?" I scanned the faces of the boys and when I looked at Shiang John he blurted, "It was I, Father. Didn't you notice that the first part of the Stations have been hung up wrong? It struck me funny to hear the catechist reading the wrong meditation when I looked at the Stations." I went to see what was wrong. As I lifted the lantern up before the Stations on the left I noticed a few were hung up wrong. I hadn't been aware of the mistake while making the Way of the Cross because the light was dim. Someone had taken the Stations down when the church was re-whitewashed and had put them back in the wrong order.

ONE day a little school-boy seeing the three Mission cats basking in the sun and wanting to say something to

me as I was walking by, piped up, "What a lot of cats you have, Sen Fu." "Yes, we have a lot of rats around," I replied. That same morning one cat was sauntering around when he spied a big rat. The rat had a good lead and was making for the storeroom, with the cat giving chase, when it jumped over a can full of oil, missed its footing on the tin and fell in. The splash caught the cat full in the face. Dazed for a moment, it licked its chops. Then it let out a howl and ran with frenzy about the room unable to get the disagreeable taste out of its mouth. Down went three bottles of Mass wine, one breaking. "There goes a month's supply of Mass wine," I said mournfully to myself. "Joe, call in the dog," I called frantically, not knowing what further damage the cat would do. The dog came and sat down, taking in the cat's antics with a wag of his tail as if trying to convey to me, "Well, what's it all about?" "Open that window, Joe," I said, pointing to the one he stood by. The cat was finally distracted by opening the window and dove through, making for the hill. But it will come back.

AS Chicago last year was the local point of America tourists, so these days in Wuki we are the chief attraction. The Mission compound with its series of buildings draws the crowd. Our summer-house is the main point of interest. It is only an ordinary brick house, but to the natives in the district it looks like a palace among the wretched hovels of the neighborhood. They are wonderstruck when looking at it. If the missionary is outside when visitors are about he is made the target of many questions. "Do you live here alone? Why do you need so much room? You must have paid a fortune to put this up. Was it all your money? How much did it cost? Who built it? Did you pay the workmen well?" By this time you go inside and gently close the door. If your ears are sharp you hear them remarking among themselves, "That foreigner can't be honest. He got rich too soon." "Oh, that isn't his," someone else says, "the Catholic Church in Shenchow owns it. Fang Sen Fu (Father Francis) bought the bricks from me," the bricklayer says as I recognize his voice. Last week a photographer came to town and did a brisk business taking the pictures of the natives at the front entrance of the house. I soon stopped that when I told them everyone else must pay me ten cents. So the photographer is probably thinking some hard thoughts about me for spoiling his little game.

OLD Sabina knows how to gain a point, though it takes a quarrel to do it at times. Then, for peace sake, the missionary must patch up matters so that both sides will be satisfied. Sabina one

morning doused old grandmother Tsao with cold water. No one minds cold water in the summer, but in December when it is offered to you so ungraciously it will all but make you lose the faith. Sabina and Tsao both came to my room in a huff after Mass. "She used all the hot water this morning," Sabina opened up. "And my asthma is worse now because she threw cold water on me," wailed Tsao.

What price peace! "Sabina," I said, "I shall buy you a new pig to tend to for us. It means moving back to your old quarters in the vegetable garden." Just what she wanted. Another pig to get ready for market and to replace the big fat one butchered for the banquet that Father Benjamin gave to the Christians when he came to visit Wuki. "And, Tsao Bobo, take these pills. Your asthma will get better," I said. So both old women go about their business, Sabina delighted in getting a new pig to raise and lady Tsao happy in knowing she will breathe more freely.

The next morning Sabina came back complaining that she hadn't slept well the previous night. "I felt a cold hand on my back all night," she said wearily. "More holy water—she uses a bottle every week," I mused to myself. "It's the devil after me again, Sen Fu," she continued. "So you know now how uncomfortable cold feels. You may have the holy water but use it sparingly. And don't let the devil put his cold hand on your soul for that means your chances will be lessened of an eternal rest in Heaven," I tell her as she goes to ask Joe for some holy water.

A GOOD Christian is an encouragement to the missionary. If he is zealous and energetic he is doubly useful. He makes contacts with well-disposed pagans. Such a Christian unostentatiously carries out the injunction of Our Lord, "Let your light shine before men."

He may invite his pagan friends to Mass on Sundays or to hear doctrine preached in the evenings during the week. At first they come from curiosity and afterwards, hearing this new doctrine, a few follow it up and ask for a catechism. The missionary in the meantime is meeting them and cementing a friendship. Thus is prejudice broken down and the way cleared for a conversion.

The catechist of the Wuki Mission is an invaluable aid to the priest. Lee Paul is his name. One morning I was recording a baptism, which I had just administered, when he came into my room. I had baptized a little boy whose soul Lee was solicitous for. The parents of the child were pagans and next door neighbors. The child was suffering from a malignant case of dysentery which medicine couldn't cure. Friends have a way of mutually consoling and trusting each other. Lee told them that since the child's chances of pulling through were slim they should have him baptized. He reminded the parents of a recent case when the priest gave Extreme Unction to a Christian two doors from their home and that the person felt much better. These pagans had a smattering of our doctrine. In this crisis they followed the counsel of trusted friends, especially since their only child was concerned. So the parents consented to the baptism of the boy. The little lad picked up and his parents were overjoyed. They started to come to church. But God's ways are not men's ways. He wanted the child's pure soul to grace the white-robed army of the elect in Heaven. Within three weeks the baby died.

Lee has a respectable list of converts to his credit. I asked him how he came into the Church and how his protégés received the same blessing. He gave me an interesting account of the beginnings of grace both in himself and those he was instrumental in attracting to our holy Faith. His conversion dated from



THIS VILLAGE OF BAMBOO HUTS IS LOCATED NEAR A STREAM. ONE OF THE VILLAGERS IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DRIED-UP CREEK BED TO REPAIR AND OIL HIS SAMPANS

the time when, in his twenties, he was a pagan priest. He told with great embarrassment how he used to perform superstitious ceremonies over sick persons. When a marriage was to take place he got "face" from the rich who paid him liberally. In those days the Boxer Uprising had just ended. The Church had emerged from persecution stronger than ever before.

The new Treaty with the foreign powers guaranteed protection to the Catholic Church and the news was heralded far and wide throughout the realm. It happened that in these parts a group of influential men, without governmental authority, banded together in a secret society to pry into the misdemeanors of the officials of the district with the object of reporting their findings to the provincial authorities. Their real reason was to oust the offenders and succeed them. In China the officials and the greater part of their underlings are relatives. It makes for security to keep power in the family. The secret society so terrorized these officials that a drastic measure was resorted to. Everybody in the territory under their jurisdiction was forced to join the Catholic Church, as catechumens, for protection. Quite an imposing list was drawn up. Many of the names were of men well known in political circles of Hunan. So with their influence thrown in, the allegations of the secret society, whether true or not, stood very little chance of a hearing. Soon no more was heard of the activities of the society.

Not all of those whose names were on the famous list became Christians, but Lee and a number of others inquired into the doctrines of the Church. They all went to Shenchow where the Augustinian Fathers had a Mission to study the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Kung Sen Fu, a famous missionary, was in charge at the time. His grasp of the Chinese language was marvelous and his charm was irresistible. He preached from the gateway of the Mission every afternoon. In this way Lee got to know Kung Sen Fu and the matter of an introduction and subsequent study in the Mission naturally followed. Within a year's time Lee and his companions became full-fledged Christians. The nucleus of a Christian community was thus established here in Wuki by this little band of fervent Christians and soon ground was acquired for building a church. The people paid for it themselves. It is still in use and the pride of the first Christians of Wuki. Lee Paul and his wife, Anna, his son, Francis, and three daughters, Frances, Mary and Lucy, are a fervent family. Francis, had it not been for the inordinate love of a mother, might today be a priest. Had God blessed his parents with more sons, no doubt his mother would not have stood in the way of his vocation and happiness.

THEN, there is Hu Nicholas, whose name was signed to the famous list of thirty years ago. He was just baptized this year. When I asked Lee what kept Hu from becoming a Christian all these years, he replied that the opposition of Hu's parents was the cause. Pagans depend on their sons to offer sacrifice for them after death. For a son to oppose a parent's wish, especially when he is their only son, is tantamount to bringing a curse on themselves. Hu's parents died a few years ago. Lee during all these years never failed to remind Hu of his duty to become a Christian. But it usually happens that the will grows weak and human respect grows stronger with delay. Now that Hu's parents were



OVERCOMING QUICKLY THEIR FEAR AND SUSPICION OF THE FOREIGN PRIEST, THE HAPPY CHILDREN OF CHINA BECOME MUCH ATTACHED TO THE MISSIONARIES.

dead he began to consider seriously studying his doctrine for baptism. God seemed to hasten his good intentions by sickness. This made Hu thoroughly frightened, so he fervently promised if he regained his health that he would at once fulfill his promise. Here we see the result of long persevering prayer on Lee's part, which counts time as nothing when it is a case of saving a soul. Today Hu is an exemplary Christian and a dependable catechist in a new Mission just opened a few miles from Wuki.

WE have an old lady here in the Mission studying her catechism, the mother of Hu Jovitus, her only living son, though she had another, Faust, who died two years ago. She loved Faust the more, it seems, because he was the elder and the provider for the family. She had never desired to become a Christian, but this did not make her

oppose her sons' wishes. When Faust knew he must die he told the missionary that he would pray for his mother's conversion. Since his death she has been constantly thinking of him. His prayers have indeed succeeded in a rather remarkable way. This summer a few of our missionaries were resting here. Among them was Father Germain, C.P., who attended to the sick cases in the dispensary. Faust's mother was among the patients. She was suffering from a mouth infection which, after several treatments, disappeared. Then she gained confidence in the missionary and through the encouragement of her son, Jovitus, started coming to Mass on Sundays. One day Jovitus came to my room all smiles, saying that at last his mother had made up her mind to become a Christian. I asked him how she came to take that step and he replied that she wanted to be with Faust after death. God had indeed answered Faust's prayers.

THE idea may occur, is it only the men in Wuki who are outstanding? No, indeed. We have Rosalia, the woman catechist, who is also in the front rank. She, too, is a convert of Lee's and has led many souls to the knowledge of the True Faith. When I asked her what brought her into the True Fold she told me quite simply that she owed it all to the good God working through the exhortations of Lee and other fervent Christians. Some fifteen years ago her husband, a lapsed Christian and bandit, was murdered by soldiers when absent down-river. This left her a widow and unsupported. She didn't dare to re-marry. At that time the Augustinian Fathers were in charge of our present Prefecture. She was recommended to them for baptism and afterwards was sent to the Li-Tzo Mission to be catechist. There she did capable work for eight years. On hearing that the Passionists were then caring for the Prefecture she asked and obtained permission to come back to Wuki to work for us. Such a sterling Christian was a blessing, especially since the Sisters were here at the time.

Rosalia's one ambition is to help the missionary in every way possible. First of all she is a native of Wuki and thus has the advantage of knowing everybody in the locality and also everything going on. She ferrets out whatever may be amiss among the Christians, keeps tabs on women who do not come for Sunday Mass and keeps order on her side of the church. She is out for an hour every day in search of dying babies to baptize. She is not above telling the missionary what is going on against good order and economy in the Mission. So if the cook spoils anything or uses too much salt or oil in preparing the food, woe to him! She takes a great interest in the vegetable garden and boasts that the Mission doesn't have to buy any vegetables.

A Pagan Soldier Makes A Christian Confession

Where the Centurion Led the Way the Military Empire Was to Follow. The Church Conquered the Roman Empire for the Same Reason That Christ Conquered Longinus

By Daniel B. Pulsford

SOLDIERING in the Roman Army was no play. It meant active service on many fronts. To one whose profession it was, blood was a familiar spectacle. Such a one could not afford to be squeamish. He must be hardened to the sight of hacked limbs and to the cries of men in the agony of death. Piles of mangled corpses in all stages of decay he must learn to look upon with indifference as the price of Empire. It might be his duty to march forward with his legion leaving his best friend writhing on the ground. He was part of a remorseless machine which was lubricated with tears.

A grim necessity, that of imperial conquest, reminded him again and again of how little worth was his individual life. As a soldier he was not his own. A terrible Force, mystic yet visible, used him as its tool. He was the cutting edge of the organization that ruled the world and it was not for him to feel either pity or fear. That was the kind of man Rome turned out by the thousand. For some centuries they had imposed their iron will on the fierce barbarism of North and West, scattered in confusion the vast armies mustered by Oriental monarchs and, in the South, had planted their outposts beyond the burning sands of Libya. The type may be seen in the bas-reliefs which celebrated their victories and in the busts of those bullet-headed Emperors whom their arms had raised to power. A terrible race!

IT was one of these professional killers fashioned by the ruthless genius of Rome who was in charge of the detachment told off for the execution of Christ on Calvary. We need not suppose him different from his kind. Had we looked upon him well we should have seen the brand of the imperial machine—the hard mouth betokening alike inflexible obedience and the habit of command, eyes that never flinched from

sights such as that presented by the three crosses on Mount Calvary.

That being so, we may ask what it was in the emaciated Sufferer which led the Centurion, as he listened to his Victim's expiring groans, to make that extraordinary profession of faith: "Indeed, this was the Son of God!"

Humanly speaking, what moved the soldier, familiar with executions of this kind; to see in One Whom he might have been expected to despise the Son of the Most High? What particular aspect of the Divine spectacle before him was it that so impressed Longinus as to wring this confession from him? Surely we shall not be far wrong in supposing that it was something which appealed to him as a soldier.

WE may recall that other Centurion who in earlier days had shown his faith in Jesus. It was Our Lord's commanding presence which, in that case, won over the officer. "For I also," he said, "am a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers; and I say to this, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." To a Captain accustomed to receive and give orders it was the authority of Christ which appealed. He recognized in the Prophet the same quality as that which constrained his own obedience and gave him power over others. "Even as Caesar commands me and I command my subordinates," he argued, "so does this Man command the evil spirits."

Poorly clad as the Carpenter might be, there was about Him a royal dignity which compels submission. But could this be said of the Crucified? All that Longinus saw was a twisted Shape, disfigured by clotted blood and livid weals, the Target of a mob's derision. Are we to suppose that the soldierly instinct, in this instance as in the former case, recognized its Master

and bowed before His obvious authority? The circumstances are so different. And yet it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it was the power of the Cross which appealed to Longinus.

FOR this man, to whom suffering was an every-day sight, who had seen innumerable criminals die and for whom the battlefield could offer no novelty, now beheld a Sufferer unlike any whom he had previously known. He had seen men die in craven fashion, yelling for mercy, crying like whipped curs, cringing before their executioners. Pitiable as were their hysterical fears, these pale-faced cowards sickened him, made him ashamed of mankind. He killed them without remorse because they were not fit to live. But there was another sort—the sort that flung back taunt for taunt, that, even in the hour of death, showed their teeth and snarled like wild animals trapped by the hunter, unsubduable.

He had killed them, too—mere beasts of the jungle as they were. And there was yet another sort. He remembered a proud old Gallic chieftain, fighting against hopeless odds till his javelin broke in his hands and he flung it in the face of his nearest assailant and then waited with folded arms and haughtily curved lips for the uplifted stroke to descend. They had spared the old man, but he had not thanked them. When, to extract information, they had threatened him with tortures he had not deigned to answer, and even when they had given him a sample of their cruelty, he had maintained a stoical silence, too proud in his petty chieftainship to show that he felt pain. That was courage as Longinus understood it; it was the way he himself would choose to die; it was the Roman way.

But this Man was different from all these. He did not disguise His sufferings; there was nothing of the Stoic about Him.

Yet He showed no signs of weakening. He was in full possession of Himself. It was as though death was His servant fulfilling at His command some mysterious purpose. He died like one who in dying accomplishes his object, achieves his end. What that object was Longinus could but dimly apprehend. A sacrifice, perhaps. There was dignity, but not a cold dignity. He prayed for His enemies as though it was they who needed help rather than Himself. That—thought the Centurion—was either sublime irony or a gesture of kingly magnanimity, but it was not irony, rather a charity such as the Roman had never conceived possible. Power? Where else had he seen power like this? One who could transform a cross into a throne, One Who, in the midst of agony, could say "Weep not for Me; weep for yourselves." There was that about Him which made you feel you must do whatever He bade, a constraining will that well nigh broke your heart with the desire to serve Him.

At first Longinus had not heeded the ribald crowd. With Roman impassivity he had kept it under control. In short, sharp words he gave his orders, intent only on doing his duty and unconcerned with this Jewish feud against an unpopular Prophet. But now he found himself listening to the jeering voices. What was it they said? Had the Crucified really threatened to capture the throne of Cæsar? Was it true that He had called Himself the Son of God? What were these wild rumors that were being bandied about? Something mysterious about this Man! He inspired an awe not to be accounted for by any outward semblance to majesty.

And then, as if echoing his thoughts, there came the distant rumble of thunder. The Centurion looked up and found that the sky had darkened. The scene was bathed in that eerie light which accompanies an eclipse. There was something unreal about the whole thing. An oppressive foreboding as of imminent tragedy seized him. What if some unimaginable Wrong was being perpetrated? In answer to his question, the rumbling thunder broke into a sudden crash that shook the very earth under his feet. The foundations of the world seemed to have given way. Crash on crash it came, the dazzling lightning illuminating with momentary vividness the livid faces of those who, a short while ago, were jesting at their Victim's expense.

He looked at that Victim and suddenly his Roman impassivity gave way. In one wild moment of faith discipline was forgotten, the detachment of the executioner-in-chief broken down and the cry escaped his overcharged heart: "Indeed, this was the Son of God."

He did not know why he had said it, but he knew that in those words his deepest soul had found expression and nevermore

would he go back from them. Let the earth be whelmed in confusion, let the skies fall in! Clinging to this Cross, he would be safe! It was the unassailable fortress of the peace of God.

CHRIST won this soldier's allegiance because in His Death He revealed the qualities a soldier most loves. It was as the Supreme Captain that Our Lord enlisted this recruit. Force in its highest form, in its most spiritual aspect, was what the Cross meant to Longinus. Rome was a military dynamo from whence proceeded the political power that governed the world. But on Calvary he saw the Dynamo which supplies the power that rules the Universe. It is only like that overcomes like. To win the lover, God must show Himself a Lover, to win the philosopher, God must be revealed as the Supreme Wisdom, to capture the conscience of a Roman Captain it was necessary that the Crucified should exhibit Himself as the Divine Captain. Longinus would never have surrendered to the sentimentalists' Christ. The picturesque Christ of the aesthetes would not have appealed to him. But this stark Figure stripped for its conflict with death, this Warrior, purple-clad in His own blood, he could understand and obey.

Where the Roman Centurion led the way, the military Empire to which he belonged was to follow. The Church conquered that Empire for the same reason that Christ conquered Longinus. It conquered the great pagan organization because it possessed a genius for discipline and organization superior even to Rome. The Coliseum proved the courage of the faithful and commended them to a people accustomed to deeds of daring. The authority exercised in the Name of its invisible Lord was one which Romans could understand. The powers of government and organization manifested by the infant Church were such as those who had governed the world could appreciate. The Christian Community, they saw, was no rabble of fanatics, no mere "movement" such as those which arise among ourselves and, after a few years, disappear, but an organism.

The Church was a spiritual Empire governed by the Prince of Peace and worshipping the God of Love. That is why it submitted and became the center of the new religion as it had been the center of the old civilization. Critics have thought to malign the Church when they have pointed to the resemblance between it and the Empire it overcame. But their criticisms overlook the fact that it is the mark of that which is truly supernatural to exhibit, on its own plane, the qualities found on the lower plane of nature. The fact that the Church eclipsed Rome in those very things in which Rome excelled, giving a supernatural version of things human, is one of the signs of its Divine origin.

It is this authoritative and disciplinary character of Catholicism which the world needs today and by which alone the world can be saved. To reject its authority and resent its discipline will mean, in the days to come, not, as is imagined, liberty, but the oppression of a tyranny worse than that of pagan Rome. Unbelief does not issue in the "freedom" associated with it but in despotism. Atheistic Russia is even now making clear to all who have the eyes to read the signs of the times the Nemesis which awaits a world that persists in rejecting the Sovereignty of God. Nor is Russia the only sign of the kind. In freedom-loving America pagan morals are paving the way for a régime of standardized living and social tyranny which aim at crushing individuality. Eugenists in the name of "Science" talk already of laboratory tests as a condition of being allowed to marry or even to live, and in some cases the talk has become action. We see the attempt of puritanical movements to order our lives for us in the minutest details, not with the gracious and redemptive authority of the Church but with the harsh and inquisitorial methods of political bodies.

In breaking away from the supernatural Authority of the Church, the Reformation movement of the sixteenth century introduced chaos, but chaos is ever the precursor of despotism, and that despotism is now upon us. The old Roman Empire did at least save the world from unimaginable disorder though, in doing so, it brutalized the world and crushed out the spark of spiritual life. The Kingdom of God will save us not only from disorder but also from those types of "order" which reduce men to automata. Mankind must have leadership and, failing the true Leader, will, rather than suffer the misery of chaos, submit itself to the tyrant. But there is an alternative.

The dazzling vision which came to Longinus beneath the Cross and again to the crowded spectators watching from their tiers the dying agonies of the Christians awaits our generation. Tossed to and fro by conflicting philosophies, watching the break-down of traditional taboos and the inflooding of pagan license and hearing afar off the tramp of Dictatorships threatening our civilization and our souls, no prayer is more urgent than that this vision should be flashed upon our groping generation. There is no escape from tyranny save by submission to a higher Authority. The promise of a "freedom" which despised the sanctions of the Divine Government has failed and is failing.

The world's one hope, therefore, is that it may rally around that Cross which, amid the crashing of thunder and the shaking of the earth, the Roman soldier found to be the one Invincible Refuge, the Center of Peace, the Dynamo from which issues the power by which our Universe is governed.

MOOCHIEN! MOOCHIEN!

By Winifred Feely

TIP TIP, tap tap, the sound of the falling rain was monotonous. Picking her way across the drenched garden path the Sister thought distressfully of the poor Chinese who would come through the muddled streets to the convent dispensary. For more than thirty years the good nuns had ministered to the needs of the maimed, sick and blind in this outlying province of China, and great was the love and the reverence the people bore for these Sisters known as the "Helpers of the Poor."

The Sister's eyes were dim with age so that, when she pulled open the great wooden gates of the convent, she did not notice the bundle that lay outside on the puddled step. Not till the sound of a thin wailing fell upon her ears was her attention attracted. Stooping she saw the tiny foundling wrapped in a grimy and tattered *pukhai* (wadded quilt). "Another one," she muttered, "and yesterday there were three! There must be famine abroad when so many little ones are abandoned." Picking up the squirming child she hurried back to the community house to find the Mother Superior.

And thus it was that yet another baby girl, duly baptized and given the name of Maria in honor of the Blessed Virgin (it was the Feast of the Annunciation) joined that ever-growing band of orphans gathered in the convent crèche dedicated to the Holy Innocents.

With the passing of the years Maria, better known by the Chinese appellation of "Malia," grew in strength and grace. She was a happy little mortal, with merry eyes and sleek black hair worn in two tightly plaited braids that stuck out from her head as if anxious to flaunt the gay bits of red string adorning them. There was not a soul in the convent who did not love this winsome maid, for a sunny disposition and affectionate nature made her a general favorite.

When Malia was barely thirteen years of age troubled times came upon the land. Through the evil talking of agitators came from far-off towns to preach their hatred of white people (especially those whose lives were devoted to Christian works) the hearts of the people hardened and became embittered. They soon forgot the kindness and devotion always so generously showered upon them. It was with an ever-growing suspicion and hostility that they viewed everything done for them by the missionaries. Higher and higher leaped the flames of hatred,

fanned unceasingly by wicked tales freely circulated by paid agitators.

"Chase away the white devils, the oppressors who fatten upon our lands! Kill the worshippers of a strange god, these interlopers who suck the blood of our children!" These were current catchwords shouted out loud whenever a foreigner was seen. The minds of the simple country people were soon poisoned. They began to see evil where before they had only seen good. There were riotings and serious disorders, warfare between rival political factions. Underneath all these disturbances the current of anti-foreignism daily gathered in intensity. There was talk of evacuating the foreigners, the women and children first. They would be put aboard a patrolling "gunboat" and conveyed down river to Hankow or Shanghai where adequate protection could be secured.

THE Sisters were shocked when they heard this rumor. How could they possibly leave the town where so many aged people and such numbers of little children of all ages depended on their care and protection? Impossible, indeed, to consider such a flight! Within the convent walls there was a regular flutter of anxiety. The Mother Superior alone remained calm and untouched by all these flying rumors and threats of calamity. "God would direct them. He would show them where their duty lay. There was no need for anxiety and fear when He was there to guide and protect them! Had He not promised to watch over the sparrows of the air? He would not then abandon His children on earth." With such gentle and consoling words she allayed their fears, restoring a measure of calm and confidence.

Twenty-four hours later a large band of Chinese fanatics and hooligans attacked the convent. The storm broke with terrific suddenness and violence. The first to be killed was old Sister Candida who sought to protect her little charges. A savage blow with a pole and she lay strangely silent upon the ground heedless of the little hands that clung to her skirts, and the terrified cries of the now frantic children.

What a terrible day of looting, bloodshed and wild rioting! The nuns were scattered, taking refuge where they could. Many were killed, horribly. The orphans ran wildly about the streets, distracted and half-demented by the terrors of that day. Old women, many of whom were

bedridden, were dragged from the Home for the Aged and left lying by the roadside. Helpless with terror, fear and grief they watched the convent buildings go up in flames.

Later Malia had but little recollection of the events of that dreadful day. It was like some blurred, confused, and horrible nightmare. She remembered seeing Sister Candida lying so strangely still on the ground, so quiet and uncaring amid that awful uproar, an ever-widening rivulet of blood seeping from under the white-coiffed head. In her ears re-echoed her own scream of "*Moochien! Moochien!*" (Mother, Mother) as she flung herself on that prostrate form. A man with an evil face then clutched her by the arm and dragged her away.

From then onwards there was a blank in Malia's mind and she had no idea how she had come to the house in which, later, she found herself. Every time she thought of Sister Candida a heart-fluttering faintness would sweep over her, followed by gusts of sickening fear. Then she would fling herself against the locked door of the inner room where she was imprisoned, shrieking and begging to be allowed to return to the Sisters. The people who kept her there only mocked at her pleadings and tears. "What!" they cried. "You would return to your prison? Do you not know that you are free, and never more need set eyes on those white devils? They have been driven away and may all curses follow them!" When Malia's grief persisted they beat her cruelly, starved her, and for many months on end never let her out of that dark inner room.

For a year the young girl remained with this household of pagans who took the greatest delight in ill-treating her. She slaved from early morning till late at night—cooking, washing, drawing water, performing the most menial of tasks. Nothing she did pleased the ill-tempered old woman who ruled the household in the most despotic manner. Recriminations, blows, taunts were her daily portion. Soon her spirit was broken, her natural gaiety submerged in apathy. A look of dull stupor settled on her face.

NOW there were three things Malia had managed to keep intact; her faith, her memories, and a little silver medal of the Blessed Virgin which she had managed to secrete in the lining of her wadded short-coat. At nights she

would lie on the slimy stones of the kitchen floor, her only covering a filthy blanket of *kao-mao* (lamb's wool, coarse and stiff quality), and in fancy re-live the happy days spent in that old convent home, the only home she had ever known, and stiff quality), and in fancy relieve the holy moments passed in the chapel—that glorious First Communion Day when the Great White Lord came to dwell in her heart and whisper of His Love. Once more she was in the work-room where they embroidered and sewed, reciting the Rosary as they worked.

Sometimes one of the older girls would read aloud. Then, in fancy, they would voyage into the great unknown where wondrous adventures awaited them. Perhaps, she had dreamed, they would even be called upon to die for the Faith they loved so well! Ah! those happy evenings when after a supper of *kungie* (soft-boiled rice) they gather round old Sister Candida (could it really be that she was dead or had she merely lain on the ground until those wicked men had gone away?) and listen to her marvelous stories of Little *Yasu* (Jesus) and His Holy Mother, and the bodyguard of shining angels! Wide-eyed and open-mouthed they drank in all these tales. Even the very tiny ones who sought to clamber on to Sister's ample lap, to peek at their chubby faces reflected in her spectacles, would keep quite still when they heard of the Holy Child and those white-winged angels. Malia remembered, as if it happened but yesterday, when the saintly bishop had given her his benediction, bidding her at the same time to be good, faithful and pure in honor of the *Da Mochien* (Great Mother) whose heavenly name she bore.

These and many other memories did the poor child relive, the tears pouring down her cheeks, her face hidden in the quilt so that her sobs should not be heard. Before falling asleep she would say her prayers and touch the hard blob that was the medal secreted in her coat, whispering over and over again to herself, "It is true, it is all true, I am a Christian, a child of the Heavenly Queen who will save me." And never did the blessed conviction leave her that she would again see the beloved Mothers of that dear lost convent home.

ONE day a strange woman arrived. She and the mistress of the household disappeared into the private reception room where the ancestral tablets were shrined. Now and again their voices could be heard, raised to a shrill pitch in some heated argument. After an hour or so Malia was bidden to bring refreshments. As she entered the room carrying the teapot, little porcelain cups and a small dish of dried melon seeds, she noticed a heap of silver dollars lying on the table before her mistress. The old woman stared at the money with avaricious in-

tenness, now and again pushing at the pile with the unduly long nail of her little finger. The visitor, a hard-faced female of middle-age, eyed the child with appraising eyes. A vague sense of terror seized Malia when she saw those cold, bead-like eyes fixed so intently upon her. "Come nearer, worthless slave," snapped the visitor, and with trembling limbs the child obeyed.

HER arms were seized by claw-like fingers that pinched vigorously, after which the adolescent body was prodded and poked thoroughly. "*Tch! tch!* Young indeed and straight as the untested pine," muttered the strange woman, "but stringy as a paddy-bird before the rice is gleaned. Think of the good white rice and pork needed to fatten such a bit of chattel. *Aie*, and a *picul* of rice costs a prohibitive sum of good money." Here she paused to pull open the girl's mouth and examine her teeth. "Good, good, but the maid is not comely enough for my house, with no attraction unless she be round like the full moon, yes, slenderly curved and pale with the perfume of the first spring blossoms. Men are particular these days, even in their pleasures!"

At last the woman gave Malia a push and turning to her hostess began to argue in tones that grew ever shriller. Loud and fierce waxed the discussion and only ended, abruptly, when the heap of silver pieces was pushed into the lap of the mistress. Malia, who had at last comprehended that she was the subject of barter, was sent off to fetch fresh tea and steaming towels to refresh the hands and faces of the heated women. She did not hear the final phase of the conversation. When she returned the women were smiling and nodding amicably, cracking melon seeds between their teeth and spitting the husks upon the floor. They took no further notice of the little slave.

Two days later Malia and her new mistress were on board the *S. S. Fooshing*, a river steamer bound for Shanghai via the Yangtze ports. Barely fifteen years of age the young girl had been purchased for one of the countless houses of ill-fame in Shanghai. She was, however, completely unaware of what lay ahead of her. Even had she been told she would not have understood.

They travelled steerage with hundreds of other Chinese passengers, squatting on the lower deck or passageways, their bundles, baskets and boxes beside them. It was the *Chung-Chu'-Chieh* (Harvest Festival), one of the three most important festivals of the Chinese lunar calendar. Being the Moon's birthday in every Chinese home offerings are made to the Heavenly Goddess on this night. Cakes in the form of the moon on which are pasted gaily-colored pictures of the Sacred-Hare-in-the-Moon are sent as

presents from friend to friend. Malia's new mistress carried on board a large packet of these delicacies, several of which she thrust upon the child bidding her, not unkindly, to eat and grow plumper.

On the ship, among the native passengers and crew, there were celebrations and rejoicings. Some lighted incense sticks which they clasped between their folded hands as they *kowtowed* to the Moon, others cast slips of red paper ornamented with sacred characters into the air; fire-crackers were set off, their din adding a strident note to the clamor of worship and rejoicing in honor of the "Heavenly Brightness."

It was a new and amazing experience for Malia to find herself on board a "foreign fire boat," for she had never seen a ship before. She was somewhat afraid of the foreign officers in gold-braided uniforms who occasionally came down the gangway leading from some mysterious upper deck forbidden to the steerage passengers, and who pushed through the crowds of Chinese without taking any notice of them. She would sit for hours watching the river banks run away from her, and wonder why the land seemed in such an evident hurry to slip off.

Sometimes there were fishermen on the banks. They sat perched on fragile structures of mats and bamboos, dipping their nets stretched out on four poles into the muddied water. The wash of the ship seemed to infuriate them; they would shake their fists and scream out words that the wind, maliciously, tossed into space. There were villages and towns, fantastic temples sitting high on rocky promontories; water buffaloes ploughing in the rich loam of cultivated fields; mules laden with baskets or bags plodding along the narrow path that edged the river banks. Once the breeze brought to her ears the sound of the monotonous chant of four farmers patiently working with their bare feet a treadmill water pump. They waved their hands at the passing ship but did not cease the steady tread of their feet nor the chanted rhythm that kept them in step.

Large river junks with immense, brown-cloth sails spread out to catch the vagrant wind, passed close to them. Malia leaning over the ship's rails could see men and women staring up at her. Children leaped and pranced on the encumbered decks of these strange vessels; naked babies staggered perilously close to the unrailed sides. There was no time to see more, the ship hurried on and the junks dropped far behind.

MALIA'S mistress took but scant notice of her charge. A great deal of her time was spent in playing *mahjong* with three other women passengers. When not immersed in this game she

would rest on her wadded quilt spread upon the floor, smoke two or three pipes of opium and lie in a sort of smiling stupor.

Many days passed like this; Malia did not even count how many. She was not unhappy for there was much that was absorbingly interesting to hold her attention. She was, perhaps, happiest of all when night came. Then there was a great hush and silence broken only by the rushing of the waters against the ship's side, the snores or muttered words of those who moved restlessly in their sleep. In that comparative silence, that kindly darkness, she felt safe, even daring to extract the little medal from its hiding place. Pressing it to her forehead and lips she would murmur her prayers, beseeching the Heavenly Mother to guide her back to those beloved nuns. When, at last, her eyelids grew heavy with sleep she would take one last look at the young moon riding serenely in the heavens. She remembered that the Blessed Virgin in the convent chapel had just such a moon as her footstool, that there were stars scattered on her blue robe, a diadem of larger stars haloing her head. Looking up at the sky, Malia would smile and, comforted, fall asleep.

IT was raining when the *Fooshing* drew alongside Yangtzepoo wharf at Shanghai. Malia was terrified by the bustle and noise of the general excitement. Officers hurried here and there shouting orders; the ship's siren let off a few terrified blasts; passengers rushed about calling out to one another, or shrieking greetings to those who stood on the jetty. The old woman was visibly excited and counted over and over again their various bundles and packages, pausing only to clutch at the child's arm as if she feared to lose her. "Stay close to me," she muttered, "and follow me like my shadow. In this city there are devils disguised as fire-and-noise engines seeking to devour the young and heedless."

On hearing this, Malia was more frightened than ever. Slipping her fingers into the little hole of her coat she extracted her precious medal and held it tightly clenched in her hand. Perhaps now, she thought, the devils, having a proof that she belonged to the Holy Virgin, would leave her alone! A feeling of greater security came over her. The excited woman noticed nothing. She made a dash for the gangway as soon as it was lowered, desiring to be among the first to get down to the wharf. Malia hurried after her but in that great throng of jostling, cursing and scrambling humanity the woman disappeared from sight.

There was a mad rush for the exit and Malia was literally swept along by the crowd. She had no idea where she was to go, or what she had to do. No one heeded her cries or frantic questionings.

Of her mistress she caught no glimpse. All the women looked alike with their bundles, their opened umbrellas bobbing this way and that. All seemed possessed by the demon of haste.

The rain poured down steadily. There was a ceaseless clamor of voices. Ricksha pullers and wheelbarrow coolies shouted vociferously as they called for hire. Drove of coolies swarmed up the gangway or clambered up the side of the ship like monkeys. They were ready to unload the cargo. Never since the day when the convent had been looted and burned had Malia heard such a din. She followed the crowds down a side road, running along and gazing up into the faces of the women, hoping to recognize her mistress. Finally she emerged upon a great road where tramways and motors hooted by in a seemingly mad haste. Terrified and shrinking against a wall, the child gazed at this scene. She had never before seen such monstrous vehicles. Even in the wildest flights of her imagination she could not have conceived such fiercely noisy monsters. These, then, were the devils roaming abroad in search of prey!

There she stood, flattened against the wall, a little country girl clad in coarse cotton garments so different from those of the city dwellers. No one heeded her; no one paused to ask her who she was or what she was doing there. Clutching the medal, her hand pressed against her breast, she gazed with starting and uncomprehending eyes at this extraordinary scene. There was no sign of the woman who had purchased her. It was as if she had vanished like some fantastic spectre in the rain.

The desolate, rain-drenched figure was still standing pressed against the wall when two white-coiffed nuns sheltering under a large umbrella, passed on the further side of the street. Malia saw them and it was as if some miraculous vision unfolded before her eyes. In that instant she forgot all fear. The rush of gladness lent wings to her feet. With a ringing cry of "*Moochien! Moochien!*" she sped across the intervening space.

There was a scream . . . the jarring noise of brakes . . . a sickening crash . . .

The driver of a large truck leaped to

the ground and rushed to the front of his machine. His face was a sickly yellow and horror stared out of his eyes. A crowd quickly gathered round a still form lying partly beneath the front wheels.

IT was one of the nuns who lifted Malia's head and began to wipe away the blood and mire. A Chinese policeman hurried off to telephone for the municipal ambulance. The chauffeur suddenly jerked his arm over his face and began to sob aloud. The crowd thickened every second, those on the fringes trying to push themselves forward so as to command a better view. Those nearest gazed in silence as the Sister, her lips moving in wordless prayer, tried vainly to stem the flow of blood. "*Ai-yah! Ai-yah!*" an old woman cried out. "She is young and agile to have been so easily caught by the fire-devil who swallows up the road!" She spat upon the ground, wiping away the moisture that came easily to her aged-dimmed eyes. The policeman returned and the crowd drew aside to let him pass. He was red with importance and puffed out his chest, but did nothing more than stare as did the other spectators.

Before the ambulance arrived Malia opened her eyes and saw the compassionate eyes of the nuns gazing down into hers. She did not hear the other Sister beseeching the crowd to stand back, nor did she realize what had happened to her. There was just one thought in her mind, a thought compounded of great thankfulness and dazzling joy. There was nothing more to fear . . . she was no longer lost . . . she had found her beloved Mothers in the end!

With a supreme effort she lifted her hand to her lips and smilingly kissed a little object that it held. "*Malia*" . . . she murmured . . . *Dah Moochien* . . . *Yasu* . . . The medal slipped from her nerveless fingers, slid down that blood-streaked chin and fell upon her breast. Only then did the nun notice it. With a start of astonishment she bent still further over the girl, murmuring words of comfort, uttering prayers. These fell on unheeding ears. There was no need for anything more . . . it was the end of a journey . . . Malia had reached home!

Dies Irae

By Sister Mary Miriam

CHRIST came to seek and save
The lamb that strayed,
Not to keep close and warm
The sheep that strayed.

Contrite, but comforted,
We can await,
As judge, a God Who died
Our advocate!

Naturalism and Education

Freedom without Law and Law without Authority and Authority without Sanction are in the Final Analysis, Intellectual Nothings

By Albert F. Kaiser, C.P.P.S.

THE purpose of genuine education is correct thinking and right living. As accurate observation, judicious reading, enlightening conversation are the prerequisite of correct thinking, so right thinking is indispensable to good living. One cannot think correctly along moral and religious lines (and every intelligent being must think about religion and morality) without a deep knowledge of Divine revelation; one cannot act rightly in relation to God and to one's fellowmen, as children of God, without the correct attitude to Divine law.

Man-made morality is a poor substitute for the Divine law. Law is impossible without authority and unenforceable without sanction—definite, adequate and unescapable sanction. The modern brand of secular education, in spite of all progress along experimental and pedagogic lines, has fallen in arrears in its philosophy of education, which likewise has a deleterious effect on educational psychology, at least in its broader outlines. The "supreme achievement" of the ages—universal education—has been subjected to a psychology without a soul, a philosophy without an ultimate cause, a sociology without an author and sanctioner of society, a biology without an ultimate Life-giver.

Naturalistic education takes too narrow a view of man, too restricted an outlook on life. It concentrates all its stupendous energies upon what is beneath man, in order to make all things serve him. It fails to look beyond its own doubting, perplexed and befuddled mind, into the clear and certain teaching of God. It separates morality from religion, just as it separates sociology, economics and politics from Christian ethics. In a word, it isolates the body from the soul, the material from the spiritual. If the rational soul is the principle of human life, as indeed it is, religion is the soul of morality as well as of ethics, economics, sociology and politics.

THE tendency of the age is to seek a basis outside of God for an independent morality. The moral law is based on the all-truthful mind of God and is expressed to us through the Omnipotent Will. God's right to command is founded on His dominion, and His dominion is based on the

creative act, and we are bound to obey Him, whatever He commands, because we are His creatures, absolutely His and in no sense our own. The essential principle of religion is perfect trust in God and obedience to His Sovereign Will, the unconditional surrender of our wills to the Will of our Creator. The first law of justice is to give to everyone his due or his own, and we owe to God all that we are, all that we have, all that we can do. Hence religion and morality are in their principle (as well as in their final end) one and inseparable. Religion tells us what God requires us to *believe and know*; morality tells us what God commands us to *do* in order to attain our final end. There can be no morality without religion and no religion without morality.

IF the moral law demands unreserved obedience to the commands of God, it requires us to honor, love, trust and obey Him in all things and, therefore, to worship Him in the manner He prescribes. If, then, He is pleased to make us a supernatural revelation of His will and to promulgate supernaturally a supernatural law, we are bound by the moral or natural law to obey it, when promulgated and brought to our knowledge, as unreservedly as we are to obey the natural law itself. If Christianity is the revelation of this supernatural order, no man, who knowingly and voluntarily rejects or refuses to accept it, fulfills the natural law or can be accounted a moral man.

There were pagans who attempted to found morality on the principle of pleasure, others on a mere abstract sense of duty, or sense of justice. But unless this sense of duty or justice be integrated in a real and concrete power, it is a mere abstraction. If so integrated it is God, a Supreme Will entailing eternal Truth and Infinite Love.

Only a Supreme Legislator laying down the highest law and giving it eternal sanction can command virtuous conduct. Good deeds done merely because they seem to be right and just or because they serve the needs of humanity, when isolated from the motive of pleasing God, are not supernaturally virtuous at all. In fact they are not even natural virtue, though they might lead to virtue.

Now the question arises: What is secular education doing to help integrate religion and morality? How is secular education going to help man humble himself sufficiently to acknowledge God as His Master? Education must consider man as a whole and the universe as a unit. True education does not cut man off from his high origin and his supreme destiny. Man is not a blind mole digging the earth for gold dust, but rather an eagle, made to soar into the empyrean. True education distinguishes between what is of everlasting worth and what is merely of temporary import. It seeks to put into the foreground of consciousness those purposes which serve man's final end, his ultimate destiny, the salvation of the soul. Secular education, following the individualistic philosophy of the Reformation, trains man as an irresponsible individual rather than as a spiritual being responsible to God. As a being whose destiny is God, man does not exist for the State, but the State exists for man, for the advancement of his intellectual and moral life.

Man can be educated as a person only in so far as he is taught to make the life of reason and freedom dominate the life of the senses and passions. Without this personal education, he will remain like the animal—the slave of events and circumstances, always in tow to something else, incapable of self-guidance. To develop one's individuality is to live the selfish life of the passions, to make one-self the center of everything, and end finally as the slave of the things that bring us a wretched momentary joy at best.

PERSONALITY, on the contrary, increases as the soul rises above the sensible world, and by intelligence and will binds itself more closely to what makes the life of the spirit. The philosophers have glimpsed, but the Saints have realized, the great truth that the human personality is developed by contact with the Divine. He who loses his intellectual and moral life in God shall find it. The Saints have gained a sense of it, they have received by grace what God possesses by nature: independence of all created things. They understood that their person, in so far as it was intellectual and free, was completely dependent on God and not on material

things, and that the inner mastery of their acts could not be resigned to men or angels but only to God by Whose spirit they must be moved in order to be His sons. They understood that God must become for them another self, closer to them than their own selves, more themselves than they, because He is eminently selfhood. They sought to make themselves something of God. "I am fastened to the cross with Christ. I live, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

In the order of being, they keep a self distinct from God's, but in order of operation, of knowledge and love, they have, so to say, substituted the Divine self for their own, renouncing all personality or independence in regard to God, understanding that the First-born among them, their eternal model, has no human personality, but the personality of the Word Himself, in Whom His human nature subsisted. Such is the secret of our life as men, which the poor modern world does not know; we gain our soul only if we lose it; a total death is needed before we can find ourselves, and when we are well stripped, well lost, well torn out of ourselves, then all is ours who are Christ's, and God Himself is our Good.

SECULAR education does not liberate the human personality but leads it astray. Spiritual personality is disunited, ruined. Behind all the bluster of modern education there is a deplorable weakness of soul. Instead of radiant personality glowing with intelligent faith and striving after moral perfection, we find a mere slavish individualism, boasting of its material progress, and disdaining all that transcends its own confused ideals.

The Catholic Middle Ages subjected private judgment to Divine authority, not only in faith but likewise in education. It subjected the human mind to the higher light of faith and insisted that the weak human will be taught to lean on the strong right arm of Divine Grace.

The Protestant Reformation set up the principle of private judgment against Divine authority. According to Luther, faith was nothing objective or real in the soul's relation to God, but merely a subjective and idealistic trust, having no higher source than the strong desire to be saved. It was a blind and selfish, man-centered trust. Man, not God, became for him and the post-Reformation period the center of the spiritual universe, whereas faith and grace became mere outward appendages. By isolating the mind from objective faith and the will from interior grace Luther prepared the way for unbridled naturalism. His followers, more logical than well-intentioned, simply tore off the label (or shall we call it mask) that Luther had so nonchalantly tacked on. Since they cared little for real faith, why bother about its counterfeit? If man could not cooperate with grace and, by this free coöperative relation with God, merit glory, why make so much fuss and pretence?

Thus by casting a shadow of doubt over the interior nature of grace, over the freedom of the will and over the coöperative relation between grace and will, Luther invited his followers to turn the higher will over to the lower desires. Near the end of his life in a sermon at Wittenberg he deplored the evil results of his "gospel," for in the shadow of gloom his eyes were opened and he saw things right.

JUST as Luther's exteriorized grace led to a deification of the will, so Descartes' idealistic theory of knowledge led to a worship of the intellect. Descartes had read St. Thomas and the Scholastics on the intuitive knowledge of the angel, but, forgetting that man, unlike the angel, depends on his senses and his body, concocted a scheme of thought whereby man was supposed to learn not from objective reality but from some subjective pattern of "ideas" within his own mind. Isolation from sense perception served as an excuse, not a reason, for isolation from Divine revelation. In a word, Descartes separated natural science from philosophy and theology. Science no longer needed God. The self-sufficient human mind worshipped itself. Today the natural scientists and mathematicians are groping dubiously toward God because they are beginning to see and deplore the gap.

As Descartes got rid of the supernatural via the intellect, so Rousseau accomplished the same unenviable feat via the emotions. Men no longer needed grace because nature was supposed to be perfect. Original sin was called a myth. "Give the emotions their own way. Live your life as nature directs, not according to Divine revelation or Divine law. Accept no outward authority. Your own 'holy' instincts are an infallible guide. Do not restrain, or inhibit or forbid nature." Rousseau merely preached the doctrine he liked to practise. He deified the emotions. Faith and grace were put aside as superfluous; intelligence, relegated to the background, gave way to emotional experience. In the end this "philosophy of natural perfection" led to the same confusion of thought and chaos in morals, as did Luther's voluntaristic sentimentalism.

These three so-called reformers of modern thought and modern morality robbed mankind not only of the supernatural gifts of faith and grace but likewise of true spiritual personality. In the wake of materialistic individualism, which is another word for unbridled naturalism, there followed the theory of immanentism; man dwelling self-complacent and self-sufficient within himself, man driven by pride into his own barren and hopeless solitude, impenetrable to everything but his own self. Thus they planned to dethrone God, in order to enthrone man. Thus they plotted against the supernatural, in order to pave the way for the deification of the natural. But instead of elevating nature, they actually distorted, corrupted and de-

graded nature. They made the fatal mistake of attempting to pull up man by his own bootstraps.

The conflict between private judgment and Divine authority, between the Gospel privately interpreted and Divine law handed down by the Church, between the inner life of the soul and the transcendent activity of God, gradually developed into a system of thought that looked upon man as the center of the universe and upon God as an interference. Man was interiorized in his own shell, and God exteriorized and ignored. All extrinsic influence and governance was looked upon as unwarranted inhibition, no matter whether it hailed from God or the Church, or whether it came in the form of dogma or under the aegis of the decalogue. This untrammelled freedom set up a universal conflict within. It inflamed everything, but healed nothing. It left man helpless and hopeless in the face of tremendous life problems; and unless the modern world turns back to God and religious education it will, like the pagan civilizations before it, go down inevitably to destruction, to make way for more intelligent and freer sons of God.

EDUKATION might be expected to cure at least one evil—ignorance. But, to accomplish this, it must be more universal, not only in aim and ideal but also in reality and in practice. Keen observers maintain that very many of our high-school and college students are only playful children, desirous of a good time, hardly earnest enough to appreciate the need and the purposes of higher education. There is considerable doubt also about the spiritual and intellectual capability of their instructors. Also a little doubt about the legislators who compel unwilling and incapable students to attend school, when they could be more useful to themselves and society in an industrial or mechanical apprenticeship.

No matter how thick or cob-webbed one's brains, one is compelled to "learn" up to the age of eighteen. Whether a student can distinguish a noun from an adverb, a premise from a conclusion, a theorem from a corollary, willy nilly, open his mouth (not his ears, nor his mind) and let Central High pour down one gallon of algebra, four pounds of Latin, three measures of common English, and eight, if not eighteen, bushels of athletics. (This from an old athlete with method in his madness.) And if you are fortunate enough to go to college, prepare yourself for the BEST: Biology, Evolution, Sex, Thrillology. If that is too tame, get a little philosophical nitroglycerin: Evolution, Devolution, Revolution!

Sin is the greatest, the utterly tragic, soul-rending evil. But, alas, what is education (except Catholic education and, perhaps, Lutheran) doing to lessen sin's Titanic grip on fallen man? Whereas religious education lays a solid foundation for good morals, establishes adequate sanctions for avoiding sin and doing good,

furnishes ways and means to overcome sin, naturalistic education denies the reality of sin, calling it a scarecrow in the service of an unreal and fantastic god. One cannot merely close the eye to sin, as the ostrich to its pursuer; nor, banter as much as one will, laugh it off the stage. It remains a stark reality. Freudism and Adlerism cannot relegate sin to the scrap heap of the abnormal or explain it by means of a sex complex.

Nor is education a talisman against the ravages of poverty and distress. Man seems to be an incorrigible lover of brawls and fomenter of wars. The late War, occasioned if not caused by inhuman and greedy profiteers who fed on human flesh and blood, has caused untold poverty and distress. Revolution looms in the offing. Some of the wealthiest have been pauperized. Poverty will always be with us, but charity and justice will help to alleviate its worst phases. At present we need a more equitable distribution of purchasing power on the one hand and an improved and controlled system of financing on the other. Greed has led to overproduction, excessive building, sky-rocket financing, etc. If education can induce money men to quit hording and to invest in productive enterprises and help restore confidence in the basic stability of our country and most of its industries, three cheers for education!

IF education cannot cure the ills of the mind, the weaknesses of the will nor the sicknesses of the body, it can at least contribute to their alleviation. Christian education can even prepare the way for a genuine cure. The schooling of the will, more than any other discipline, is a notable contributing factor to sanity. In fact, we might almost call self-discipline a return ticket to normalcy, even in the presence of overwhelming mental and emotional disturbances. The same holds for the discipline of the senses and of the intelligence. Naturalistic education gives unbounded freedom to the will and puts no restraint at all on the senses. It leaves the mind free to follow any principle or no principle, any destiny or no destiny, it takes its own origin for granted and cares not whither it tends. It forgets that freedom without law and law without authority and authority without sanction are in the final analysis intellectual nothings. Universal education without opportunity for religious and moral discipline as well as religious aids and moral supports, in the end defeats its own purpose, in so far as jails and more jails must be built alongside the schools.

If religious instruction and moral discipline restrains the lower instincts, soulless education fails to check public crime among our youth. Three-fourths of our crime is perpetrated by youths under twenty-five. From twelve to fifteen per cent have enjoyed the advantages of higher education and practically all of them have had common-school training. Whose fault

is it, if many of these youths were found indulging criminal instincts before graduating from high school? Was it not the secularized school that trained the parents of these boys and girls and laid the foundation for the paganized home of today? Was it not the godless school that took these children, in a certain sense, away from their very parents and insisted that they be trained in the schools of the Paganized State? Day after day, restrictions and almost impossible requirements are forcing parochial grade schools, high schools and Catholic colleges to the wall. Catholics, paying double or even triple taxation for schools, cannot compete indefinitely.

This patent injustice cannot long be endured. Catholics must arise to a man in the legal and moral defense of educational freedom, until equal justice and fair play be accorded them. Instead of nobly fighting for equal rights before the bar of genuine education, many Catholic parents send their sons and daughters to secular colleges and universities where they learn how to "free themselves from religious superstition and moral prejudice." They learn one law, the law of increasing returns. By learning, they hope to increase their power of earning and to satisfy their desire for enjoying life, as they in their youthful immaturity see it. Education, they learn, gives them a better chance to make money. Money is for pleasure, pleasure is for man, man is for woman, rather woman is for man. Children have no right to come into the world except only when they are desired and only in so far as they give pleasure and joy and zest to life. But only two or three at the most. A fourth child in the home is a burden, but burdens are for beasts, not for civilized man. So runs the tale, sordid and selfish, propagated by many of our secular colleges and universities.

When we look at the wonderful school buildings, the gorgeous furnishings, the spacious grounds, the athletic facilities, the gymnasiums, and compare this splendid outward equipment with the soulless content, the materialistic aim, the utilitarian attitude, the secular objective, the stupendous graft, the godless propaganda, the stupid prejudice against religion, the monstrous ideas about sex and marriage, the hopeless jargon about progress, the slavish worship of education, the thinking man is appalled and he asks: "Is education worth what it costs in dollars and in the loss of spiritual ideas? What exchange shall a man give for his soul?"

TO offset social disintegration and economic regression, educators are suggesting social reintegration and economic progression. Why not go all the way and reintegrate society and industry by a private and public return to religious education? Only religion can control or modify the all-dominating profit-motive in industry, which, uncontrolled, led to an almost un-

believable degree of inhuman greed. Before money men are ready to share purchasing power with an ever-increasing number of individuals, they must first be educated to look upon their fellowmen as brothers, instead of slaves for exploitation. Before capitalists are willing to let society control the financing of production, they must be trained to appreciate the fact that every man is a spiritual personality, that the State is for man and his common good; and that man is not a mere cog in the wheel of industry. The State may not use man for its purpose, but must protect his rights and dignity as a person responsible ultimately to the author of society, God. Biologists, delving into the marvelous facts of human life, must beware of giving these facts a merely materialistic interpretation. The origin and meaning of life, as a study, belongs to philosophy and religion. Instead of emphasizing the various aspects of evolutionary growth and development, only a few of which can be demonstrated and most of which are plainly imaginary, let the biologists ponder the mutual relations in the hierarchy of life.

NOT only the individual soul, but also the "soul of the nation" and the "soul of humanity" must be made conscious of God. "There can be no lasting reform in modern living," writes Dr. Johnson of the Catholic University, "unless religion is brought once more into the national consciousness. . . . Religion having been banished from the schools, was gradually banished from life, until today we have millions of children growing up without any consciousness of God and their relations to Him." But moral integrity, humility, reverence for the sanctities of life are impossible without religious education.

Why is there so much social, economic and moral confusion today? Teachers and schools have ignored the fact that religion expands and clarifies the groping mind, stabilizes the perturbed will, deepens the cultural sense, gives the emotions a rational outlet and a sacred purpose. Let our psychologists quit ranting about the mind being a bundle of nerves and muscles and cease toying with the juvenile preoccupations of psychology without a soul. Let sociologists discard the outmoded theories of evolution and get down to the basic principles of historical study, as the anthropologists are doing. All history shows the utter failure of the search after complete happiness this side of the grave; all human cycles of history, progress, regression, renaissance point to a higher cycle which completes the incomplete and perfects the imperfect; and Revelation tells us that the center and apex is God. Why ignore this Revelation? The gradual and ultimate perfection of man in this world is only an evolutionary myth, totally at variance with historical facts. Man's true perfection is attained only in the next life. This life is merely the battleground. Victory's crown remains for the future.

PRAYING HANDS

By Grace Keon

"HERE'S the notice, mother," said my Elizabeth. "Want to look at it?"

"Of course," I answered, taking the paper. When she brought my breakfast earlier, I had promised I would try to sleep. But sleep refused to come.

I read over the lines.

"RAYE.—On October 2, Carolyn Thorpe Raye, widow of the late Edward; beloved mother of Edward, Elizabeth and Louise. Funeral from the home, Bay Second Street, on October 5, with Requiem Mass at St. Mary's at 10 a.m. Burial in All Saints Cemetery."

With my own hands I had closed those gentle eyes the day before, and tried to comfort her weeping children. She was very dear to me—Carolyn Thorpe Raye, my brother Edward's wife! Unknown to the world, yet for thirty years enshrined in my heart as one of the bravest of women . . .

I turned wearily on the pillows—the ordeal of her passing had exhausted all my strength. And I must have dozed, for when I opened my eyes old Father Tom was at my bedside. I gave him my hand in welcome.

"You've seen this?" I asked.

"Yes. I've seen it."

"We've survived them all," I commented. "All save the children, of course. Poor children. I can still remember mother. Part of the world ended for me when she went."

The priest's white head was bent as he scanned the printed words.

"Requiem Mass at 10 a.m.," he repeated. "Her father telephoned me at the rectory this morning. They will allow her to be buried with the Thorpes in Greenbay if the children care to take advantage of the permission."

"Oh! And you—"

"I said that doubtless they would want their mother and father to be together in death as they had been in life. Think, child. That old couple must be in the eighties—and through all these years their pride has kept them—"

"Pride!" I ejaculated. "A devilish thing, pride! Pride—that was Edward's stumbling-block—"

When Father Tom Larkin—he was mother's first cousin—had left, Elizabeth came with concern on her dear face.

"You mustn't sorrow, mother. Aunt Carolyn was glad to go."

"Yes, dear. Do not worry. Bring me—" I pointed. "Bring me that."

"The picture?"

"My picture."

It was a small, framed copy of Dürer's "Praying Hands." I had grown up with this picture, it was inextricably

mixed with my mother's hands, associated with her life. I felt that these hands expressed her, imploring the mercy of God on her children. One doesn't have too many serious thoughts when one is young—I took the picture as lightly as I took my mother's prayers until sorrow put its finger on my soul. Sorrow! I was the gayest, happiest girl in the world—I was the happiest wife in the world—until that bitter day when the sun was blotted from my sky with the darkening of my young husband's eyes a year after our marriage. I went back to my mother's sheltering arms and silent sympathy. As soon as I could bear to speak of it I sought Father Tom.

"I must do something," I said. "My life is like a building that has been destroyed—all I can see is ruin. Home is no longer home. My people are strangers. Even in a cave I could not hide me from myself. What will become of me?"

Father Tom did not look at me. I could not bear it if he looked at me.

"You have, at least, made the first essential discovery of the person who has experienced loss," he answered. "A cave could not hide you from yourself. Any place but this place, cries the stricken soul, not realizing that the place is in his own heart. Louise, you cannot go away. You would hardly reach the other side of the world before the urge came to return, to pace the familiar streets, to look once more at scenes on which his eyes had rested. I know this, Lou. Believe me."

I bowed my head before the kind wisdom in his voice.

"Stay with your mother. God has given you back to her for some purpose of His own."

"Yes."

"You will not break. You have fortitude—"

A FEW months after this the unexpected happened. My brother Edward—handsome, domineering, self-sufficient Edward Raye, met Carolyn Thorpe. His firm sent him to the Thorpe mansion to plan the redecoration of a lower floor. The stately father, the gracious mother, and Carolyn, just back from a year abroad, composed the family. Theirs was another world—one to which Ed Raye, with his proud independence, his ever-rebellious spirit, was a stranger. To us the Thorpes were unknown, save as "people whom Ed worked for." And

to them Ed was "that pleasant young fellow from Downing's,"—a tradesman, a shopkeeper.

THAT passed. Presently, scarcely a year later, some one told mother about the pretty girl who was being seen with her handsome son. At a dance in one of the big hotels—at a concert in the town hall—and, most frequently of all, running about the city in an expensive blue roadster. Ever hear of Carolyn Thorpe? Her father was worth millions!

"But, Lou, dear, this Carolyn Thorpe? She isn't a Catholic."

That was mother's comment. Anything else would never matter to mother.

"I think I should speak to Ed, Lou. That would be dreadful. To marry out of the Faith? No, no."

"She may be just one of those silly society girls, mother," I answered. "Her people will put a stop to it. If we interfere—well, you know Ed."

"Of course I know Ed. He's my boy—and he can't take any chances like that—"

"Let me talk to him, mother."

The time had gone by for talking to Ed. My first question vexed him so that I was unable to go on. The next morning, when he came to breakfast, he was smouldering with rage. I poured his coffee, affecting gayety because of the alarm on my mother's face.

"Looks as if we're in for a storm, Ed. I've put your umbrella in the rack. Don't forget it."

"Oh, all right, all right!" he snapped.

"Ouch!" I ejaculated. "Mind your own business, Mrs. Lou Blake!"

"If you only would," he said, staring up at me. "If you only would." His anger was unreasonable—unaccountable.

"Why, Ed!" It was mother's astonished voice. "Are you—are you really cross with your sister?"

"I don't like interference and criticism. Let Lou mind her own business." My mother's face was pale.

"You—you are alluding to her talk about this Thorpe girl, Ed? Who is the Thorpe girl? Why, her people would never—Why, she's not a Catholic, Ed."

"She's not a Catholic, no. Score one against her. And I'm not a Presbyterian. Score one against me. The Thorpes against the Papists and the Rayes against the Protestants! One as bad as the other."

"Son, I'm sorry to hear you talk so, after the way you've been brought up—you, once Father Tom's altar boy! Be careful. Don't do anything you'll be

sorry for. There can't possibly be anything between you and—a Thorpe."

He threw his napkin on the table.

"You might as well know," he said, furiously. "Carolyn and I were married last Wednesday."

I stood beside my mother. The expression of one stricken to the heart was on her face.

"Oh, Ed," she whispered. "Oh, Ed!"

"We have entirely too much family to suit us," he went on. "So we took matters into our own hands."

My mother's fingers were interlaced now, straining together.

"Ed—Ed—where were you—and this girl—married?" she asked, huskily.

He hesitated. He knew how the next sentence would hurt her. But he said it.

"At City Hall."

I looked at his angry face.

"You've done something now, Ed."

"That can't be undone. Go ahead and say it."

"I don't have to. You know what it means."

"It means," he retorted, "that Carolyn and I have thrown over the traces. You and mother wouldn't want me to marry her—her people wouldn't want her to marry me. So we've done as we pleased. We're living our own lives. If you are agreeable, well and good. If you aren't, that's your business."

THEN he went out and we heard the front door slam. My mother did not move. I tried to comfort her.

"Don't worry, dear."

"I told you, Lou, I told you when Will Blake died—it was hard enough—but there are worse things than death."

"Yes, mother."

"His children will grow up outside the Faith. His children— And I've prayed—I've prayed—"

"Now, mother, please—"

"Oh, Lou, I've tried so. I've prayed all my life for you both. When your Will was taken—well, your sorrow was my sorrow, Lou—I suffered with you—you will never know how much. But this—"

Father Tom could do nothing, he told me. He had heard of it some time before and had spoken to Ed, but Ed had laughed off his questions. It was a miserable affair—the Thorpes were "humiliated." Notices of the marriage developed into elaborate columns in the daily papers, and for a time we were made uncomfortable by callers who wanted our views on the "suitability" of such a union. Mother, of course, saw no one, and I was so "unsatisfactory" that in a few days we were left in peace. I needed peace, for my mother's silence, her pallor, her faltering steps wrung my heart. Ed would come back—he must come back. I would go to him, and plead with him.

But Ed did not come back. He tele-

phoned, saying briefly that he was sending a messenger for his things, which I would find, packed, in his room. That would be Ed's attitude, of course. We must make the advances, take him and Carolyn on his terms or not at all. No one had ever dictated to Ed Raye—

"He's mean because he knows he's wrong," I said. "They'll find out, soon, they can't get along without their people."

STILL Ed did not come. Though he had done something forbidden, I could not hold rancor in my heart. And I was bewildered. Granted that he had hurt mother, surely there was no need to continue doing so? I loved Ed in spite of his commanding, demanding ways. He had many good traits. How kind he had been to me when Will died! Oh, this was hard, this silence. It became unbearable after a few months, and, unknown to my mother, I called on them. They had a pretty place, not at all luxurious, but homelike. Ed and Carolyn welcomed me, though there was a lack of warmth in my brother's greeting that made my heart sink.

"Mother is not at all well—not sick—just getting feebler. Won't you and Carolyn come to see her?"

"Has she sent for us?"

"No, Ed. She has not sent, she does not know I came."

"I am sorry, Lou."

"But I can't understand. Why do you stay away? It's your own mother—and she loves you. Everything would be all right if you and Carolyn came. Carolyn, won't you persuade him?"

Carolyn Raye looked from her husband to me.

"I promised I would not, Louise—when we married. If our families want us, we will go—together. I have not seen my own father or mother—since."

"You would go to them, surely, if they were ill?"

"If they send for us. If your mother sends for us. Ed and I have agreed on that."

I went back discouraged. My mother would not send for Ed, for to do so would imply that she was willing to condone his offense. I know there wasn't any feeling of anger in my mother's heart against him—rather she was ashamed that he had turned his back on the Church she loved and in whose tenets he had been so carefully reared. She was sure that he was neglecting the Sacraments and Mass.

One day a tiny engraved card reached us, announcing the birth of Carolyn Thorpe Raye.

"Would you—shall I call Ed and tell him you and I are going to see his wife and baby?" I asked, trying to speak more lightly than I felt. "The first grandchild—"

Mother hesitated so long that I was

about to repeat the question. I saw that her eyes were fastened on the picture she loved so—the "Praying Hands." And her lips were moving.

"Lou," she said, presently. "I'm not resentful, dear. I grant that Ed is of age and that I am not responsible for his actions. Even if—even if he were to die to-morrow I could not blame myself. But I cannot countenance his way of living. We're Catholics. If I saw them I'd want to know about—about the baby's baptism. I'd make things worse, perhaps antagonize him still more. You do as you please, Lou."

She began to cry then, bitterly. And I told myself that as long as she lived I would never bring up the subject again. I called, however, at the hospital, and I sent gifts, the finest I could buy. But I had no time for further visiting. I could date my mother's last illness from that hour. She grew older and more feeble, needed constant care which only I could give her. A cold took its toll—she had not the strength nor the will to fight, but lay quietly in her bed, her rosary beads in her fingers. I had hung the "Praying Hands" on the wall where her eyes could rest on it. I realized then that my mother had given herself to an uninterrupted life of prayer. That she had done so since the day Ed left us. Father Tom—dear, kind, Cousin Father Tom we had called him from our babyhood—brought her the Blessed Sacrament every day. He came back one afternoon, and stood for a few moments looking at the white face on the pillow. She had received the Last Rites that morning.

"Send for Ed, Lou," he told me.

Ed came—alone. It was late in the evening—almost nine o'clock. A neighbor was there, to spend the night with me. Ed knelt, looking at the wan, white face. His head was turned away, his voice was husky.

"Mother," he whispered. "Mother—"

The heavy lids raised. With a little gesture she placed her rosary in his hands.

"For you, Ed," she murmured. Then, with a last effort, she turned to me and lifted a faltering finger toward the "Praying Hands." "For you, my dearest girl—for you."

She died then.

CAROLYN did not attend the funeral. The baby was ill. It had never been a strong baby, Ed told me. There were things to be done after mother's death, and Ed helped me generously. The house was too big for me so we sold it and I found a comfortable home with a lovable old lady, a protégée of Father Tom's. I ignored the past completely. Carolyn fussed too much, Ed protested. It wasn't natural to sit up night after night, watching "for the baby breathes so faintly it scares me" or "it has such

an odd gray color." I understood the fear in the young mother's heart, and because I understood she gave me her confidence. Because I shared her fear I took the opportunity to administer private baptism to my mother's first grandchild. I never told Ed that—nor Carolyn until years later. Ed had no sympathy with "imaginary illusions." He was self-controlled, hard, selfish, I thought, in spite of his kindness to me. And I began to understand then. Ed was disappointed. He had not counted on the Thorpe obduracy—which was as strong as his own. He had not dreamed that the father and mother of his wife would so despise him that they would never recognize him as her husband—nor her as their daughter while she remained his wife. You would have to know Ed as I knew him to realize what this one poor paltry human consideration had done to him.

THE baby died. It was on my breast that Carolyn found comfort, my arms held her as she sobbed out her grief.

"She was so dear, so sweet. I do not know how I can live without her. And Lou—Lou—Ed says—Ed says," she choked over the words. "Ed says that if she had been baptized a Catholic—she would have lived! Ed said that to me, Lou. Oh, if he thought so why didn't he take her? Why didn't he see to it?"

"How cruel, how cruel!" The tears welled to my eyes. "Carolyn, don't blame yourself. That was Ed Raye's business."

When I saw Father Tom I told him.

"He'll not learn from me that I baptized the baby—ever," I said. "Perhaps it does mean a little to him. It may act as a leaven in his soul, Father Tom. It may be the beginning."

"Obstinacy! Determination to have his own way! That was Ed's ruling characteristic, Lou. But at least this affair is not as unfortunate as it might be. The *Ne Temere* decree was not promulgated until two years after it occurred. Since then, you know, no marriage celebrated before a Justice of the Peace or non-Catholic minister is valid for a Catholic."

Poor mother! How often we had discussed this!

"Something will touch his heart," went on this dear friend. "Your mother's prayers have not been offered in vain. Or yours," he added.

He understood then. He knew that I had made my mother's petition mine.

"And for your future," he went on. "Do you recall that day—years ago now, Lou—when you came to me, after Will's death? You are still a young woman—"

"I know. But my mother has left me Ed and Carolyn."

"You should have something closer—there should be a child here in this lovely home with you."

I had not thought of that. A child! I, who had yearned so over that tiny baby of Ed's! A child, here—

"Why, of course," I said. "Of course. A little daughter. Elizabeth, for my mother—"

When Ed heard of it he was furious. But he did not hear of it until the fact was accomplished, and a fair-haired, brown-eyed mite of four years old, fatherless and motherless, had been installed to enliven the days of old Mrs. Callahan and myself. She has repaid me a thousand-fold. Ed's approval or disapproval meant nothing. I smiled off his tirade, fearing to endanger the affection that had arisen between myself and Carolyn. When he had finished I looked at him sadly.

"I have no one, Ed. I've lost Will—and I've lost mother. I need this child."

The mention of mother silenced him now as always. And because he did not like sad faces or unsmiling lips Carolyn hid her sorrow, enduring it alone, as each of us must endure alone. From that first friendliness there grew between us the deepest love as the years passed. Three went by. Happy years for me. Occasionally Ed went to Mass. Never to the Sacraments and never once to seek reconciliation. When their boy was born Carolyn placed him in my arms.

"I want you to make what arrangements are necessary for his baptism," she said.

Ed smiled indulgently.

"He's only a few hours old, Carolyn. Time enough."

"I want that baby baptized today. You will see to this, Lou?"

"Yes, Carolyn. You are asking me to be his godmother?"

"Of course."

"Father Tom will baptize him this afternoon, if you really wish it, Carolyn."

"I do wish it."

"But there is something else."

"Something else?"

"Yes. The child, if baptized, must be reared in the Catholic Faith."

"You can see to that, too, Lou."

"It's dangerous to take a new-born baby out so soon," interrupted Ed Raye.

"And I won't have it."

"You won't have it?" I stood up, facing him. "You can't prevent it."

He grumbled under his breath—but the baby was baptized a few hours later.

THREE children were given them. Elizabeth followed Edward—my own Elizabeth was her exultant godmother. Then came Louise. I watched the strange developments taking place in this household. Carolyn, patience itself, soft of voice, quiet of movement, yet deliberately opposing the husband she loved in order to rear her children in a faith that was not hers! He set his face against the parochial school, but she sent each in turn. He did not believe in Catholic higher training, but they went to Catholic

high school and college. He could afford it—he had bought out Downing with part of mother's legacy and was prosperous. He gave up even his rare attendance at Mass, and Carolyn never went. Yet amid such conditions as these they grew up a splendid Catholic family.

THEN came another day in my life—a never-to-be-forgotten day—one that will stand out forever—one that comes back to me every time I look at the "Praying Hands." Ed's breakdown occurred shortly after his daughter Louise married. We had never suspected the trouble that gnawed so silently at his vitals until it was too late to help him. My brother was going to die. The doctor had told us, sympathetically enough.

"There is something to be done, Carolyn," I said.

"Yes."

"Ed must not die outside the Church."

"But, Lou—"

"There is my mother—"

"Yes."

"Waiting."

Carolyn rose.

"I'll try," she said. I saw her going to her bureau before she took her place beside her husband's bed. He put his hand on hers. And when he did so she placed in his upturned palm the rosary my mother had left him. He stared at it.

"I'm pretty sick, Carolyn."

"Yes, Ed."

"You've been a good wife. You're as sweet as the day we married."

"I want to talk to you, Ed. About your mother."

"My mother?"

"She's a saint in Heaven."

"Of course. If there is a Heaven, I know my mother is there."

"She wants you, Ed."

"Don't begin—"

"She is prompting me to say this. She wants you. She wants me. But I'll not be one of you—I'll never be a Catholic—unless you send for a priest today, and get rid of all this crazy folly of yours."

"I'm no coward."

"You're a coward if you don't send. And you're making yourself responsible for my soul, too."

He turned his face away. She came to me, then.

"I think it had better be Father Tom," she said. "Don't you, Louise?"

Ed lived a year. It was a wonderful year for us all. It was a wonderful year for his children. It was a wonderful year for Father Tom and me. And now dear Carolyn has followed him.

Elizabeth stands here beside me. My Elizabeth. She takes the paper from my hands, then puts her arms about me, holds me close to her strong young breast, kisses me. And we both fall silent, looking down at Dürer's great painting of those "Praying Hands."

FACT *versus* GUESS

MR. GUESS: You know, when you come to think of it, we live in a great time. So many things are going on; so many decisions—and important decisions—are made almost every day. Isn't it a pity that there should be literally millions of people who don't care a bit about all these wonderful developments; who simply carry on, day in and day out, without the slightest contact outside of their immediate interests; who really don't know anything at all!

MR. FACT: Well, of course, people have their worries. But I think you put it on a bit thick. You are talking as if Uncle Sam's children had on the average the mental capacity and interest of a 12-year-old child.

MR. GUESS: Exactly! Now, isn't that true? You hear it everywhere. What do they read, the countless millions? The tabloids. What do they go to the movies for? Gangsters, murder and mysteries. What is the quest of the average man? Money. How does the housewife keep busy? Bridge.

MR. FACT: Hoho, not so fast! Remember, we still have nearly 1,500 institutions of higher education. Enrollment in vocational classes still exceeds a million. And, best of all, the Government says that the average mental age rating of all the people between 16 and 50 is nearer to 20 instead of the 12-year-old child-rating you were thinking of. That isn't bad at all.

MR. GUESS: I guess that's right. We have a wonderful school system.

MR. FACT: I'm not so sure about that. You know, it isn't so complimentary to education in the United States that 1 of every 3 teachers must work for less than the "blanket code" minimum for unskilled labor; that 25,000 teachers have been dropped while a million more pupils have come into the schools; that 200,000 teachers are out of work; that over 2,000,000 children, 6 to 15 years old, are not in school in normal years.

MR. GUESS: Is that so! I never realized it was as bad as that. Why, then, don't they pour some of those public-works billions into the schools and help them straighten out the situation? They certainly spend enough on the veterans and all that routine business in Washington. Why, it's a shame the way they run up our public debt. Did you ever see anything like it in human history?

MR. FACT: There you go off again—in a hurry. Why not discuss these things one after the other? No use piling one problem on top of the other! The fact of the matter is that the Public Works Administration has granted \$18,000,000 for school buildings, for repair-work and

By George Rypins

equipment. And you can take it that more money will be forthcoming soon. But you are wrong if you think that the veterans and the Federal routine business swallow the billions. Do you realize that over 57% of war veterans disability cases were found to have no service connection whatever? Do you know that between March and November the number of pensioned veterans dropped from over a million to about 500,000? Is that nothing? So what're you kicking about?

And as to the Government's routine expenses, perhaps you'll let me tell you that the Washington crowd is spending not more than 7% on its routine business, and the other 93% on emergency expenditures and on debts.

MR. GUESS: Funny, never heard of it! I always thought that the Government was spending much more than it received.

MR. FACT: That is true. But that doesn't mean that they are simply wasting the money. In the last 6 months, they spent \$18 on every \$10 they collected. But then, look at the other side of the ledger: if the farmers (to pick out only one group) give full coöperation to the Government's efforts to reduce acreage and raise prices, they will be paid by the Government nearly one billion dollars in cash benefit payments up to 1934.

MR. GUESS: My, what a pile of money that is! And they don't deserve it either if you ask me. I think that tale of the "debt-ridden" farmer is a lot of bunk. We in the cities are just as badly off.

MR. FACT: Yes? Well, consider this one: 44% of all the homes owned by farmers are valued at less than \$1,000. That doesn't look as if they had been rich at any time, does it? And more than one-third of the mortgaged farms operated by owners, are indebted for half or more of their value. Now compare this with the city. The Federal Home Owners Loan Corp. has either granted or tentatively approved loans to city families totaling three-quarters of a billion dollars. So who's worse off?

MR. GUESS: But you just said that the farmer gets heaps of money. Why doesn't he use some of it to pay off his old debts?

MR. FACT: But he does! Nine-tenths of the \$125,000,000 which he borrowed from Federal land banks in the last 6 months goes into re-financing old debts.

MR. GUESS: Well, anyway, you can't deny that the farmer has had a big cut

in taxes. They have come way down, I see from the newspapers.

MR. FACT: That's right: 22%, to be exact. That's only nominal, however. In reality, I mean, if you figure the reduced value of farm real estate, and the drop in farm net income, taxes have been increased by nearly 100%.

MR. GUESS: Very interesting! That gives it quite a different aspect, doesn't it? But would the present situation be so terrible if it hadn't been for the collapse of the thousands of banks? After all, who lost the money but the small depositor and, of course, the farmer, too. The big depositors got away with it, as usual.

MR. FACT: No, my dear sir, you're wrong again. Don't forget that plenty of banks failed even before 1929. As I remember it, some 1,800 banks closed between '27 and '29, or more than in the whole world in ten years. And then, after the big crash in October '29, of five bank failures, four banks had deposits under a million dollars. They were small banks.

MR. GUESS: Well, what did I tell you?

MR. FACT: Hold your horses! You haven't heard the end of the story yet. But if you look at the deposits rather than at the number of closed banks, then out of every five dollars involved, only one dollar was in the small banks. So you see, the big money and large deposits were lost in the large banks.

MR. GUESS: Oh, I see! Well, I guess now, with that strict banking regulation, with the guarantee of deposits and all that stuff, we'll see a real revival of banking, and on a sounder basis.

MR. FACT: Not so far! You must bear in mind that the people who sell securities, pay about \$16 for underwriting and selling expenses for every \$100 which they turn out in new money, or new credits. No wonder that new financing in 1933 was less than half that of 1932. Say, it just occurs to me I didn't answer you on the public debt. So you believe there was never anything like it in human history. Well, you have another guess coming: In 1919, our public debt was 26 billions, but that of England 39, and of France even 40 billions. Yet, they didn't loose heart, but went to work in a quiet way.

MR. GUESS: You know very well that was due to the War. And what's the situation today?

MR. FACT: Today, our debt is 24 billions, and that of England 40, mind you. France is bringing up the rear, with 20 billions. She cut her debt down through inflation, you know.

INTERNATIONALISM and CATHOLICISM

By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Ph.D.

IN these days of world-wide distress, countries, instead of coöperating to solve the problems of the race, tend to draw rigid circles around themselves; as if, by adding exclusiveness to the notes of national life, there would follow a subtraction from the total of national trials. Unity is more needed than ever before—and less sought. To "go the way alone" is the latest and most acceptable civil aim. High tariff walls are reared; national sufficiency is induced; human society is breaking up, in possible prelude, one would almost fear, to utter disintegration.

Internationalism, under the frightful economic blows of the times, lies low and gasps for breath. Can it be revived and rendered functional once more?

At the recent meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Conference, in Pittsburgh, Mr. Paul Martin, an attorney of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, who in 1927 and '28 gave service in the legal section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, brilliantly expounded international philosophy and urged the rediscovery of the lost cord. He warned that "if States will not surrender their claims to sovereignty, if political scientists will not abandon the theory, a struggle will ensue; anarchy will take the place of order, and the disorder will not be ended except by force. There will be no occasion for the application of law and agencies of peace in place of anarchy. From the débris of sovereign States there will emerge a single one superior in strength over all."

HIS message inspired much comment for and against, and led to important suggestions. Perhaps this present movement toward nationalism and away from internationalism is not quite without reasonable explanation, if not warrant. Certainly, in the reigning economic débâcle, it is as necessary for each nation to put its own house in order as it is impossible for any one of them alone to cleanse the world's Augean stable. It is not that internationalism is forgotten, but rather that the immediate duty of each State's settling its own internal affairs is so vital that the ideal of tackling international problems appears, for the time being, less vivid. Peril does not lie so

much in a strong Italy, a self-seeking France and a self-finding Germany, as in a too long prescindence from the object toward which the Hague and Geneva were faltering steps. But the dream must, and will, go on; even though present and actual national duties, genuine or mistaken, are so pressing.

MR. MARTIN'S notion that countries should forget themselves in the larger needs of the race would—if urged too far, as might easily be done—be analogous to a person's sacrificing his or her own family for a program of commonweal action. In normal times, the public-minded individual finds no great difficulty in being both an efficient parent and an active servant of social ideals; but when sickness and poverty strike the hearth, it may become temporarily essential to focuss far less on the general than on the particular good. That is, presumably, the condition of the world today. With a return of prosperity, the picture may again well change, and the day of idealism re-dawn.

But Mr. Martin protested against the perniciousness of the old idea that each State is a moral personality, maintaining that it tends to destroy the bond which must exist among nations and makes for a separatism that simply has to breed disputes and problems galore, and so prevents the general unity which alone means peace and progress in world affairs. This would be true, if there were no other bond than the political to unify national groups; but there is a gentle, super-chain, forged by Divine love, which can link all peoples from the evils of ultra-nationalism and for the favors of internationalism, and which has been at our service for two thousand years and now recommends itself for use more than ever before. It is Catholicism.

Saint Thomas Aquinas, whose genius, even in the political order, was the guiding star of the Pittsburgh deliberations, clearly taught that States enjoy moral personality, and he would not have dreamed of shading or obliterating this fact to suit the international demand. To him, if a people form a distinct race, they should have a distinct State; and a distinct State, like an individual, has rights, among which are life, liberty, self-de-

velopment, preservation and determination. Yet no one knew better than himself, in his own politically distracted times, so similar to the present, that unbridled nationalism or State sovereignty is prolific of war and woe. And nobody, save Christ Himself, better indicated a cure for the condition. Nations are not an end in themselves, but merely a means to a fuller and finer life here below for men. And this earthly life, according to Christian doctrine, is by no means final. If it were possible, by merely human effort, to achieve human destiny, which is written partly in the skies and fully in Revelation, it would be a duty of the State to lead men to it. But a supernatural objective requires a spiritual guidance. In this, a government cannot lead, but must itself be led. "Direction to such an end," writes Saint Thomas in his *De Regimine Principum*, "is not of human discipline, but of Divine." Hence the need of a society of societies, gathering up all States, as well as groups and individuals, in its golden net and raising them to the stars.

In religion, then, Aquinas finds the fulfillment of his politics. Could—should—we not do likewise today?

It was Protestantism which discovered that evil-snorting abnormality known as the national church, keeping peoples divided in the very thing that should unite them most, namely their faith, and tending to subordinate the sublime to the civil. It is Catholicism which, respecting both the individual and the national group, unflinchingly taught through the long and bitter centuries that the brotherhood of man must exceed all merely national exigency and, in the Papacy, provided a spiritual leadership and court of appeal for all nations alike.

WE are told by thinkers like Mr. Martin, deserving to be heard, that internationalism must again prevail, or national ruins will follow. But would it be any less ideal and not more practical to counsel a return rather to Catholicism, which, after all, is the only true internationalism left in the world at present and has more than proven its right to survive in the future by a perfect triumph through the past. Its mechanism is fully formed, operative, and epoch-tested; its benefi-

cent power already touches all parts of the world; it has never forfeited a single principle or virtue; it is to be trusted.

Weary visionaries have had recourse to Holland and Switzerland, and published their dreams; nevertheless the earth is a nightmare today. There is an organization standing in the midst of men, which, like its Master, is known not. The eyes of the world, now keener with disillusionment, may be better able to sense the presence; and—who knows?—a Catholic renaissance, inspired by the burning international need, may be at hand. At least the desirability of it is in striking evidence. The hopes of The Hague and Geneva have dwindled to death; but Rome is eternal.

When it comes to Christian truth and its import, there is no such thing as the medieval, for Christ is ageless. The axioms of Aquinas were as old, and as young, as Galilee; and his message of a master-State of justice and love, called the Church, leading to an ineffable Ithaca, known as Heaven, is as much of a star to the tempest-tossed present as to

any era of the past. The Church that led the peoples of nascent Europe from savagery to civilization has still the gift to guide modernity from excess to sanity.

BUT the voice of Rome, in comparison with the blatant panaceas of the day, sounds, like Christ's—"still and small." It can be heard less with the ear than with the heart; more in the silence of meditation than in the din of dispute. Our woes are humbling us; our leaders have humiliated us; but our desires remain. The Divine economy has provided a highly effective means of enabling them largely to come true. Why pin our faith on a man-made internationalism, which has already eluded us, and neglect Catholicism, which not only aims at the ideals of The Hague and Geneva but has over and over again shown its ability to attain their purposes and surpass them? Would it not be more easy to achieve a general acceptance of the old international faith, with the labor of propaganda already so well advanced and the degree of present success so high, than an internationalism

which is leverless and, up to date, has so consistently escaped the grasp of our best social-servers?

Nations will remain nations, despite the appeal of superb political theory that counsels a world-wide polity in place of sectional sovereignties. But in the chaste embrace of that timeless and spaceless society, which is the Church, nationalism would doff its unholy powers and into its chill breast would seep the warmth and peace of brotherhood and unselfish spirit, without which true progress is a poppy-juice.

The plans of man have fallen to the dust. The time is at hand for the resurrection of the Truth from its modern tomb. The whole world, just like this American fraction of it, tragically needs a "new deal," and doubtless nothing could be better for the purpose, both as an ideal and a guarantee, than the Old Faith which is founded on a rock and points with unerring precision not only to the stars but to Him Who made them and "without Whom was made nothing that was made."

WHO PUTS *the* WATER By Karl H. Rogers *in the* FAUCET?

THE kitchen faucet went on with a gush! The kitchen faucet went off with a bang! Then came Junior's forty-seventh question of the hour: "Who, Mother, puts the water in the faucet?"

I was thinking of that a few evenings ago while turning the dial of my radio set. A wonderful thing, a radio! I have, at my will, an opera tenor glorifying my humble living room; an orchestra whose very strains roll up the rugs and cause slender young feet to glide hither and yon; news of the day from this and foreign lands; a comedian whose nonsense crowds theaters at two-fifty and up; Franklin Delano Roosevelt telling the world what he is doing and why. This and much more at the slight expenditure of energy it takes to turn a dial. A wonderful thing, the radio!

But of a Sunday evening when that old out-of-date, unelectrified clock sings the chimes that used to bow the heads of my grandparents in prayer, I turn the dial and—lo!—the Catholic Hour is on the air! The Catholic Hour! What an inspiration I get from it! Expert authorities of national repute so clearly, so logically, so inspiringly telling of Catholic teaching, practice, history, philosophy.

A Catholic, I—but I listen, I learn, I wax warmer and warmer in my God-given Faith.

A nation-wide hook-up, reaching into every nook and cranny of the land. Short wave lengths, too, that carry the message to most of the world. Millions of radios drawing from the ether God's Own Truths and placing them in the ears and minds of Mrs. Spiffy Upnose of Park Avenue, of Klondike Ike of Alaska, of General Huba down in Cuba, of Loveabell Dollywood out there in Hollywood, of Congressman Makelaw and Slippery Bill Breaklaw and all of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

THE Catholic Action that our Holy Father is calling for—here it is on the air—the biggest bit that our planet knows today. Results? Who can calculate them in their totality? But the records show that from every section of the land come hundreds of letters weekly, some asking for information, others stating definitely that the Catholic Hour has led them into a new life in Christ's True Church, or back to the Faith they had almost forgotten. But that's only part of it. Beyond any question there is grow-

ing and growing a better understanding of all things Catholic, a greater respect for those of our Faith, an amazing realization that the four-hundred-year-old story of the old, ignorant, traitorous Reformation is a hoax and a sham.

CATHOLIC Action! Catholic Truth! Catholic Morality! Catholic Love! Catholic Civilization! Out through the ether they surge every Sunday to capture the soul and the country for God! A wonderful work! A God-given task! But just thinking about it must bring to our mind the not-so-foolish question of Junior: "Who puts the water in the faucet?" "Who puts the priest's voice in the loud-speaker?" "Who puts the Catholic Hour on the air?"

I am just a layman, like 20,000,000 others in America. I am not connected with the Catholic Hour, or with its sponsors, or with a broadcasting station. I have no axe to grind. But I have the urge to tell what I know of the Catholic Hour problems, that it may continue in its titanic work of enlightenment. The National Broadcasting Company has a vision as broad as its red and blue networks. It knows the need of religion for

man's material as well as spiritual welfare. So it donates to the cause the broadcasting time. But the time, the air, are in themselves as worthless as would be the faucet in your kitchen if nobody had put water into it.

"The National Council of Catholic Men presents the Catholic Hour." How familiar those words, and how satisfying. "Presents!" Yes, it gives it to you and to me and to millions of others. We turn a dial and there it is. We pay nothing. We receive aplenty.

So there you have it. The National Council of Catholic Men are they who put the water in the faucet. But it is not their broadcast alone. It is yours, Reader of THE SIGN—and mine. Yours and mine, rain or shine, every Sunday evening in our overstuffed chair.

NOT long ago, I dropped in at 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C., the headquarters of the National Council of Catholic Men. There I talked with the Director of Program of the Catholic Hour. There I witnessed the hustle and bustle of the broadcasting department—big work, detail work, study, planning, research, telegraphing, telephoning, dictation, type-writing—all the things one expects to find in a modern business institution. There I learned something of the costs of the Catholic Hour; i.e., that priests and Paulist Choristers and Mediævalists, however great their charity, must eat and dress and travel—that the members of the office staff must earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, that printing stationery, pamphlets, and Catholic Hour addresses by the hundreds of thousands, and sending them out by mail, runs into startling sums of money.

So the Catholic Hour is free only in its opportunity. The seizing of that opportunity with the hands, the mind, and the heart is where the cost comes in—a cost tremendous when compared with the revenues now available—a cost picaresque when compared with the results attained and yet to be attained. This great endeavor of the National Council of Catholic Men, although approved by the Hierarchy, is supported, and must continue to be supported, solely by subscriptions from the Catholic people, and more of such donations must be had as the ever-widening influence of the Catholic Hour increases its needs.

Today, most fortunately, there is a tendency among Catholic layfolk to step beyond their parish and diocesan boundaries in their minds, hearts and activities. Catholic Action, as our Holy Father defines it, makes it an obligation for each and every one of us to do what we can in the work of the great Lay Apostolate. Surely to become part and parcel of the Catholic Hour through monetary support is at least a partial fulfillment of this obligation. Many

Catholics who know the needs of this most powerful work of enlightenment are regular and generous contributors, but they are not enough; and the trouble lies in the fact that comparatively few are acquainted with these needs. The Catholic Hour never mentions money over the air. You and I would not want that. It would smack of commercialism to those who are ever ready to find spots on the sun. Yet the problem must be solved—the problem of acquainting a greater number of progressive Catholics with the monetary necessities of this great broadcast.

Who puts the water in the faucet of the Catholic Hour? Dear Reader, you are now in on the "know." You appreciate this huge bit of Catholic Action. You want it to continue and to expand for your own sake as well as for the sake of Catholic Truth and for the sake of those millions who have no other way of learning it. You, doubtless, would like to do something. What will it be? May I make a few suggestions?

First, listen in every Sunday evening—become a "regular"—that you may

learn more about your Faith and revel in the outstanding culture and knowledge of the learned priests who so splendidly present *your* Catholic philosophy to the land. Second, suggest to your friends, Catholic and non-Catholic, that they too tune in, that the Catholic Hour may have an ever-growing audience and thus more and more fulfill its mission of teaching all the nation God's unalterable truths. Third, write to the National Council of Catholic Men. Ask them questions. Encourage them with your appreciation. Give them constructive suggestions. And lastly, if it's at all in the wood, enclose with your letter one of those long narrow slips of paper, which says so very helpfully: "Pay to the order of——."

Such, whether little or big, will help carry on this great work of Catholicism and Americanism. Such will make you feel, when you tune in of a Sunday evening, that you are not merely a listener, but that you have a real share in putting the water in the faucet of truth and light—that this is not just *the* Catholic Hour, but really and truly *your very own* Catholic Hour.

Good Friday

By John Desmond Sheridan

BLACKEST of days, and best of days
When Christ the Saviour dies.

See how the massive temple sways—
The earth is strange with many cries,
The frightened angels fold their wings and veil
their outraged eyes.

We have raised Him up between earth and sky:
Jesus of Nazareth is to die.

Let Him do something now—this man,
This lying, child-like charlatan—
To save Himself from an awful doom.
He, who raised Lazarus from the tomb,
Has He no miracles for today?
Have the lying lips no more lies to say?
He who is foolish and still believes
Let him look at the King now—King of the Thieves,
Laugh at the scroll above His head.
Jesus of Nazareth soon will be dead,
Laugh at Him, friendless and alone,
The King of the Jews on a wooden throne.

Blackest of days, and best of days
When Christ the Saviour died
Winning our souls from endless night
Unto the splendor of the light
Unto the joy of Eastertide.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

SOME of the makers of hats had a spring showing in New York the other day. As is the custom, each hat bore a name. The three favorites were listed as: the Upsiedaisie, a black affair with two blossoms under the wide brim; the Fiesta, a creation of net which framed the neck something as a bonnet does; and, last but not least, a chapeau of white felt, spoken of as clerical in shape (but not in tendency, said one reporter) and felicitously named the Father Coughlin. Ah, fame, fame!

WHEN one reads about how potential geniuses can be made actual ones or how ordinary children can be made into geniuses and how by living so and so every day you will grow up to be President (or maybe a President's wife, which also seems to be a swell job these days) I like to read again these words from the pen of Anton Checkov: "Masticate your food properly, their father told them. And they masticated properly, and walked two hours every day, and washed in cold water, and yet they turned out unhappy and without talent."

THERE is no one like the Huxleys whether they are so on purpose or by mistake. This time it is Julian who announces that Solomon made a big mistake when he spoke about going to the ant, thou sluggard. For he claims that the ant is the worst sluggard of them all. He is really a slave trader, making raids on other insects and forcing them to work for him—will let his own young die and feed up his captives so that he may have someone to do his work. Well, it is a phrase I always detested, maybe because I had an uncle who quoted it at me every time I was happy and inert with a book and an apple. I hope he saw the item.

I CAME across two interesting statements in one day from two well-known women. Elisabeth Marbury, who died last year, after doing a great many things, including becoming a Catholic, claimed that the main reason why everyone came to her house when invited was not because she was a good hostess, but because her food was so good. She used to get quite peevish about young women of the present day and their idea of matrimony. She thought the whole country would be much less jumpy and pessimistic if the woman were willing to be homemakers instead of rushing the husband around to places where odd food was served, thus making his spirits go to zero, even if he didn't know just why and maybe blamed it on the country and on

By
Katherine Burton

everything except his meals. She said that of all the famous people she had known and whose literary output she had handled she had never "known a really important person or one who got a genuine romance out of life who was not anchored to a home he loved." If some of you are disposed to argue about this think over our important literary figures of the present day and see how true her statement is.

And Greta Palmer in the New York *World Telegram* presents a view of woman that may startle some of her new-fashioned readers who get most of their views from Hollywood. She says that women have a bent for being true to one man for life and that modern psychology can't change that view, which has come down through the ages. When woman demands "freedom" it is, according to Miss Palmer, because some man dear to her has insisted on it for himself and so she is out to show him. Just hurt pride, in other words, and no big passion for freedom at all. She quotes, to substantiate her point, a letter from a reader: "The accusation of being in danger of becoming a Little Brown Hen because of loving my husband confronts me. Darn it all, do you have to dash around with glowing gigolos these days in order to have your sex appeal a matter of record? Myself I have a leaning toward fidelity."

It is very pleasant to see worldly people make such statements, because it has become the fashion to say of those whose Church forbids such wanderings of the heart that they are held simply by fear, educated to it by their parents, and so on. Now here is a worldly letter and a worldly editor answering it and you see what they say. I have on my wall a framed bit of parchment with the following lovely words on it, which say in poetry what the other two women have said in prose. "For there are two Heavens, friend, both made of love; the one inconceivable by the other, so divine it is; the other, far on this side of the stars, by men called home."

THEY asked Senator Hattie Caraway whether she expected to do any talking in Congress this session. She is known never to have made a speech or said anything except to speak yes or no in voting. And the Senator said she didn't think she would, adding, "If

these men leave anything unsaid, I might say something, but they never do. They usually say the same thing three or four times. Why should I get up and say it again when my vote reflects my attitude just as effectively without a speech as with it." It is only fair to add here, however, the opinion of Ven. Augustine Theron, a mystic of the seventeenth century, who says very generously: "Among women there can scarcely be any recreation if the tongue be much stinted."

THE Nazis are drawing in their horns in deference to the ladies. It seems that the women members of the Nazi Labor Front are going to have to wear uniforms—even after working hours. As announced, the uniform is to be a dark coat and skirt, a blue velveteen vest and white blouse, and if you ask me I think it sounds quite nifty. The Nazis have learned about women from somebody apparently, for the announcement said rather apologetically that "actual uniform was avoided because it would not represent the feminine character." We prophesy that if it is becoming the women will wear it willingly and if it does not—well, let Hitler tell the clergy what to wear if he wants to (he may get away with it) but let him beware of giving such orders to women.

WHEN I meet one of those strong characters whom nothing rattles and who can carry off any situation whatsoever without batting an eyelash, I am often reminded of one of that type I knew years ago. I graduated from one of those small town high schools where ten was considered a bumper class. The affair was held in the Congregational church because it was the biggest in town and had electric lights. These latter were in the infancy of their use then and apt to get tricky sometimes. Unfortunately, they all went out just as Jimmy Monahan, the valedictorian, was well started on his speech entitled "The Wonders of Electricity." In total darkness he went on telling us about the wonderful invention that was turning man's night to day and would carry civilization to heights undreamed of by those looking at him that evening, and that it would make all older lighting methods obsolete. A few flickering candles, hastily collected from the vestry, began to wink through the gloom and show us Jimmy again. He never paused in his speech and was still going strong when the repentant lights returned. He got the best round of applause of any valedictorian I ever heard speak.

STRAWS *in the* WIND

By Thomas Franklin Powers

SOME years ago I worked in an office close to what was known at that time as the "Flatiron" Building, New York,—and probably still is for that matter, though its having ceased to be a seven days' wonder no longer finds it in print. A windier place during a storm there was not in all New York. At such times we were attracted to our windows to observe the havoc which the storm made. Umbrellas, bundles, paper, wearing apparel, etc., were disengaged, occupied positions never intended, or sailed through the air in a maelstrom of wind. Smash would go plate-glass windows, one after another—even autos were overturned and, what with the driving rain which often accompanied the wind, one experienced a feeling as if chaos had taken possession of the world, and wondered if the roof were coming down next.

For a number of years since then, I have been basking in the delights of our California climate where, except for about an annual "Santa Ana" endeavoring to bring to us all the sand of the desert on its wings, wind-storms are unknown, and the rain functions in a very orderly manner: insisting on coming down straight.

However, of late, I am reminded of that New York corner—no doubt duplicated today in many another open spot there, what with the multiplicity of skyscrapers that utterly dwarf the, at the time, famous "Flatiron"—reminded of it I say when I glance over our current literature, for its pages, like the air, are filled with things that are out of place. I would have you note that phrase: "out of place." There is a place for everything even if some of it belongs in a certain place of four letters.

Oh, well, we are not living in the Victorian era! No, we are not. Discounting a certain amount of prudery, if you will, that went with the age, men and women, and the young folks, had a sense of values that in this "Newer Freedom" has gone by the board, and has shipped such a volume of what is often, unfortunately, plain filth that it gives one pause.

It is a nauseous mass: its graduates terming it "Honesty" and its post-graduates, aligning themselves under the banner of Dreiser and his ilk, openly snarling their right to its indulgence and sneering at those not caught as not being "honest" as they are! Is there anything more pitiful than to see a man endowed by God with a fine mind degenerating to such a level? What such men could not do to uplift humanity instead of prostituting their talent to degrade it! Compare such, for instance, with that of Sigrid Undset, though I must apologize to the lady for

mentioning her in the same breath with such company. The taking aboard of such a cargo and glorying in it is of such moment, I have said, as to give us pause.

Aided and abetted—if not instigated—by certain publishers, by unscrupulous writers of "sex" problems, as well as those advocates of unsound philosophy both Moral and Political, who by reason of their position in the Public Eye have such an extended influence on the masses, life today is becoming, unwittingly, dominated by this evil. This is not so much because of its appeal, necessarily, as because of its insidious character, for it is so often clothed in the most charming manner.

WHEN, thus, it is rankly offensive to decency it is *defended* as Literature of a high order, even of the first rank—which it sometimes is, as for instance, that of Lawrence. Will Literature perish if we cannot have such for general consumption? To my mind, if it cannot be divested of its evil, it should be consigned to oblivion. But the ruthless publishers must get their ill-gotten gains and degenerates must be fed! I am wondering what would be the reaction if our architects were to cause our buildings to be sculptured with the obscenities of Pagan sculpture? So insidious is this mass of filth, that, willy-nilly, it is getting a strangle-hold on us. Allowed to continue, and Laocoon would have had an easy time to free himself in comparison with us.

A decade ago, when these influences had made themselves increasingly apparent, it was commonly ascribed to the "let-down" after the War. That has been succeeded by Prohibition as the cause, but the effects today are too far-reaching to ascribe it to either of these causes, alone. Rather are they to my mind, the concomitant of Wrong-Thinking and of losing our sense of values in Muddled-Thinking.

Then there are the "Rackets" which our cities are victims of, commonly set down to the evil—and evil it is—of Prohibition. I cannot agree with that, as it is only a partial diagnosis. Yes, the War showed the Gangsters how to organize, and Prohibition gave the necessary impetus, but if we take the Oil and Bank scandals of California, for instance—duplicated in several parts of the country where hundreds of millions of dollars have been looted—is it any wonder that, with their organizations, and with the sinews of war available because of Prohibition, Gangsters have been putting over their "Rackets" to get "theirs" along with the so-called Captains-of-Industry? All things con-

sidered, it was inevitable. Could anything be worse, for instance, than the whole Lindbergh case?

Nor can the rampant evil of Divorce be ascribed to the let-down after the war, or Prohibition—Divorce, which has now been "sanctified" to such an extent by the Press as to merit the daily featuring of the be-smiled victim (?) in practically every newspaper in the land—furnished, by the way, by a regular news service—so that not only is it not thought out-of-order, but the attaining of a certain eminence of position in the social world. These affairs—and "affairs" they usually are—derive all the éclat of such distinction in society.

Frequently the husband to-be gets his share of the advertising too, but he must be patient. His picture won't be printed as a rule, until the final papers are gotten. But, of course, some States are more considerate than others as to the length of time necessary for one passenger to drop off and the other one to embark.

There is one phase of Divorce that is not clear to me—the lawyers explain it, but still I am dense! How is it that if Bigamy is a crime, a married party and another can conspire for a divorce and marriage and yet commit no legal crime? Curious, isn't it? Another thing which amuses me is the reasons they advance for divorce. About 90 per cent of them are really not very good sports, are they, with their silly reasons? Why, these same people would laugh to scorn anyone going into court to dissolve an *ordinary* contract, who presented such reasons in their petition. Do business partners, for instance, never disagree and yet continue to do business—aye, and back each other to the limit! Did the words "For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer" mean nothing? If not, why have had a Christian minister perform the ceremony? I wonder.

ALSO we prate about lack of Respect-for-law—and how little the average man has of respect for Law or Law Makers!—and blame it all on Prohibition. Is it not rather because of Wrong-Thinking and Muddled-Thinking—the letting-down of those "old-fashioned" bars that prevented our attaining this "New-Liberty": bars which the despised Victorian Age insisted be kept in place, and which were carved in stone by the Almighty Himself, when He gave them to Moses on Mt. Sinai? Is it not Wrong-Thinking which causes men to loot business by whatever means they may use—or the Public by means of the Stock Market—no matter whether they have the

sanction of legality for their acts or hypothecate funds without it?—the coming afoul of the law being only incidental and, to them, merely a misfortune.

Is it not, also, such thinking that fills our magazines with Freudian appeal to the masses—oftentimes simply for cash—and particularly to the simple-minded, however sophisticated they may believe themselves to be? History does not record who the original Freud was, but Sodom and Gomorrah paid the price, eventually, for listening to his specious appeal. The purveying of vulgarity and even filth has gotten to be a business both for writers of mediocre ability, for the most part, and for publishers seeking the short road to riches, and in this regard I have in mind a recent issue of a magazine of college humor, practically every page of which boldly carried many such offenses, either original or reprinted from other magazines. And this, fathers and mothers, for the student-body of the nation to absorb! We make a fetish of clean bodies, but what of clean minds?

IS it not Wrong-Thinking which espouses Birth-Control to wreck our womanhood—as every honest physician admits—under the guise of the “Better Family”? Yet a recent front page news item tells of an attempt to have the current Medical convention sponsor this type of murder. Ah! yes, I can hear the snort of contempt which comes from the lips of those who cry the loudest for love and the loved one when such is denied them, or flees them, yet would deny their Creator the loved ones they have the means to create to *offer to Him!* Are they willing to admit that a necessary continence at certain periods means nothing to them, if children already bless their union?

Nobility was never engendered in selfishness and, as we despise the ordinary selfish person, so do we naturally exalt the nobility of victory in sacrifice: that which binds tighter than the first overwhelming surge of love when lips meet lips. As men and women can rise to any necessity and have often displayed heroic virtues for their country and for each other, can they not do so, also, for their mate, *if necessary?* Did the word “sickness” mean nothing?

For those who can and will not have children, whether guided by false philosophy, or ruled by selfishness, they dig their own graves in neurotic bodies, in unsatisfied hunger for children in later years, become sneering misanthropes, or degenerate to those unspeakables, whose bodily satisfaction is simulated in their gradually weakening minds!

Is it not Muddled-Thinking which causes a woman writer for a syndicated chain of papers to advance the thought that Congress should pass a law allowing for the dissemination of such literature on the ground that it is being “Boot-legged”? Well, why not allow narcotics to be gener-

ally dispensed—they are certainly being “bootlegged”?

And along comes a wave of hysteria to free a group of murderers because of the so-called Unwritten Law, and a famous writer rushes into print along with a number of others to say that there never was a greater outrage to Justice than the bringing in of a verdict of guilty. The air is full of: “Impossible to get justice,” “Native juries,” etc., as well as, “Write your Congressman” and, astounding thing: the practically-telling-the Judge-where-to-head-in-at in a *petition* by over a hundred Congressmen!

And yet “there were seven Anglo-Saxons on the jury, one Portuguese—(of course the Portuguese is not white! As a matter of fact the Portuguese are a most moral group in Honolulu.) Then; there were two Japanese, a Chinese and a part-Hawaiian”—the only representative of the race from which the attackers of the lady came. Were the two Japanese, the Chinese and the part-Hawaiian likely to swing the seven or eight whites against their conviction? And—curious anomaly—it took several days’ arguing and fifteen ballots before this same part-Hawaiian changed his vote of *acquittal* to guilty! Have we law in this country and should things be orderly, or shall we take things in our own hands, even to the punishment with death for an offense—not justified by any means, but which has some strange aspects? And even if it did not have anything of the kind, should we do so?

And yet, we speak of “Lynchers” and “Mob Rule.” What are these same mobs going to reply to the Northerner, hereafter, when some Negro is caught in their toils? And we talk about “respect-for-law”!

Now I will admit that in reference to this case, it is a difficult thing for a husband who has led a blameless life to hold himself in line when apprised of such an attack, and that in the fury engendered by such knowledge even murder might be the result, but there was not this set of circumstances in the case, as the deed was done quite some time *subsequent* to the alleged assault. Here was no insane fury, but the deliberate carrying-out of a premeditated arrangement, yet, *there was no stressing of that fact to the public:* And many of us have lived long enough to know how often that “Unwritten Law” defense has been advanced fallaciously in so many cases—whether in this one or not.

IS it not Muddled-Thinking that causes men to give their very life blood, as it were, to the attainment of super-riches? The Rockefeller Foundation and the good that it has so far done might be advanced as ample apology for such. All honor to the man for what he has endowed. Conceived by himself or by others, he has furnished the necessary millions to carry on with. Perhaps even those wrecked lives that went down before his insatiable ambition

will rise from their graves, glad to have been the martyrs that have made possible the good he has set out to do.

ONE’S judgment *after* seldom if ever approaches the merit of this instance, and, as a matter-of-fact, how little of their fortunes are usually devoted to such causes? And though it be all, how utterly sterile is the most of their efforts! The Public Libraries that dot the country as the result of Carnegie’s dream of universal education being the panacea for all social ills is but an example of such futility—of Muddled-Thinking. I may be wrong, but I don’t look to see the thousands upon thousands of broken lives that he ground down in his mills rise up to acclaim him for his thought.

Rockefeller lived on, but Stinnes fell under the strain of its pursuit. Lowenstein drops out of a plane in the English Channel and Kreuger, also, commits suicide. What of lesser lights? Post commits suicide in one of the garden-spots of the world, finding life futile, even with a twenty million dollar estate; Eastman builds and endows an outstanding Conservatory of Music, builds a Concert Hall and a splendid Theater, gives Opera and maintains the Rochester Symphony Orchestra for years, yet life becomes a bore to him and he commits suicide, leaving, also, twenty millions.

I am unable to reconcile a man devoting a life-time to any business, whether it be the cult of breakfast-foods’ beneficent effects on brain and body, as Post did, or hams and bacon, or anything else, and in the end finding suicide the only answer to life, as it so often is. I say this because I do not wish to bring in the subject of the Christian Religion, often supposedly professed by this same class of men. If it has the answer, as it avers it has, either its teaching or its philosophy has gotten lost or muddled in many cases.

Kreuger was the only one who ever practically cornered a world-product yet, if reports are true, it didn’t teach him manliness with women, nor honesty with others, nor courage to stand up and face the mistake of his dishonesty. Some will claim it was not Wrong-Thinking, but I don’t look for anyone to claim it was not Muddled-Thinking. I admit we have need of a certain amount of Big Business, but it is certainly this same Muddled-Thinking, if not worse, on the part of many of them who elect escape by the back door of suicide.

Also, the result of the 1929 stock-smash has brought the culpability of Wrong-Thinking home to thousands of lesser lights who risked *their all* in speculation, only to wreck their businesses, or savings—and in so many instances, both—and leaving their families helpless.

Let us away from this Muddled-Thinking. Give me the good straight rain—aye, and “reign” too—of Sanity, of Right-Thinking, or God help Our Country!

THE TENTH STATION

The Twelfth of a Series of Devotional Papers on the Stations of the Cross

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

WORN out by physical pain and trembling with mental anguish at the thought of the sinful falls of men from Adam till the end of time, Jesus had fallen at the foot of Calvary upon what the Jews believed to be the grave of Adam. One can imagine the indignation of the mob at this display of weakness. He lay there in the dirt as one dead. They were sick and tired of these continual falls. What was He trying to do, anyway? Trying to kill time? Did He imagine there was any possibility of His getting out of their clutches? Did He think some of His friends might rescue Him? The poor fool! He ought to know by this time that all His friends were scattered everywhere and were afraid of their lives. If not, let them come on, and we'll do the same thing to them.

What's the matter with you Roman soldiers? You're lying down on the job. Give Him a kick! He's faking; He's been faking all the way—trying to win the sympathy of fools of women. Is He dead? Give Him a jab of the lance and see. You can't let Him die there so near the top of the hill. What do you suppose we came all the way out here for—to see Him drop dead in the street and make us miss the good show of a crucifixion? Oh, we don't care about these other two thieves! There's no fun in seeing them die. We want this Jesus! We're going to see Him hang on the cross!

The Roman soldiers also were angry. They were sick and tired of the long march to Calvary. It was getting to be too much of a good thing. They wanted to get Him killed and out of the way as soon as possible and then go home. What did they care about these Jewish squabbles? The only thing they knew was that their special charge, Jesus, was ready to die on their hands. Was He bluffing? They gave Him a prod of their lances, they kicked Him, they shook Him, while the angry mob, crowding about the foot



OUR LORD IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

of the hill or already at the summit, roared enthusiastic approval.

Jesus tried to arise, but fell back again, His head striking the stones. The soldiers stooped down, and, as if they resented the necessity of doing it, pulled Him to His feet. Jesus stood. He looked up to the top of Calvary and shuddered.

"March on! Quick!" snapped the Centurion, who was disgusted at the slowness of this execution that had been given over to him to manage, and Jesus started up the hill. It was only forty feet from the point where He had fallen for the last time to the top of Calvary. It was a toilsome, dragging ascent but it was all over in a few minutes. He reached the top. He was greeted with a shout of triumph by the mob. A jeering mob. A filthy-mouthed mob, a blood-thirsty mob. But a happy, grateful mob.

The Victim had not died on the road. The show was safe. They were going to have their nice crucifixion. They crowded about Him. They leered at

Him. They spat at Him. They clawed at Him, as if to tear the clothes from Him. But the Centurion drove his horse amongst them and with angry oaths crushed them aside. Get out of here, you dogs! We'll tend to this business! The snarling crew fell away, afraid of being trampled under the horse's hooves. Afraid, too, of being contaminated by the touch of these pagan Romans.

A CORDON was formed around the top of the hill. Jesus stood in the center, the four soldiers at either side of Him. Simon came plodding up the hill, the cross scraped over the rock, through the loose dirt and sent up a cloud of dust. He carried the cross in the direction of Jesus. The shadow of its crossbeam fell upon Him, and there at His feet, as we all hope to some day, Simon lay down his burden. Gently he laid it down as a treasure dearer than gold, and in doing so bent his knee before Jesus and reverently looked up into His face. There was a

look of gratitude in the eyes of Jesus. Simon interpreted that look, it made his heart break with pity and with love, but without a word he rose to his feet, saluted the Master, gave a look of regret at the cross which had been his sweet burden, and disappeared in the crowd, stifling his sobs and wiping the tears from his eyes.

JESUS stood alone. In a moment the cross of the thief Dismas went past Him to the cleared spot beyond. The slave that bore it ached under it and Jesus looked at him with pity. Then Dismas came. The thief looked at Jesus, jeered at Him and passed on. Then the slave with the cross of Gestas, then the thief Gestas, who snarled at Jesus, cursed at Him and then passed by.

The whole parade was ended. Now to get down to the real business. The wild animal mob licked its chops. Come on, get busy! It's getting late! Get out your hammer and nails and make Him fast or He'll fall again and perhaps die. The coward! He's afraid to be nailed to the cross.

But the soldiers this time needed no urging to get busy. They were getting hungry. It was pretty near time for their lunch. There it was in the basket waiting for them to eat after they got the cross up and Jesus nailed to it. Then they could sit down and watch till He died, and meanwhile have a good meal and a few drinks. So they proceeded forthwith to their task to get the Victim ready. That wasn't very hard. All they had to do was strip Him of His clothes. The agony which Jesus now endured was one of the keenest in all the Passion. It was at any rate the most humiliating experience of all.

There has been a great deal of discussion both in ancient and modern times as to whether or not Jesus was entirely naked when He was nailed to the cross. Christian art has depicted Him, of course, as reverently covered with the loin cloth. Now that is consonant with common-sense as well as common decency. There are some commentators who refuse to believe that even this consideration was shown to Jesus. So, too, thought the early Fathers. The Roman soldiers, they say, were the actual executioners, and they were not a bit squeamish about ripping off all the garments of the criminal since these garments were by right their perquisite.

That might have been so, perhaps, if the execution were merely a Roman affair. But we cannot take Roman customs for granted in another country. Although it was the Roman Government that condemned Jesus to be crucified, and although the execution was carried out in the Roman manner, still it must be remembered that it all took place among the Jews and that consequently Jewish ideas would have to be respected. Pilate was not going to get into any more

trouble by violating Jewish sensibilities.

Now the Jews regarded nakedness not only with distaste but with horror. It was a kind of ritualistic uncleanness. For that reason alone they would have protested the exposed nakedness of any crucified criminal. Then, too, the crucifixion of Jesus was not an isolated event. It was a public spectacle. There were many women and children present and out of consideration for them modesty would be insisted upon. So no matter how the Roman soldiers felt about it, we may be very sure the Jewish priests and others of the leaders insisted that Jesus be covered, not because of any regard for Him—they hated Him and wanted to humble Him to the earth—but because their etiquette demanded it.

The matter cannot be settled from the account given by the Evangelists. They merely state that the soldiers took His garments and divided them; that could have been done while at the same time leaving Jesus partly covered, for "stripped of His garments" or "naked" could by classic usage be interpreted as relatively naked, or only very scantily clad. So it is safe to claim in accordance with all the traditions of Christian art that Jesus wore a cloth about His loins:

There is an old story that when Jesus was being stripped a man stepped forth from the crowd, took from under his cloak a clean white cloth and fastened it about the loins of Jesus. It is even related that the man's name was Jonadab, that he was a relative of St. Joseph, and had come up from Bethlehem to attend the Passover. St. Bridget in her revelations says that it was the veil of Our Lady which she gave to cover Him. These statements, however, need not be accepted as historical, though we have every reason to accept the fact that Jesus wore a loin-cloth.

THE garments which Jesus wore and which now became the property of the soldiers by a Roman custom may be recognized easily enough. In a general way art has portrayed them accurately enough. No doubt the dress of Jesus was that usually worn by the Jewish teachers of Galilee. First of all, there was the *sudor*, a head-gear, which was a cloth wound about the head in a kind of turban, and which sometimes left the end flowing down upon the shoulder and fastened under the right arm. Then there were the sandals. Jesus, of course, did not wear the turban on the way to Calvary. That had been torn from His head at the time the crown of thorns was put upon Him, if, indeed, it had not disappeared before that. It is likely, too, that the sandals had been taken from Him and that His feet were bare all along the dolorous way.

The principal garment was His inner garment, which was close-fitting and came almost to His feet. This was called

the *choluq* or *kittuna*. It was generally woven in such a way that the entire garment did not have a seam. There is a beautiful old legend that Our Lady wove this garment for Jesus when He was a child and that it grew as He grew. But the seamlessness of it was not peculiar, since the Jews knew the art of weaving them so, and the priests wore linen seamless robes. The garment might be described as a shirt or coat, with holes for the arms and head, with a running string to fasten it about the neck. The coat was confined about the waist by a leather belt or girdle. Over this coat there was worn a square outer garment called the *Tollith*. It served as a cloak and also as a kind of bed-covering, if necessary.

THE cloak, the turban and the sandals had already been taken from Jesus. He wore only the tunic and girdle on the way to Calvary. But the soldiers had not lost sight of the other clothes which were theirs by right. Very likely these had been bundled up and had been lugged by one of the soldiers to Calvary. They were not going to run the risk of leaving them behind and losing them. So the only garment to be torn off was the seamless coat.

Jesus still wore the crown of thorns. Hence to take off the coat, and the only way was by drawing it over His head, was an agonizing business. The cloth had stuck to the drying cuts and bruises, and as it was forcibly dragged from Him those wounds opened again and the pain of sharp knives pierced through His entire body. The thorns were pulled out of their places, the crown fell to the ground, the deep cuts poured out their blood, and the agony was excruciating when the soldiers grabbed up the crown again and jammed it once more upon His head to add new wounds to the old.

Jesus was then crucified. It was only after their job of crucifixion was finished and Jesus hung dying on the cross that the four soldiers concerned themselves with the division of the spoils. They were sitting at the foot of the cross. They had finished their picnic lunch, had eaten heartily, and, what was more, had had an abundance of wine to drink. They were feeling pretty good, and had enjoyed their jibes at the Victim on the cross. It had been a successful job. Their perquisites looked pretty good stuff. There were the turban, the sandals, the belt, the cloak. All of equal value. One article for every one of the four soldiers. All right, we'll cut lots.

I win! I'll take the sandals! And so the various articles were disposed of until they came to the seamless coat. That was the fifth and most valuable article. Cut it up into four sections! No, it would be a shame to do that. It's too good to cut up. We'll cast lots for that. Thus, whether by drawing lots out of a soldier's helmet, or by playing the game

of counting fingers, the lucky man was chosen, and to him was awarded the seamless tunic of Jesus. Not without a lot of squabbling and accusations of cheating, for the half-drunk soldiers were none too gentle with one another. But they little guessed the wonderful treasures that had fallen to their lot, especially the seamless coat — "that tunic," says St. Augustine, "which signified the eternal unity, which would be held together in the band of love."

THESE are the garments as described by such an authority on Jewish customs as Edersheim, but others suppose that Jesus wore three garments, the seamless coat, another coat worn over that, and finally the outer cloak, and that all these garments, except the inner seamless one, were divided by being pulled apart at the seams, or by being cut with a sword or knife, or torn apart.

Whatever became of these garments of Our Lord in after years? Churches in various parts of the world claim to have fragments of some of them which they highly prize as dear relics. But the principal story concerns the seamless coat which is said to be preserved in the Cathedral of Trier or Treves, one of the suffragan dioceses of Cologne. Accord-

ing to an old legend the seamless coat of Jesus was presented to the church of Trier by St. Helena and has ever since been preserved there as the most priceless of its many treasures. Hence it is generally known as "The Holy Coat at Treves."

From time to time it is exposed for the veneration of the faithful. In 1891, the showing of the relic attracted over two million pilgrims, and it is claimed that many sick people were miraculously cured on that occasion. The coat had been preserved at Jerusalem for the first three centuries until the time of the discovery of the Cross of Our Lord by St. Helena. Thereupon she sent the coat to the Bishop of Treves because it was then the capital city of the Western Empire. It is an old tradition, but there are no written documents supporting it until the twelfth century. From time to time the relic was removed to other places, but was finally restored to Treves, in 1810, where it has remained ever since.

When the chest containing the relic was opened, there was found inside another case, covered with leather and like the outside one fastened with three locks. Inside this there was still another case which was wrapped in fine linen. Besides the linen covering there was

another covering of red lace-work sealed with twenty-five seals similar to the seals on the accompanying document. The case was fastened with two locks and inside it were three wrappings of red, blue, and white silk. Finally inside of all was the Holy Coat. The coat is still whole. It has been scientifically proved that its texture is very ancient, with very fine threads, and is of greyish brown, the inside being darker than the outside. The tunic is about four and one half feet long. There is also preserved at Argenteuil another relic which is claimed to be a tunic worn by Our Lord.

NEEDLESS to say, one is not obliged to believe in the authenticity of such relics. It is not an article of faith. Still, to dismiss them all with a sneer would be to violate all canons of historical evidence. And certainly there is very good reason to believe that these relics preserved at Treves and Argenteuil are genuine. If, indeed, they are, what a link they are to the hill of Calvary. Blessed garments, encrusted with the blood of the Lamb, blessed garments fought over by the Roman soldiers, while Jesus, stripped now of all the things of earth, stood forth in nakedness to atone for the avarice and the lechery of man.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE CRIMSON QUEEN. By Daniel Henderson. Duffield & Green, New York. \$2.50.

Under this title Mr. Henderson gives us a romantic and generally accurate story of Mary Tudor, only legitimate daughter of Henry VIII by his legitimate wife Catherine of Aragon. *The Crimson Queen* is a milder epithet than the one by which she is popularly but ignorantly known—Bloody Mary. This story is called "an intimate biography." The intimacy is revealed in the ease in which the author enters into the mind of his subject and reads her most secret thoughts. This method is quite the vogue in writing biography. It certainly aids in making the story interesting and lively, but it is open to the charge that imagination is all right in its proper place, but that it may not always be history.

On the whole, however, the author makes an honest attempt to portray the life and reign of England's first legitimate woman queen. After perusing this story the reader will appreciate the hardship, humiliations and handicaps which were poor Mary Tudor's portion in this world. Yet throughout her life she remained steadfast in her adherence to the

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Catholic Faith. No manner of threat could force her to abandon her devotion to the Mass. True, as a young girl practically confined in prison, she signed the oath of royal supremacy in the spirituality, but she did so in disdain and without reading the document. It was but a moment of weakness. Her real mind was quite clearly manifested as contrary to the oath. When she became queen she brought about the reconciliation of the country with the Holy See through the mediation of Cardinal Pole.

The true history of Mary Tudor, like

that of her royal cousin, Mary Stuart, excites to sympathy. Despite the cruelties visited upon her before she ascended the throne, she desired nothing more ardently when queen than that all men might live in amity and peace. Her magnanimous conduct towards Elizabeth, her half-sister, is proof of her nobility of soul and also, incidentally, of her lack of discernment of character. There were, indeed, many executions during her reign, which won for her the opprobrious title of Bloody Mary. But had she followed the advice of Philip and the Emperor Charles V and punished the culprits for treason (sufficient grounds) rather than for heresy, she might have stemmed the tide rising against her and have avoided the charge of religious persecution. But Mary was fated to be surrounded with scheming men who were more interested in their own ambition than in the safety of the realm or the welfare of the Church.

Due allowances being made for the license of the imagination, *The Crimson Queen* will prove both interesting and educational. Thanks are due to the author for his attempt to rehabilitate "the most hated, most abused, most misguided, and possibly most misunderstood ruler England ever had."

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THE SIGN PRESS

Union City, N. J.

S. THOMAS AQUINAS. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

In writing this book Mr. Chesterton was perfectly within his element, for both subject and author are expositors of commonsense. The book is not a biography—the six known facts, and there are only six, of the private life of the Saint would hardly justify that. Nor is it a treatise. Confining his study to the Saint in his rôle of philosopher, the author presents him as a realist and liberal who is as much up-to-date in the twentieth century as he was in the thirteenth. The book abounds in good things, many of them quotable. Thus, the author ridicules those who sentimentally regard St. Francis of Assisi as "a humanitarian deploring mouse-traps." He describes Calvinism as teaching "that God originated the whole work of damnation commonly attributed to Satan." And he finds that the cause of war in modern times is due in large measure to the extension of international unanimity that prevents peace from "breaking out." The publishers are to be congratulated on the taste they displayed in the type, paper and binding of the book.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO, 1934-1935. Walter Romig & Co., 10457 Gratiot Ave., Detroit. \$3.75.

In his preface Dr. George Hermann Derry states that as "a biographical reference book, *The American Catholic Who's Who* is somewhat unique. Here you will find a muster-roll of men and women of achievement, from every conceivable avenue of human interest and occupation, gathered into this group on the principle of their absolute unanimity of conviction on the profoundest problems that can engage the mind of man,—the origin, the nature, the meaning and purpose of human life." And we are assured that the compilers labored "over a period of four years. . . to make this compilation truly representative, and, as far as possible, complete and accurate in detail." The intention was good, but the result has not been quite happy. One would think that before such a work were published a great deal of publicity would be given the undertaking that all available sources of information would be tapped, and that at least the data given, however incomplete, would be accurate and reliable. As a matter of fact, the book might be said to have been sprung on an unsuspecting public, and many of its items are surprising if not ludicrous. Included in it are non-Catholics, fallen-away Catholics and persons who have been dead for years. We realize the enormous amount of labor involved in getting out a volume containing biographies, however short, of 6,000 persons, and can sympathize with the editors and

publishers in the difficulties they encountered. As the book is to be gotten out regularly every two years we feel sure that the next editions will be free of practically all serious errors and will prove a valuable addition to our current literature.

THE SEPARATED EASTERN CHURCHES. By Père R. Janin. Translated by the Very Rev. Canon P. Boylan. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.35.

Originally written in French, this volume is dated from Constantinople, in 1929. The translator's work has been well done. After a glance at the Eastern Churches before they fell into schism, the author treats of "the Orthodox Churches in General" and finds that they do not even wish the Church to be externally One. Denying that the Pope has any authority outside his own Patriarchate, they maintain that he is subject to a General Council. Two hundred pages are packed with valuable and up-to-date information concerning the individual Churches: Melkite, Russian, Serbian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Georgian, Nestorian, Syrian, Armenian, Ethiopian and Coptic. The thorough account of the Russian Church since the fall of the Czar is of special interest.

The author finds the state of clerical education in the Eastern Churches deplorable. In Greece prior to 1921, out of 4,432 priests only 1,100 had gone beyond the primary school. There is no seminary in our sense of the word in Cyprus. Of the Melkite priests many cannot catechize, much less preach. The Holy Synod of Bulgaria only five years ago lamented the fact that the priests had no more knowledge of religion than the faithful. In Egypt the priests are unlettered and are "selected usually from among married artisans." The Rumanian Patriarch has done the sensational thing of sending about thirty clerics to study theology in a Catholic institution at the University of Strasburg.

Father Janin's book is worth far more than the price asked. A perusal of it by our American priests will wake them up to the great work that may be done among the many schismatics who are living within our boundaries.

SOUVENIR OF MOUNT MELLERAY'S FIRST CENTENARY. Gill, Dublin. \$1.50.

There is a challenge in that title. It is not a bare centenary, but the *first* centenary, with the implication that there will be others. Let us hope there will be. Made up of a wide variety of compositions in prose and verse, this volume is not limited to the story of the famous Cistercian foundation in Ireland, but enterprisingly describes the spirit and growth of Cistercian monasticism at home and

abroad. Printed with exceptional taste and care, richly illustrated with about sixty photographic reproductions, and bound in an embossed cover of green and gold, the volume's physical make-up fittingly embodies a worthy content.

I N CHRIST. By Father Cuthbert. O.S.F.C. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.25.

Very modestly the Capuchin author of this volume describes it as a brief exposition of the Christian life. In spite of its brevity the book furnishes us with a series of clearly written and deeply spiritual considerations on a subject which, while frequently written about, is inexhaustible—the Mystical Body of Christ. Naturally abundant quotation is made from the epistles of St. Paul, whose teaching is presented in a style at once so simple and clear that no reader of average intelligence need hesitate to read and study Father Cuthbert's inspirational pages.

After setting forth the Divinity of Our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, the author enters upon an explanation of the manner in which Christ dwells in us—an indwelling so intimate and personal as to effect a transformation of ourselves into His own very image. Through the exercise of Faith, Hope and Charity this mystical union is made manifest, we becoming witnesses of the Christ life within us. Nor must our union with Him be limited to a mere imitation of His earthly life and example; we must so conform our will to His that His purpose in life becomes our very own.

The author then treats the eight Beatitudes as the practical rules for self-governance and for entrance into the spirit of Christ's kingdom. From this consideration we proceed by easy transition to discover the Church as "the great sacrament of Christ's mystical life on earth," for it is only in the Church and through her agency that our mystical life with Our Lord is brought about. In logical order the agency of the Church is then revealed in her sacramental system, each sacrament being studied in its specific contribution to our mystical union with Christ. Finally comes the call to that closer and deeper union which results in our welcoming "other Christs" worthy of participation in the everlasting joys of Heaven.

THE END OF OUR TIME. Together with an Essay on the General Line of Soviet Philosophy. By Nicholas Berdyaev. \$2.25. **CHRISTIANITY AND THE CLASS WAR.** Same Author. \$1.50. Both published by Sheed & Ward, New York.

The author of these volumes was expelled from Russia in 1922. The first part of *The End of Our Time* was pub-

lished in 1919 in Paris, where M. Berdyaev at present conducts his Academy of the Philosophy of Religion. Prior to his expulsion from Russia he was professor of Philosophy in the University of Moscow.

The books before us are intimately connected in theme and treatment. The first is a description; the second a prescription. The one is chiefly a study in historic philosophy; the other is mainly concerned with sociology and government.

With a richness of easy and sometimes lurid diction the author contends that the world is in a period of transition. He finds the fallen Roman Empire followed by a sort of God-governed State which began with the converted Constantine and culminated in the formation of the Holy Roman Empire. The greatest perfection was reached in the thirteenth century. But then came Humanism. Of this there were two kinds, the sacred and the profane. Through religious culture, Sacred Humanism was about to bring the kingdom of God on earth when Profane Humanism, through pagan thought, art, and a satanic influence, ended "the greatest age of European history." This Profane Humanism, according to M. Berdyaev, had more than a transitory existence. It continued to live in the things it bred: the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution, Democracy, Socialism and Materialism.

But now, we are told, Humanism has spent its force, and humanity must return to the spiritual foundation of the Ages of Faith. If it fails to do so it shall perish. There is only one choice left—that between barbarism and religion. If religion is chosen, there will be set up a new Medieval State in which "the principle of private property will be kept as an eternal foundation," "there will be no pretense at equality," nor will there be any "avoidable hunger and poverty." But before the new State is created certain obstacles have to be overcome. "First of all perhaps technical civilization will try the experiment of developing itself to its uttermost limits, till it becomes a diabolical sorcery just as Communism has done. . . ."

M. Berdyaev is particularly severe in his denunciation of Democracy. "Democracy," he writes, "is indifferent to truth, because it has left its discovery to the votes of a majority; for it is only on the condition of ignoring or not believing in Truth that one can accept quantitative power and revere the opinion of the crowd." This is surely an odd kind of reasoning; for Democracy, as a working principle, is not a philosophy of life, but only a method of government. It is not the destruction of Democracy, but the extension of Democracy to the field of economics that will prove the remedy for present intolerable conditions. That is why Pope Leo XIII ap-



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against our mother*

**but why doesn't
she get us
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So laudatory were the commendations they elicited on their first appearance that we decided to reprint them in book form.

There is an unction in these pages that will warm the heart with love for Our Redeemer. Lay Catholics are sure to welcome this book and it should prove a valuable addition to the ascetical library of priests and religious communities.

Price \$1.60 Postpaid

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pealed for a Christian Democracy based on the principles of social justice and brotherly love.

We cordially commend these two books to all students of sociology. However much the reader may differ from the author he will always find him aggressive and thought-provoking.

ALTAR AND SANCTUARY. By Angela A. Glendenin. The Catholic Action Study Club, 307 East Central Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. \$0.25.

Those interested in studying the Mass and the liturgy will find this brochure interesting and helpful. It gives in outline the history and symbolism of the Christian altar, its furnishings, church linens, the sacred vessels, lights, and vestments. The standard authorities have been consulted, with the result that the booklet has substance as well as utility. Women who are engaged in making altar cloths and linens will find the specifications for these articles given in detail.

IN SACRISTY AND SANCTUARY. By Rev. William A. O'Brien. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

This small book condenses in 100 pages and in systematic form the necessary information for the guidance of sacristans and those who are employed in providing the liturgical paraphernalia for church ceremonies. The matter is arranged in such a manner that one can see at a glance what is required for these various ceremonies.

GERARD RAYMOND. The St. Anthony Guild Press. Paterson, N. J. \$1.25.

In the December issue of THE SIGN we carried a remarkably fine sketch by Father Carl H. Meinberg of the life and spirit of Gerard Raymond, the youthful Canadian seminarian who was born in Quebec in 1912, died in 1932, and whose fame as a saint is rapidly spreading beyond the confines of his own city and country. The story of his external life is that of the ordinary school boy, so

meager in noteworthy event it might be written on a postage stamp. But his real life was an interior one, which has been revealed to the world in the journal which he began on December 23, 1927, and whose last entry was made on January 2, 1932. It is with genuine pleasure that we commend to our readers the story of this youth whose consuming ambition was expressed in the words, "I want to be a victim for sinners! I want to be a martyr!" The St. Anthony Guild Press has produced a charming book.

CONVERSIONS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Compiled by Maurice Leahy. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.80.

This volume is a compilation of conversion stories in which a group of recent converts to the Church in England summarize their reasons for becoming Catholics. There is a variety in the stories as there is difference in the education and temperament of the writers. No two of them came into the Church by the same route. With some it was a matter of long and arduous study; with others it was a quick measure justified more by the rea-

sons of the heart than of the mind. Of course, it is difficult for even the most introspective person, with a most retentive memory, to state just exactly what lead him or her into the Church. Especially true is this if the convert is writing after a lapse of time. This difficulty is stated by the noted novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith, who with her husband, Mr. Penrose Fry, are among the contributors to this book: "In writing about my conversion I must avoid the pitfall of being wise four years after the event, for I am aware of a temptation to credit myself with thoughts and feelings which really came later." Every story in this volume carries an appeal all of its own. What would strike one reader as exceptional might leave another perfectly cold. Our own choice would certainly include the stories by Christopher Hollis, Father Owen Dudley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and especially the simple and short narrative of F. W. Harvey for its more personal and spiritual temper.

HIMSELF. By David P. McAstoker. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.25.

Some will question the good taste of the author in choosing this title for his latest book. In spite of any justification for its use, it somehow strikes us as being *infra dig*. But the title does not prevent us from recommending this slender volume of valuable homely homilies, which have for their general theme the Person of Our Lord as "Himself"—the master and head of the Christian heart and home. He is presented to us as Master, God and Man, our Brother, Emmanuel. His Sacred Heart is opened with all its agonizing sorrow. His Littleness, His Winemess, His Silence are portrayed. The book concludes with the Promises of Himself.

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CHARLES THE FIRST. By Hilaire Belloc. (\$4.20.) In his forceful style the author reviews the life and times of Charles Stuart, last reigning and governing King of England, from the day of his birth in Scotland to the day when he bravely faced the hangman.

WEeping CROSS. By Henry Longan Stuart. (\$2.10.) A vivid and penetrating story of love and intrigue in early Puritan New England. Powerfully and beautifully written, and with consummate artistry. Without doubt the finest Catholic novel in recent years.

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

BY POST TO THE APOSTLES. By Helen Walker Homan. (\$2.75.) Wherein the human qualities of the Twelve are caught in all their naive frankness and translated into modern terms to bring them home. The author combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision.

OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN. By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) No priest or teacher should be without a copy of this startling and informative volume. An exceptionally timely study of one of the nation's most serious contemporary problems.

THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARIAGE. By Adrian Lynch, C.P. (\$1.60.) A veritable mine of pertinent information on a misunderstood subject. Practical, understandable, instructive and up-to-date. There is no other book like it in English. The Question-and-Answer method used throughout.

LIFE OF IGNATIUS SPENCER, C.P. By Urban Young, C.P. (\$2.25.) A splendid biography of one of the most picturesque and influential figures in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Particularly valuable for the graphic and remarkable view it gives of those memorable days.

BROADCAST MINDS. By Ronald Knox. (\$2.75.) The irrepressible Father Knox here turns the guns of his keen wit and sure logic upon several of our better known intellectual lights, as well as upon some of the more prominent "isms" of the day. The result is devastating.

UNDER HIS SHADOW. By Francis Sheu, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, for religious, for lay-folk.

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

CATHOLIC writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. **THE SIGN** has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, **THE SIGN** is offering a new service. Simply send a card to **THE SIGN**, Union City, N. J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

GREAT MAGDALENES. By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN TEXT AND PICTURES. By Herbert McDevitt, C.P. (\$1.10.) The sublimely simple story of the Gospels in vivid and picturesque form. The text is made up of the combined narratives of the four Gospels; the pictures are from plastic models by Domenico Mastroianni.

THEONAS. By Jacques Maritain. (\$2.10.) The conversations of a sage explaining the key points of Scholastic Philosophy to a critical modern mind—On the Myth of Progress—the Superman, Christian Humanism, etc.

HAPPINESS FOR PATIENTS. By John J. Croke. (\$1.10.) Just the book for the infirm and shut-ins, as well as for those who help them on the road to recovery. It will instill the proper attitude towards illness in those who face the trials of physical suffering.

THE LONG ROAD HOME. By John Moody. (\$2.20.) The life story of a familiar and successful Wall Street figure, tracing his course down the long road that led to Home in the

bosom of the Catholic Church. Replete with colorful anecdote and richly sprinkled with the salt of experience and the wisdom of maturity.

A COMPANION TO MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By Hilaire Belloc. (\$1.35.) An answer to many questions asked by non-Catholics—to the easy objections that seem difficult to answer—a handbook for adequate defense of the Church in daily conversation.

SAINTS FOR SINNERS. By Archbishop Goodier. (\$1.60.) Character studies of the Saints who were first sinners or failures—how their sanctity was developed on this foundation.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIES. By Rudolph Allers. (\$1.60.) A valuable criticism of this new "science" by a Catholic Adlerian—an examination of psychoanalysis, etc.

AFRICAN ANGELUS. By C. C. Martindale. (\$2.10.) The unveiling of a world, bringing home the ambition to "christen a continent" with the author's own beauty of style and energy of purpose.

THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS. By Henri Gheon. (\$1.60.) The high adventure of a parish priest in a little French village—with the values of eternity—makes these values the reader's own as far as a book can.

THE MODERN DILEMMA. By Christopher Dawson. (\$1.10.) Is our civilization now breaking up? What are the dangers and the possibilities of modern trends? These questions are discussed by the foremost Christian Sociologist of the day.

THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS. By G. K. Chesterton. (\$1.10.) An act of homage in poetry to Our Lady, by the best known Catholic English writer, inspires poetry with the truth of theology, theology with the beauty of poetry.

THE NATURE OF SANCTITY. By Ida Coudenove. (\$1.10.) How can anyone become a saint without ceasing to be human? The Leader of the Youth Movement in Germany defends humanity and sanctity.

IN DEFENCE OF PURITY. By Dietrich von Hildebrand. (\$1.60.) An analysis and explanation of the Catholic ideals of purity and virginity—a Catholic mind on this subject is an absolute necessity today.

SANCTIONS. By Ronald Knox. (\$1.60.) A house party discusses its own and other people's problems—how we do argue with our non-Catholic friends, and how we might do so, on the Ideal Man, the State, Education, as they are defined around a tea-table.

ENID DINNIS' BOOKS

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Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Masses Said	25
Masses Heard	7,880
Holy Communions	5,581
Visits to B. Sacrament	8,956
Spiritual Communions	13,695
Benediction Services	2,718
Sacrifices, Sufferings	10,313
Stations of the Cross	2,882
Visits to the Crucifix	11,716
Beads of the Five Wounds	1,742
Offerings of P.P. Blood	49,535
Visits to Our Lady	9,908
Rosaries	7,361
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,226
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,226,609
Hours of Study, Reading	5,238
Hours of Labor	22,793
Acts of Kindness, Charity	11,783
Acts of Zeal	17,568
Prayers, Devotions	58,290
Hours of Silence	10,856
Various Works	12,284
Holy Hours	627

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. JOHN SHEEDY
REV. GEORGE J. MATERHOEFER
REV. JOHN ADOLPHUS FAUST
REV. J. LEO WILLIAMS
REV. CHARLES B. SCHRANTZ
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of..... (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*



In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this.....day of....., 19

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

—≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡—

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

♦ ♦ ♦

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

—

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

—

Give it away or
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

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